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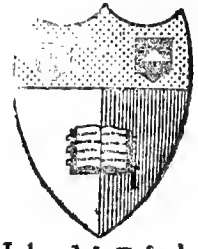

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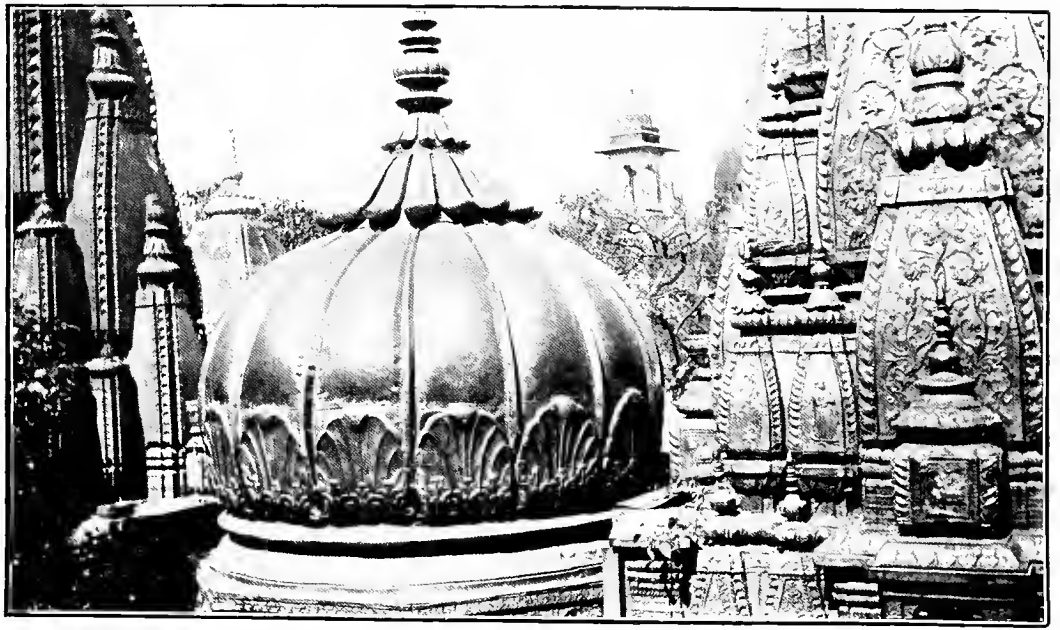

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, BENARES.

AROUND THE SHORES OF ASIA

A DIARY OF TRAVEL FROM THE GOLDEN HORN TO THE GOLDEN GATE

BY

MARY A. POYNTER

AUTHOR OF "WITH THE SEASONS"

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
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INTRODUCTION

At the end of 1913 I was entrusted, together with Mr. F. Cowdry, another British official of the Ottoman Public

ERRATA

Page 37, line 1, for comes read *come.*
Page 52, line 10, for complimentary read *complementary.*
Page 56, line 6 from bottom, for being read *was.*
Page 67, line 13, for has read *have.*
Page 74, line 1, for is read *was.*
Page 107, line 6, for makes read *make.*

The nature of our work brought us into contact with many residents, both in official and business circles, who showed us, apart from traditional Eastern hospitality, special glimpses of the manners and customs of the countries we visited, and to them we offer again our sincere thanks for all they did for us.

The purely business part of our journey is naturally embodied in the Report submitted to the Debt Council and finds no place in these pages which are due to the pen of my wife, who acted as chronicler and who made a record of the scenes we witnessed by land and sea and the impressions that such scenes produced upon us.

Our travels did not take us far from the beaten track and no especial adventures befell us, the nearest approach

INTRODUCTION

At the end of 1913 I was entrusted, together with Mr. F. Cowdry, another British official of the Ottoman Public Debt Administration, with a special mission to the Middle and Far East, as well as to the United States and Canada, in connection with the Turkish Salt Monopoly.

A ten years' residence in a Moslem country and intercourse with relations and friends who were in close touch with India, had given my wife and myself a deep interest in Eastern affairs generally; thus we set out with minds alert for chances of comparing the Further with the Nearer East and with an understanding of some things that perhaps to those who visit the East for the first time would convey no special significance.

The nature of our work brought us into contact with many residents, both in official and business circles, who showed us, apart from traditional Eastern hospitality, special glimpses of the manners and customs of the countries we visited, and to them we offer again our sincere thanks for all they did for us.

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Our travels did not take us far from the beaten track and no especial adventures befell us, the nearest approach

to an "adventure" being our journey from Bangkok to Hong-Kong.

We did, nevertheless, visit more places than is usual for those doing the "Grand Tour" of the Orient, but we were obliged, owing to the nature of our work, to linger in less interesting places and to pass by the more charming spots with greater speed than would have been the case had we been masters of our own time.

What we saw has been described before and there is no attempt to "instruct"; the book was written for the pleasure it gave to the author and also in the hope that the scenes have been viewed from a fresh angle and that the descriptions, by such a sympathetic observer of nature as is my wife, may recall pleasant memories to those who have visited or resided in the places described and who still hear "The East a-callin'," and may also prove of interest to those who have not yet visited the Orient.

Though we travelled through America and returned to Europe just before the outbreak of war we have thought it best to confine our diary to Asia and to end it at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, having started our journey at the Golden Horn, Constantinople.

As events have turned out it is probably one of the last journeys of this nature taken prior to the Great War, which may bring about many changes and modifications of the conditions as we saw them in 1914.

The photographs are the combined work of Mr. Cowdry and myself. The description of the journey as far as Aden was originally published in the *Near East*, and the proprietors of that paper have kindly given permission for its inclusion in the present volume.

HUGH E. POYNTER, F.R.G.S.

May, 1917.

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Around the Shores of Asia

CHAPTER I

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE ÆGEAN, ATHENS, ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO

The departure from Constantinople—The passage of the Dardanelles—Mitylene—Smyrna—The Piræus, the port of Athens—The Theseum and the Acropolis—The early record of Crete—The Pharos of Alexandria—The Alexandria of Hypatia's day—Egypt, the gift of the Nile—The fellaheen and Egyptian country life and the journey by rail to Cairo—The glimpse afar of the Pyramids—The old and the new in Cairo—The view from Helouan—A visit to the recent excavations near the great Pyramid—Some new "finds" there—Dinner at the archæologist's camp—Looking down upon the Pyramids and the return to Cairo by moonlight.

December 30, 1913.

It is interesting to sail westward and southward again from Constantinople, with the Balkan War just over, and to note the changes that a few months have wrought in Turkish possessions. Events long threatening and slow in coming, came quickly at the last. Nor can one say that this period of rapid history-making is ended. Perhaps it has only just begun.

Constantinople, that recent storm-centre, we left with a peaceful sunset glow upon it, a glow that would transfigure even a city far less beautiful of outline, and one that will leave Constantinople warm in memory when the domes and minarets of other storied Eastern towns have long since lost their colour and faded into the sombre

background of forgetfulness. There was a patriotic celebration in progress at the time, and flags afloat, and processions of all sorts, even of little girls marching gravely through the streets accompanied by their veiled mothers and guardians. This celebration was in recognition of some anniversary connected with the founding of the Ottoman Empire.

Processions or large gatherings of any kind were not encouraged by Abdul Hamid, to say nothing of Moslem womenkind taking part in them, and this shows how far we have journeyed toward freedom of movement since that Sultan was deposed. I say we, for we two have been a part of this Near East for some nine years or more.

The rather monotonous stretch of the Sea of Marmora was sailed through in the night, and in the early morning of December 31st our boat made its slow progress down the Dardanelles, through the narrow path among the mines left open for steamers to travel. Only just recently have the Turkish troops been withdrawn from Bulair on the northern side of these straits of the Hellespont. Once clear of the neighbourhood of mines our boat made quick passage down the coast, Mount Ida lifting mistily in the distance, and on the right Tenedos, of wooden horse renown, suggesting the proximity of old Troy somewhere on that misty mainland. On what was a few months ago the little undefended Turkish fort at Tenedos, the Greek flag now floats, and covetous eyes are turned to the broad lands across the narrow strip of water, as they may have looked from that same isle in the days when Helen first raised an acute Near Eastern Question. On all of Turkey's islands, bleak, rocky, and always unfilial, that face or are near the Dardanelles, the navy of Greece has unfurled the Greek flag. Were Lucifer to fall from heaven on Lemnos isle at this moment I fancy he would

find all the old landmarks unchanged in spite of strange flags and navies new and weird!

Mitylene (Lesbos), of all the isles of the Ægean, can be said to smile—that is, can smile after the green pleasant fashion of landscapes blessed with much verdure, with bright-roofed villages set amid olive groves, and with mountains brooding not threateningly, but protectingly, in the background. Sappho's birthplace is some distance from the town where the steamers cast anchor, but the magic of her name still seems to dominate the island:

> A slender maid to win the centuries,
> And keep them faithful to her memory.

The coins of her period, with the head of the poetess on one side and a lyre on the other, are still treasures to be picked up by collectors; and the poets and philosophers who were Sappho's contemporaries are read and revered by cultivated later-day Greeks, who have the patriotism, at any rate, of the old Hellenes.

From the picturesque old Genoese fortifications at Mitylene, appropriated by the Turks some hundreds of years ago, the Greek flag floats at this moment, as it also floats from Chios, the neighbouring isle that claims the glory of being the birthplace of Homer. One knows that other places put forward this claim, but perhaps none with so good a right to authenticity. Chios is a sterner, a less smiling isle than Mitylene, from which to float a country's flag, but tradition makes it dear to the Greeks and worth the claiming and the holding.

Greece truly has been a great gainer in the late struggle. She has won back what she claims was once hers. Will she be able to keep it? The last word has not been spoken; but what country is going to war with Greece in order to take these islands from her—islands largely Greek in population—simply to give them back to Turkey?

In the meantime, the mainland of Asia Minor lies within an hour's distance, not dimly, but clearly outlined from Lesbos' isle. Mitylene commands strategically the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna. Can Turkey return to the peaceful arts, resigning even nominal claim upon these islands, and live in amity with these uncomfortably near neighbours ?

Smyrna's setting, its mountain amphitheatre background, can have changed little with the passing of the centuries, just as its name has come down, together with those of Iconium and Damascus, with little change since the dawn of history. But there is not much in the Smyrna of to-day, mostly a modern, bustling maritime town, to suggest the old city or cities that have occupied this site.

Were one to go on to Ephesus, one must go inland and around a mountain in order to see the ruins of the once stately city of Diana. In days of old, we are told, one might have gone by sea; the ancient quays are still there, and also the old iron rings at which ships were moored five hundred, or even two thousand years ago, but the sea has long since receded, leaving the town to its loneliness far inland.

One thinks of railways as furnishing the most rapid means of transit, and yet it is possible to touch by boat, and not by swift boat either, three continents—Asia, Europe and Africa—within a period of four days ! By this route we have travelled to Egypt before, and while much of sea and shore life is experienced in the four days, the time does not seem overcrowded, nor do the new scenes follow each other so rapidly that of necessity impressions fail to register themselves with the vividness they might were the journey to be prolonged. At the same time travel along these shores is arresting in its interest, and one cannot escape the fear of having

"missed something" out of the very abundance of the feast spread before him.

From Smyrna we steamed in a single night and part of a morning through the Ægean, passing many islands and Sunium point, with its lone, outstanding temple, to the Piræus, the harbour of Athens. We took advantage of the several hours our boat was coaling, to go up by electric train to Athens, stopping at the Theseum, one station short of the modern town. There, on leaving the station, the traveller is introduced at once to the "glory that was Greece," and no matter how often one has made the pilgrimage (and we two were pilgrims of many visits standing), be it at dawn, at full midday, or at sunset time, summer or winter, always it is with a spirit of eagerness, of sure reward, that one approaches the spot where the loftiest word in architecture was spoken so long ago. I wonder if anywhere the century plant grows more appropriately or blossoms more vigorously than along the winding road that leads up to the Acropolis.

Visiting that citadel, without passing through the town, one seems to be alone with old Athens. Violet-crowned that city was, and still is. What if her mountains are bare, her valleys burned, her Parthenon a ruin?—they still command the admiration of the world, and a world far larger, far more discerning and appreciative than the circumscribed area known as the world in the days of Pericles.

January 2, 1914.

Not quite so many-islanded, not quite so full of recorded legend, romance and tragedy, is the sea that lies between Greece and Egypt as the Ægean Sea further eastward. When once the shores of Greece and its near-by islands are lost to sight, there is a full night's stretch of sea before

Crete, the island of unrest in recent times, is sighted. For another half a day this island, with its remote high mountains and its even more remote history, holds one's thoughts and vision, claiming as it does (and recent excavations support that claim) to have been an early abode of art and civilization, a spot that received, developed, and passed on these benefits far beyond the confines of Egypt and western Asia. If Crete has "gone back," as we say of a land or a people that have fallen from a better estate, it at least did a great work in the world in its time, and was no mean stepping-stone for enlightenment on its way to Europe.

Crete once passed, a day and a night of often-troubled seas intervene before the low-lying, palm-tree-outlined coast of Egypt offers sunshiny refuge, and the traveller can disembark at Alexandria. The present lighthouse is not architecturally one of the seven wonders of the world, though I fancy it fulfils its mission, sending out even more effective guiding light than did that Pharos of old whose renown will persist down the ages. It is interesting to note that the foundations of the classic lighthouse still stand as firm on the little island just off Alexandria's shore as when they were laid. A mosque rises upon these foundations—this mosque also a ruin—but it is easy to trace the extent and also the stability of the old work, in spite of superimposed buildings of later times, whose architects at least had no scorn of ready-made sites and who very likely had also a respect for tradition.

There's magic in a name, and the stations "Cæsar's Camp" and "Cleopatra," on the road leading out to pleasant Ramleh from Alexandria, though they make no appeal to the eye, certainly suggest a whole gallery of old-time pictures to the imagination. Where Hypatia gave her learned discourses, and where the wonderful

library—never to be replaced—once stood, must be left largely to the imagination, and the antiquarian, to locate. In her Greek and Roman days Alexandria was a city of much splendour, architecturally, so if the first glimpse of the modern (I suppose we must also say bustling) commercial town is disappointing, it is because that greater and far more picturesque city of the past rises up to invite comparison.

Out in the country one feels that it is still old Egypt —the Egypt of one's dreams—though whether it be old Egypt or modern does not matter; for the life in the fields, by the canals, and on the great branching river is so satisfying in its picturesqueness, that it needs no glamour of the past to lend it enchantment. If, as was said in ancient times, Egypt be the gift of the Nile, what a gift it was, what a gift it continues to be! And the great Nile, as if conscious that the land has no life save that within its gift, rises, flows from afar, divides, turns aside into canals, sends little trickling streams among the thirsty fields, and reaches the Mediterranean at last—its bounty mostly expended, but leaving paths luxuriant with green beneath a rainless sky.

As one travels up by rail from Alexandria to Cairo, through the rich district of the Delta, the homely life of the land lies outspread for all to see. Sometimes the boats moving lazily up and down the low-lying canals are hidden from view, and their great white upstanding sails, outspread to the breeze, suggest boats sailing across a landscape rather than upon water.

The little native villages are always most satisfyingly set in the picture—a palm-tree or two, perhaps a mosque with a dome and a single minaret, and a few flat-roofed buildings of Nile mud is all, but it would be exacting to ask for more under the circumstances.

In the fields man and beast work side by side with

that close fellowship and understanding that they must have had when the world was young, and before man chose to live apart and to put great mud and brick and stone partitions between himself and the animals over which he was given dominion. The camel, the ox, the donkey and the dog wait upon their master as they were wont to in the original plan; and men, these blue-robed fellaheen, walk upright and are not bent by their labours in the fields.

The farming implements and the carts that go laden with corn, with cotton, or with vegetables and fresh dates to the market, do not seem to have changed their pattern much since the days when the Egyptians liked to cover the walls of their hidden-away tombs with pictures of their everyday life, as well as with the symbols of their religion.

But the great moment is when one catches on the right (against the sunset, and while still many leagues from Cairo), that first glimpse of the Pyramids, looming up over an outstanding shelf of the desert—no, not looming up obtrusively, but abiding naturally, composedly there—a part of the past that has no share in the life of the present, and yet will outlast most of what seems so permanent to-day.

Cairo itself is "up-to-date," or it is redolent of the haunting, mysterious past, as the traveller may be inclined to receive it. Huge, splendid modern caravanserais offer every comfort, every luxury of modern living; while the great Museum near the Nile takes one back so far into the past, that one is astonished that the present has not found man further advanced in matters of taste, and perhaps in artistic expression.

From the lovely garden of the British Agency on the banks of the Nile, with a palm-tree foreground and the Pyramids and the yellow desert beyond, we watched

a hydroplane—latest of inventions—pant with impatience, then beat the waters and rise, from the oldest of rivers, soon to become a faint speck in the skies on its way Khartoum-ward. Then, turning from the garden into the streets once more, there was the camel almost "rubbing shoulders" with the motor-car; and it seemed singular that there should be so little incongruity in this association. Thus, Cairo holds the old and the new, and neither seems consciously to disparage the other.

If the town of Helouan, out and high up in the desert, is of recent growth, the view it commands (of the sites where once stood Memphis and Thebes, of all the Pyramids, and those silent wastes beyond), is an ancient one, and must always have thrilled the watcher's imagination. It did not need even the first delicate promise of colour, and then the deeply-glowing orange sunset spread across the whole western sky, to accentuate that view from a house-top in Helouan and make it one of the most suggestive and impressive remembrances we could have of the Egypt that was and is.

Our visit to Cairo on this occasion was but a brief one, and there is only one more experience I would at this moment record—an experience that might almost be called an adventure. We were asked out to see the moon rise, and to dine with friends who had pitched their picturesque working camp in the desert, just behind and above the great Pyramids. We went by daylight, that we might pass the forbidding guard, and see our host's latest excavations; for he is an archæologist, and his labours there in recent years have been as fruitful in great "finds" as even his own ardent spirit could desire. His favourite hunting ground has been in the close vicinity of the Pyramids, and the Sphinx has yielded its secret to him—the secret of who was its builder, and what king its now maimed and distorted features were

once meant to represent. Our host's discoveries point to the fact that in all probability the Sphinx is a colossal statue of Kephren, the builder of the second Pyramid, being that king's head on a lion's body. There is no longer a riddle of the Sphinx ; it is almost sad to accept this statement, for where shall we turn to find another so time-honoured and so picturesque ?

Almost immediately under the shadow of the great Pyramid our professor's work of excavation was going on, when we first saw it—old streets of tombs were being opened up by the pick and shovel of the white-turbaned, black-skinned workers, brought from far up the Nile for their trustworthy qualities, and trained to dig with sensitive, careful touch : that no treasure, no statue, no tomb containing delicate tracery by brush or chisel, should suffer at their hands. By good chance a tomb had just been opened that day, and down a rickety ladder our host led us, through an underground room almost chokingly filled with dust to where five wonderful statues—evidently those of a man, his wife, and three children—were being rescued from the débris. Wondrously remote was the dynasty to which they belonged, but the workmanship was worthy of almost any age, though distinctly Egyptian, as it should be in that environment. We considered ourselves fortunate indeed to be able to look on at such a "find." We wandered on to other tomb chambers whose walls, many of them, still showed traces of delicate designs in colour—on to a chamber where at the door of the dead sat a little statue with hands outspread, as if asking for offerings—a pathetic little figure sitting there through all these four thousand years and more ; waiting, shall we say, for its time of awakening ! A curio or a statue in a museum is a thing to ponder over ; but that little curio in the place it was found, that statue in the niche in which it originally

stood, is surrounded by a halo of interest that can never be attached to it elsewhere.

These old Egyptians left many hieroglyphic records, that their deeds might live after them, but, in dying, how they sought to hide themselves away, wrapping the cast-off body in cerements, setting a value upon it that makes some of the living now feel that it is almost an intrusion to wrest those mummy sleepers from their tombs. And to find these tombs, how many "false leads" does the excavator have to follow up, before discovering the true burial chamber!

The moon rose almost before we had scrambled our uncertain and oft-crumbling way among the excavations and had waded through the desert sands to the camp of our friends. What a glamour that half-light threw upon the surrounding wastes, over the great Pyramids which we were high enough up to look down upon, and which in some inexplicable way, seemed to shrink in size; to become one with the desert, not the great memorials of the past that they seem by day!

The dinner that evening was a good one, but the feast in reality consisted of the stories that were told of laborious undertakings that might go on for weeks with disappointing results; then would come a day when some treasure of a past great period would be unearthed, and the Arab workman with the spade would be almost as overcome with joy as the scholar with the deeper understanding who stood over him.

Such stories as we listened to that evening seldom find their way into popular print; yet what is true of this particular camp and of the work of this especially fortunate archæologist, holds good in a measure of many another spot in Egypt, and throughout the classic world wherever men are searching in the earth to learn the secrets of the past.

The moon was riding high in the skies that night when we followed our white-robed, silent, never-looking-backward Bedouin guide down from the camp, past the mounds and broken walls that marked the site of the excavations —half falling sometimes in the knee-deep sands ; past and so near the great Pyramid that its shadow sent a chill—was it of fear—through the heart, down to the road where the desert leaves off, and the town begins, and where the last electric tram for the night was waiting to take us back to Cairo.

CHAPTER II

PORT SAID, ADEN, KARACHI AND BOMBAY

Across the land of Goshen to Port Said—Impressions of Port Said—A chilling sand-storm—The journey through the Suez Canal, its uses and its environment—The Bitter Lakes and Suez—Where tradition says the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea—Strange freaks of the waters of this Sea—The mountains of the Sinai Peninsula—Their warmth and beauty of colour—The Arabian coast known as The Yemen—The Queen of Sheba's country—The Port of Aden, its barrenness, the haughty Arab and the numerous Somali "orphans"—A visit to the Tanks outside the town—A land thin to leanness—The voyage along the Arabian coast—Its attraction and its forbiddingness—The tranquil Indian Ocean—Across the entrance to the Persian Gulf—Karachi, our first port of call in India—A new town in an old land—A short drive on shore—The Indian juggler—The voyage down the coast—Bombay and its harbour—The architecture of the town—Impressions of the people.

PORT SAID *January 8th.*

FROM Cairo to Port Said, across the land of Goshen, our train sped for two hours or more through a green luxuriant landscape, basking under a warm January sun. The Nile is far-spreading as well as far-flowing, and its touch is all the magic the responsive soil of Egypt seems to need. But the desert is grasping, and as soon as the little hills are met with, and irrigation becomes difficult, palm-tree and green field cease, save in patches, yellow sand and bare rock taking their places.

Port Said, apart, a town unto itself, sits at the corner of the south-eastern Mediterranean, and at the head of the Suez Canal, for the special purpose, it seemed to us, of keeping travellers waiting, and holding up ships

for hours outside its harbour, if a storm chances to be in progress in the Mediterranean. This rather severe arraignment we understand is applicable to Port Said only on rare occasions; its real mission is to open the gate politely to all ships eastward bound (after they have been weighed and not found wanting), and to administer to the needs of and keep the canal in ship-shape order, from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Suez.

If a sand-storm had not seen fit to blow up and down and roundabout at Port Said the day and two nights we were detained there, the town, with its broad arcaded street or streets, its curious mixture of East and West, and North and South, would have appealed to us more vividly and kindly. With the sand-storm there came a fall in temperature—and there is nothing so penetrating as the cold in a place that ought to be hot! It is a curious thing, too, to experience a raging, blinding storm, without rain or snow, and with a sun shining blandly in the sky all the while. Wind and sand are a combination to make the hardiest seek for shelter.

A voice at our door very early on this January morning announced that our ship was in harbour, after many hours' tossing on the high seas outside, and that we were expected to go on board immediately. While it was still dark, we followed our porter and the luggage to the Custom House and down to the Quay, with many a shiver and with coat collars held high. At sunrise the wind dropped altogether, and we were able to go on deck and take account of our surroundings, of what manner of boat and harbour we were in. The morning was altogether reassuring. The Arab coolies were just finishing the coaling of our steamer to the accompaniment of that wild, rhythmic chant, dear to their souls when they have some work to accomplish in unison. This chant seems to consist of a phrase of questioning,

ending, after a second's interval, with a phrase of response. They have no set expressions, but improvise as their task proceeds, as for example, should their employer come in sight, the words of the chant might take this form: "The master is coming, let us work hard!" the response being: "And perhaps he will give us more wages, he will give us more wages!" These picturesque workers are not without a sense of humour as well, and it is said that, conscious of the interest they provoke, when travellers stop to listen to their chanting, they have been known to change the words of their refrain, and to coin some fresh phrases apropos of the looks and the peculiarities of the people watching them.

Port Said for the moment, in the morning light, looked quite impressive rising out of its sea and desert surroundings. Then the town, the rather imposing offices of the Canal Company, the tall lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour, the salt mounds on the shore, lost their interest for us, in the growing interest of that narrow little lane of water before us, which was to be our ship's pathway for a hundred miles or so.

At a snail's pace—a ship's snail's pace—we fell into line and crept forward, taking our turn with the many other boats that were in the harbour awaiting permission to enter the Canal. Slow as our progress seemed, it did not take us long to be free of the port, and out in the desert, through which the Suez Canal has hewed and hollowed its way. We looked for the mirages that travellers often speak of seeing, as they journey through the Canal, but no deceptive domed city, or oasis with palms was seen that day to vary the desert's monotony. The storm of the night before had dispelled all mists, all illusions. The pelican, in groups of many dozens, stood alone in his wilderness.

It usually takes something like seventeen hours to sail

through the Suez Canal, a goodly part of these seventeen hours being consumed at "sidings," broader places where boats going in opposite directions may pass each other. Watching great ships pass thus at close range, and speculating upon the mystery of when our boat was to "tie up," and when to be signalled the right of way, kept us interested until nightfall. One or two towns, Ismailia of to-day and the ruins of ancient Pelusium, are passed, and the Canal also crosses the old caravan route between Egypt and Syria; then come the Bitter Lakes, through which steamers are allowed to increase their speed. But the latter half of the journey through the Canal was accomplished at night, and the town of Suez reached and passed so early in the morning that few passengers were astir to see the place tradition assigns as being the scene of the passage of the children of Israel, and the overwhelming of Pharaoh's hosts by the Red Sea. At times wild monsoon winds still blow, and drive back the waves and play strange freaks with the waters of this usually placid sea.

When we came on deck we were hardly out of the Suez Gulf part of the Red Sea, but already the flat African desert coast on the right had taken on a background of mountains, and on the left, as the steamer proceeded, the mountains of the Sinai Peninsula became more and more clearly defined, Sinai itself, the Mountain of the Law, being distinguishable in the distance at one time from the rest of the range. As the day advanced these mountains, seemingly devoid of vegetation, grew richer and warmer with colour. At sunset time the whole Sinai range was aglow with a deep rose light, which, together with the silver of the full moon, rising directly behind it, made a picture as unforgettable as it would have been impossible to catch with the brush.

Strabo, or some other time-honoured authority, says

the Red Sea owes its name to the colour of the people who dwelt along its shores; and a reddish brown folk these Sabaeans are to this day. The spawn of certain fish during one or two months of the year lends the waters a reddish tinge in places, so much so that enthusiastic people may misconstrue this into being the true colour of the deep. In reality the Red Sea is a dark blue, when it is not a grey-blue, or a blue-green, or storm-colour, as the case may be.

After a day out, the Red Sea broadens, and the land on both sides disappears, unless one chances to be on a coasting steamer that calls at all sorts of interesting ports on both eastern and western shores. There were those with us who could tell of calling at Port Sudan on the African side, the port of the greater Sudan beyond. They could also tell of calling at Jeddah, on the Arabian shore; but none, save the old Mohammedan *hajjis* in the steerage, could tell of that strange pilgrimage city of Mecca, lying among the mountains sixty miles inland, of which this same Jeddah is the port. Mecca is a ready word to come to the lips; indeed, it comes so familiarly, and many of us have seen so many picturesque pilgrims setting out Meccaward, that it seems as if it were a haunt open to the visitations of the multitude, rather than to the followers of Mohammed only.

The ordinary track of the steamers lies down through the middle of the Red Sea, but has to be traversed with caution, as the great coral reefs have a way of cropping up out in mid-sea, as well as along the shores. It takes several days to traverse its length, and there are some islands lower down, volcanic and mostly waterless, upon which the lights were put out during the Turco-Italian war, and which made navigation at night a little unsafe, as well as difficult. The lighthouses on these islands now have their lamps trimmed and burning, and ships

steam merrily on by night as well as by day. Here one also has the experience of passing out of the temperate zone into the tropics, and the obliging captain will make an effort to point out the Southern Cross, dimly visible low down on the horizon, if the light of the full moon does not eclipse the shining of the lesser stars.

The lower part of the Arabian coast, bordering on the Red Sea and known as The Yemen, is perhaps best known as the seat of continual uprisings by Arab sheikhs against the Turkish government or any government that undertakes to dictate to them. The Queen of Sheba's country, the land behind the mountains of The Yemen, familiar to us through the story of that inquiring Queen of old, is little known to the world at large to-day. One venturesome explorer recently made an effort to reach its capital, but was turned back by the natives with more haste than politeness. Yet word filters through that behind those forbidding mountains there are springs and green pastures, and the remains of a once prosperous kingdom.

ADEN, *January 15th.*

Much has been written, and more said about the heat and some other things of Aden; probably all has been true, and what I am going to write is true also. We came into the port of Aden about midday, taking a pilot on board, and dodging various islands that put up jagged and picturesque peaks, seemingly to help the British government in its work of fortifying this, the earliest of its Victorian acquisitions. We sailed out of the Red Sea, through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb in the night, leaving Africa, that no longer dark continent, quite behind us.

Travellers speak of Aden as being "just around the

corner," on the Arabian side, but it takes some hours to "round" this "corner," and cast anchor at the rocky point where India, faintly suggested by Port Said, may be said to begin. Not that the little town, with its strip of desert behind, is peopled largely by the natives of India, or that this absolutely waste place, so far as vegetation is concerned, joins shores, or rather lands, with India proper. Even the smell of the place, a mixture of dust, spice, camel and tobacco, is of the wild Arabia from whence it came.

But the India part of Aden is that, though long days distant from that land, it is administratively a part of the Bombay Presidency, that it is garrisoned by Anglo-Indian troops and that here the Indian bungalow—that comfortable house consisting of a broad overhanging roof and deep verandahs, first made its appearance. And the ubiquitous, uncompromising sola topee of India (from whence it has journeyed to Egypt and the Sudan), commences here to be seen on every head, save that of the native—feminine as well as masculine—that goes out in the sunshine.

If India comes here to meet the West, on the other hand it would seem that all Somaliland, left behind us, as we supposed, in Africa, sets out thus far Indiaward. Its representatives swarm on land, and swarm in little boats about the ship, their shiny, lithe, black bodies bending at all angles, yet never angular, as they offer their various wares—baskets, tobacco, and ostrich feathers for sale. It is somewhat difficult to describe the dress of these Somalis, as there is so little of it—just a bit of cloth draped about the loins. Perhaps they wear strings of beads at home; I did not see any worn here. Their black countenances are usually very open with broad smiles, showing a full outfit of very white teeth, the whole being set off with a great bushy, upstanding shock of

tow-coloured hair. One's curiosity concerning this latter incongruity is instantly excited, and we were told the Somali lad has ways and means of his own for making many crinkly black hairs white or dust-coloured. We saw one head in the process of "bleaching," literally plastered with some white substance that looked like lime.

We went on shore prepared for great heat, but found a pleasant, coolish breeze blowing, and everybody awake and about in a surprising fashion, considering what we had been led to expect. In spite of its being a desert spot, man looked well-fed, and his camel prosperous, the latter's degree of prosperity being indicated by the amount of plumpness of his hump. Nice little bullocks, the sacred India kind, also with humps, though not large ones, were leisurely drawing loaded two-wheeled carts whither their partly-naked drivers directed. For the first time we saw our old friend the camel harnessed, and drawing very small carts filled with water about the streets. From his supercilious height he simply looked bored, not vexed, at being put between shafts.

Before setting forth to visit "the tanks," we went into the stores of Messrs. Cowasjee, Dinshaw & Co. (everybody knows these gentlemen), where I believe one can buy anything from a hairpin to a ship, a white mouse to a hunting leopard. We went to inspect two of these leopards, and pretty, sleek, gentle, spotted pussies they looked, fast asleep in one corner of the broad verandah. We were asked if we would like to pet them (being fond of pussies), but we hastened to assure the man in charge that it would be a shame to waken them!

Motor-cars are a fresh importation in Aden, and are much appreciated by the natives of "rank and fashion." The half dozen or more were in such demand that after-

noon that our little party of six had to climb into ordinary tikka gharries—a sort of nondescript two-seated vehicle. Having only an hour and a half allowed us to drive to the tanks and back, according to steamer time, which is never lenient to passengers, our driver whipped up his little span briskly, and over the smooth English roads we rattled, but none too fast for the little Somali lads, who kept up with us nearly all the way, shouting—"No faddah! No muddah! No sister! No bruddah! Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" It would seem from this that the population of all Somaliland must be composed of orphans. Our road to the tanks lay through the old town—built in the centre of a crater, which is, needless to say, extinct. Its Arab population graced the streets; may I say they certainly gave them what grace they had; and the town also housed the men and animals of the Camel Corps. These were in their quarters when we passed. Almost everything else was out of doors. But not an Arab beggar did we see! They are much too proud to ask for pennies. Their pride shows in every glance, every movement. What lady of high degree can drape a shawl about her shoulders, letting it come almost to the ground, and carry it with the grace of one of these dark-skinned men of the desert? One passed us, mounted high on a sleek, long-paced, running camel. The rider and his mount looked like carven silhouettes against the sky; they seemed to move almost without movement and with the silence of night, not of day.

An old Indian ex-soldier showed us all we could see in ten minutes of the famous tanks of Aden. These were originally built by the Persians, so some authorities say, in a great cleft in the mountain, and are kept in repair to this time. They consist of a number of huge tanks, or basins, built with cement in the natural rock, the

first one high up in the mountain chasm, and the others below in a descending scale, to catch the water as it may overflow from the one directly above. Alas! it does not often overflow. If this land was dry in old Persian times, it is still drier to-day. The rainfall each year is now too slight to be counted upon to quench the thirst of man and beast, to say nothing of thirsty vegetation. The only trees we saw in Aden town were a dusty banyan tree, and a pepul tree growing or trying to grow by one of the upper tanks. The water that supports life in Aden to-day is drawn from the sea, and condensed into fitness for drinking.

Mr. Cowasjee, being among other things the agent of our ship's company, gave us the use of his boat to and from the shore, and came on board to bid us farewell, ere our ship set sail. We had a pleasant little chat with this Parsee among Parsees, though my eyes and thoughts would wander a bit from the man and his faultless English to his spotless white dress, white trousers, broad and flowing, long white coat of curious cut, tied in front instead of being buttoned, and his black, shiny, brimless hat "from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-Oriental splendour."

As the time came for the boat to weigh anchor, the prices of the wares for sale began to go down. The man with the ostrich feathers had to be almost forcibly put off the boat by the stewards. The Somali boys in the little boats below threw up a skilful line to a would-be purchaser and one got a brightly-tinted, quaintly woven basket at a reasonable price, after much bargaining. It is not that one really wanted the basket either; it is the picturesque experience that one sought, the flashing smiles on the black faces below, the naughty little whimper with which the seller tried to make you believe your shilling had been lost on its way down in the basket,

then the quick change back to smiles again when he saw you did not believe him. Well, man must earn his living some way, and small wonder that the native people prefer to live upon the fat of the ship, rather than upon the fat of the land, which is thin even to leanness.

January 16th.

We are sailing along the Arabian coast India-ward to-day. The Indian Ocean, or rather the Arabian Sea, is placid enough, the temperature temperately mid-summer—as the porridge of the middle-sized bear was to little Silver Hair—"neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right." On deck our steamer chairs face shorewards; low down on the horizon float some rosy-gold clouds reflecting the colours of the desert below.

Here the great Arabian desert extends from the sea far inland; unlike the sea over which we are sailing, it has remained uncharted to this day. Only the Bedouins know its oases, just as only they know all its blinding light and heat, its terrible sand-storms, its cruel luring mirages. From the sea at closer range it looks a land full of colour, of every colour except green. Here and there it seems to send out little rocky, volcanic islands with deep craters, as if to ward us off from making too close an acquaintance. There are great golden sand banks in the foreground—sand ready to shift from place to place at the will of the wind. Out of this sand rise harsh jagged rocks, and low, torn hills: then comes a plain, and in the far background rise high mountains, warm with colour, yet strangely forbidding, to those who must needs have drink and shelter.

January 17th.

We keep to a north-easterly course along the Arabian coast, though rather more distant from the land than yesterday. The colours of the desert continue to be reflected in the few clouds that lie lazily along the northern horizon. To the south the map tells us that there is nothing between us and the cold continent at the South Pole!

The sea is absolutely tranquil, its surface as smooth and polished as if it had been planed. Its oneness in tone with the light in the sky makes it difficult to tell where the sky leaves off and the sea begins. Coloured spectacles come into pretty general use on deck, and blue eyes and brown are hidden behind dark glasses, that lend more comfort than charm to the faces of the wearers.

The flying fishes take long venturesome flights for them, showing glistening silvery sides as they skim the surface of the water, and then they drop back into the sea with tired little flops, setting a thousand ripples going in all directions. For the first time during our voyage we seem to have no sea birds circling about our ship, or following in our wake, to catch chance crumbs from the steamer's table. I suppose yonder brightly tinted coast offers as little home inducement to birds, as it does to man, though one hears of storks, and other migrating birds from Europe and Asia Minor, seeking winter quarters in the deserts of Arabia. They and the Bedouin, if they would, might furnish very useful information to those who have the making of maps, and the locating of oases.

It seems, certainly, that the Indian Ocean, being a tropical sea, should be entitled to have a good deal of bright colour on its own account, independent of any reflected tints of the sky. But just as the Red Sea isn't

red, the Indian Ocean isn't blue or green, or any nice active colour in particular, even when the ship's prow and screw lash it into foam. The colour of this foam is quite grey and leaden, even soapy in appearance, unless it chances to be evening when the little tribes of phosphorescent sparklers thread it through and through with flashes of light.

January 18*th.*

We are beginning to cross the broad waters that some miles to the north narrow down, and form the entrance to the Persian Gulf. One cannot shout any longer with Thackeray's little Billee :—

> There's land I see :
> Jerusalem and Madagascar,
> And North and South Amerikee !

We left the shores of Arabia behind us in the night, and there is nothing to look at from our steamer chairs but the sky, the sea, sometimes a passing ship, and each other.

A number of industriously-inclined passengers are taking up the study of Hindustani, in classes of a dozen or more ; some are having first lessons, and others are trying to recall what they lost during their months on leave. This all points to the fact that we are nearing India and that a little knowledge of the *lingua franca* would not be a dangerous, but a very useful thing.

January 19*th.*

We continue sailing on over smooth seas and under bright skies with a temperature not at all uncomfortably warm. As our first port of call in India is Karachi, our

course is quite a bit northward as well as eastward, and I believe to-day we cross back into the temperate zone for a brief period.

While the sea does not present the placid and polished surface it did two days ago, there is no suggestion of past or approaching monsoon winds, which at certain seasons of the year are quite capable of tossing its leaden mass hills, if not mountains, high.

Our passenger list for the most part is made up of very self-contained and reposeful people; of bronzed Anglo-Indian officers returning with their families to their posts among the hills or plains, rather grave of face from a sense of ever-growing responsibilities; of missionaries—Protestant and Roman Catholic—an earnest looking body; of nurses; of a sweet-faced woman doctor, keen on her work in hospital and among the women in the over-crowded, unwholesome Zenanas; several merchants and some Austrians (our boat is the *Graz* of the Austrian-Lloyd), Germans and Italians who are going to India to combine business with pleasure, and a few travellers further eastward bound.

The picturesque element is to be found, as always, in the steerage. When tired of book and steamer chair we go to the forward railing and look down upon the really "simple life"—upon a venerable green-turbaned *hajji*, just returning from Mecca, saying his prayers in the direction of the city of his pilgrimage; upon brightly if scantily garbed little companies of natives sitting cross-legged, their chins resting on their knees, before small charcoal mangals, cooking their evening meals. The women sit a little apart—if there be room to sit apart here, where animals must be entertained as well as men. But that is the life of the eastern women—to sit apart and be idle and obedient to their lords. Not much is required and little is expected of them.

From the smoking-room in the evening comes plenty of fumes of the leaf, but rarely the chink of glasses and the hilarious laugh that indicates a high spirit raised higher still by the imbibing of spirits. There is practically no winning or losing at games, even the gentle game of quoits has not made its appearance on deck. There is nothing more exciting than the discussion of politics—Indian politics mostly, which seem to grow yearly more involved. We grumble of course at the food, but if one *will* go to the table and eat four or five times a day, and take no exercise between meals, there must come a time, even in the smoothest of weather, when a resentful attitude towards food is justified.

Though we have a wireless telegraphy apparatus on board, it is not very talkative, and we appear to be sailing away into space quite cut off from touch with events that may be occurring in our respective native lands. Only once in the ten days since we sailed from Port Said have we had news from the outer world; this was at Aden when word reached us of the terrible earthquake, explosion and tidal wave in Japan, and of the strike assuming serious proportions in South Africa. Perhaps it is just as well to be cut off from the outside world for a season if it be only the startling, the discomforting word that is to reach us when we get in touch with shore again.

January 20th.

Karachi, a new town in an old land, was built in response to a call for a port in north-western India that should be the inlet and outlet for all that great surrounding country—half desert, half sown, half wild still, for all the centuries man has had it in his keeping. A land can leave a more definite stamp upon man than man

can upon land, because man's tenure of land and of time is less enduring ; one conquering race after another seems to have swept over India undoing the work, so far as possible, of the man who went before. The present Government will have a stronger claim upon lastingness as its work as a whole is not the kind to be so subject to attack and so easily destroyed. Guns are not so likely to be turned on miles of irrigating plant, on railroads and caravan roads, stretching their thousands of leagues in all directions, on modestly appointed educational buildings, as they are upon tempting pearl mosques inlaid with precious stones, or on Hindu temples with domes of gold.

As the traveller goes ashore at Karachi a swarming mass of humanity seems to be standing, sitting, or rather squatting, there to meet him. Bare-legged and bare-chested is this throng for the most part, but nearly always with a head-covering of some sort, most frequently a weighty turban made from a strip of cloth of many twistings. Among them may be seen a few strong rugged hillmen and some wild-looking men from the mountains of Baluchistan, only a few miles away ; but mostly they are local Hindus and Mohammedans, stem-legged and generally slender of build. The whole quay is a busy place, for in India there are plenty of people to work as well as plenty to be idle. The white man is little in evidence, just enough to direct the brown or chocolate-coloured man at his task and to keep the idle man from getting in the way.

A short drive on shore showed us a dry and thirsty land, though the roads were too well cared for to be dusty, and the houses were often hidden behind tall cocoanut palms in which the green talkative parrot seemed to be quite at home. In spite of some good public buildings, attractive club houses, fine zoological gardens, and

other indications of progress and prosperity, Karachi seems content to be the starting point for pastures beyond that are older if not greener, and where the greater fields of administration and action lie. Quite reconciled to further travel we returned to our ship, which was bound for Bombay, but we did not get off (it seems one never can in India) without the Indian juggler making his appearance with his usual outfit—a cobra, a mongoose and "a whole bag of tricks." The tricks we were permitted to behold and wonder at, but into that mysterious bag we were not allowed to look. With the queer little falsetto voice characteristic of Indian jugglers he talked and gesticulated—now in English, next in French, then in German—deft of finger he made passes under which strange plants sprang suddenly into life and leaf, cloth birds became animate and took to wing, and rings and money disappeared from friend's hands to be found quite innocently in one's own handkerchief or pocket!

The voyage from Karachi to Bombay occupied nearly two days, our boat not being a speedy one, and the whole of this distance we kept so aloof from the shore that only once during the daylight hours was there anything thereon really distinguishable. The little town we "sighted" was the ancient seaport of Veraval, and its more important as well as ancient neighbour Patan Somnath, mentioned by Marco Polo, and rich in ruins and still deeply impregnated with Hindu mythology.

BOMBAY, *January 23rd.*

After all, coming from the west, Bombay, not Karachi, seems to be the proper doorway by which to enter India. For one thing it receives you without curiosity, and if it does not amuse you it interests you at every step. It illustrates all you have ever read or heard said about

it and then, there being so much more than any guide-book can even suggest, you turn from said guide-book with disgust to see with your own eyes what no man can describe. If ever standing on street corners is permissible, then one is justified in loitering in the streets of Bombay. It seems as if all India, its problems, its peoples, its dress, confronted one there. As dress is less complicated than problems, it was dress, and how it was worn, that claimed immediate attention. The Parsee is the prosperous man of Bombay, where he numbers no less than fifty thousand strong. He wears more and cleaner covering than his brother the simple Hindu. Bare feet and bare brown legs become so familiar to the eye that one ceases to take note of them; but how the short, white trousers are made, or rather draped as they are put on—hung on afresh with each wearing—and made from a single long length of white cloth, called a "dhoti," never ceases to be a wonder. What if the western man after shaving were compelled to make and drape his trousers each time he gets into them? That the aforesaid trousers come only to the knees, one of them being also shorter than the other, does not enter into the question or make the operation less complicated. Over the dhoties are worn jackets of all sorts and descriptions, or a piece of cloth thrown with more or less grace about the shoulders. It being the "cold season," January 23rd (though the thermometer stood in the eighties) more clothing was worn than would be expected or tolerated among the lower castes two months later.

The European part of Bombay, especially the architecture of its public buildings, is quite worthy of any city, and even in the crowded native quarter of the town there is more than a pretence of good buildings; indeed, some of the modern houses of purely Indian architecture

are designed and carved in a style altogether original and pleasing. The houses along the drive to Malabar Hill are set in enviable grounds, though all the beauty of park and garden is dependent upon the liberal use of the hose, the rains coming at intervals of long months. As the motor-car goes up the gentle incline over perfect roads circling the sea the gardens grow richer, and glimpses are had of the bay with its misty islands, which, after Naples, Constantinople, Sydney and one or two in the New World, make the harbour of Bombay one of the most beautiful that ships are privileged to anchor in. Arriving by boat or looking down from the heights one gets an impression of the city's uniqueness, of the largeness with which it was planned or has grown of its own volition, of its fitness to be the home of many races, all of them loving warmth and sunshine and freedom of movement. These varying races in Bombay seem to interfere with each other singularly little. The Parsee, perhaps the most enlightened of all, gives his womankind the same liberty he enjoys himself—she is his companion in the street and in places of amusement as she is in the home. He claims for himself both riches and understanding and true democracy, for when he comes to die the vultures will pick his bones, up in those ghastly Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill, just as they will pick those of the humblest of his race. Sun-worshippers they were in the old great Persian days. How much they keep of the religion of their fathers, the sun-worshippers, they will tell you freely for the asking.

Side by side in the native quarters literally swarming with human life, dwell Hindus and Moslems, their temples and mosques often side by side as well—yet each is distinct and apart in his belief as if he dwelt on separate continents. Only occasionally have the Government to step in between with a controlling hand, as for instance on

some great feast day, when the Hindus will pollute the Moslems' mosque with the blood of the despised pig, or, in return, the Mohammedan will shed the blood of some sacred animal in the Hindus' temple. But real animosity however much it may be felt, is singularly little shown, considering the closeness with which they are thrown together and the excitable latitude in which they dwell. How they (men oftener than women) swarm in the streets after working hours! What human beehives can be built large enough to hold them all, that is the wonder. Where do they sleep at night? Where does their food come from? How can they get work to do? Are there doctors enough in all the world to cure their ills, to keep contagious diseases from spreading with the rapidity of a fire fanned by blasts of carrying winds? But somehow they are certainly able to live and they do not look unhappy—these men in the mass, in the aggregate.

This mid-Eastern man does not seem at first glance so reposeful, so contemplative as the man of the Near East with whom we have been long acquainted. While he has more vivacity, he does not foregather in coffee-houses or sit in the open street to the same extent as his Near Eastern brother. Perhaps he has not the money to pay; perhaps if he be a Hindu his caste will prevent him, even if the cups were proffered him. He is not so fine a man physically as the Turk or the Arab, though some of the North India people and the hillmen are stalwart enough. We have yet to see the Buddhist; probably he will furnish the most striking example of all in the life of repose, the habit of contemplation.

The system of religion of the Hindus is so complicated, so many ancient books, so much of legend and mythology go to its making, that only one dwelling in the country and among these people for a lifetime can hope to have even a superficial understanding of it. "Tell me of the

division into and mystery of castes among the Hindus" is one of the first questions the traveller asks on arriving in India. Books may have told him much, friends may tell him more, he may even hear from the people themselves whatever they may be pleased to reveal, but with all this comes little of real understanding of the question. The gulf is too fixed between eastern and western mind to be spanned even by imagination. Yet he who travels with open eyes can see much to interest and to set him wondering. As far as caste is concerned, there is of course no caste among the Mohammedans; the Hindus having this distinguishing mark. There seem to be four great castes, and nobody can tell how many subdivisions! A Brahmin is born a Brahmin, and no soldier, or merchant, or labourer can become one of this first caste by the willing, or by any study or work he may perform. A Brahmin is born ("twice born"), not called to be a priest, is akin to the gods, and is worshipped by the lower castes almost as a god. Though a soldier or merchant may not become a Brahmin, a Brahmin may become a soldier, a doctor, a merchant and retain his priestly rank in the Brahmin caste. After the Brahmin comes the second class, which includes the soldiers or sepoys. The third caste includes the merchants, who have the wealth of the country largely in their hands. Those who are engaged in agriculture belong to the fourth caste, then comes the great class, by far the largest, of outcasts, the "untouchables," who do the actual coolie labour, who live apart and carry out the tasks that the Hindu of caste cannot permit himself to perform. The Hindus of the four castes consider that their forefathers came into the country from beyond the Himalayas ages ago and were Aryan in origin, whereas the outcasts are the aborigines of the country. It is said that the Hindus and Mohammedans coming into the country as con-

querors, do not look upon themselves as "natives" and object to being included in this category by foreigners! One caste may not marry a member of another caste, such a union results in both becoming outcasts, together with their children. Different castes are not supposed to eat together; dishes once eaten from are unclean and are broken, if earthen, and if of brass are purified by much scrubbing with earth or sand. A strict Hindu can receive no food from your hand—be you the Viceroy of the land! If your shadow, even, should fall upon his food while he is cooking it, to him it becomes unclean and must be thrown away.

Ah, the many things the Hindu, if he be true to his caste, may *not* do, seem to make up the sum of his daily existence. Even the laws of the Medes and Persians must have seemed in their day less unalterable than these laws of caste among the Hindus, and yet there are those qualified to speak who say that among the higher castes these rules are beginning to be less rigidly observed and that the lower man's estate may some day be more hopeful than it seems to western eyes to-day.

CHAPTER III

FROM BOMBAY TO AGRA AND DELHI

The railway journey up country to Agra—The landscape and towns along the way—Over the Ghauts—Village fire in the jungle—The Begam of Bhopal's dominions—Turbulent-of-old Jhansi—Gwalior and its rock fortress—Agra and the Taj Mahal—Glory of the Indian Mohammedan world—The garden of the Taj Mahal—The sacred river Jumna—The pilgrim with his *lota*—The Great Moghul Emperors—Shah Jehan, the master builder of Agra—Beautiful buildings of the inner fort of Agra—The modern town and its peoples—The monkeys and squirrels that frequent it unafraid—The kites, mynah birds, peacocks and green paroquets that make it also their home—The evening journey to Delhi by way of Muttra.

January 24th.

WHY were narrow gauge railways ever invented when the broad gauge ones are so much more comfortable? The fine railway station at Bombay—someone says the finest in Asia—receives and sends forth many travellers, but perhaps none have set forth up country more eagerly than we did, or have been more pleasantly disappointed in the travelling accommodation. Of course the pillows and bedding one takes for oneself, but the railway company furnishes a sleeping-room large enough almost to be called a drawing-room, with room for more luggage than one likes to count; with toilet room attachment, electric light and fans, and with smoked glass windows to temper the sunshine during the day. Perhaps a friend high in Indian railway circles had something to do with making our start so "propitious." The only

thing he could not do was to lay the dust over that great, dry, rather arid tract of country between Bombay and Agra.

For some miles after leaving Bombay the railway runs through a level country, dry now, but cultivated when the rains come and the earth can take encouragement; wooded in places, with here and there a "flame" tree coming into most brilliant bloom, native villages, palm-trees in clusters or one standing out alone against a wonderful orange sunset—sky and tree seeming to be created each for the other and together to make a picture typical of the land.

Just as sunset was fading—and the afterglow goes quickly in these southern lands—our train began to climb, requiring two puffing locomotives to take us up and over the Ghauts, mountains of considerable proportions in western India. The glorious views we might have had by day on this line were blotted out when night came—just as were the wooded jungles—except at one point where there was a village fire in the heart of the jungle. The native huts are roofed with straw and the fire we saw spread with the rapidity of the wind, setting the little village aflame in a few seconds, lighting up the surrounding jungle and outlining the dark figures that seemed to be flying in all directions—some to save their few chattels, some to escape from the flames. Then on into the night we passed.

The morning found us nearing Bhopal in the Begam's Dominions. Her Highness is an enlightened Mohammedan lady who has travelled far afield, and her people are trustworthy and loyal to the British Administration; but her lands looked dry and unpromising enough as we passed through them, the last monsoon having made a sad failure at bringing the rain that means life to the fields. Bhopal, the capital, has some large and rather

imposing palaces and public buildings of sorts, but most of these are situated on the lake and are not visible from the windows of the railway carriages.

But so much *is* visible from these same windows, such an interesting country is traversed all day—a country striking in character and so associated with the sad and thrilling events of the Indian Mutiny, that the traveller is constantly occupied in identifying sites and scenes as the train pauses or passes on through the landscape. Great reaches of sunburned, sun-browned country lie between stations, a country vastly different, so they tell us, when it is green from the rains.

Jhansi, turbulent-of-old, was passed, its fort upon a rock, its city high-walled and fortified. Behind these fortifications the revolt in mutiny days was led by a woman, the Rani of Jhansi, who fought and finally fell in battle at Gwalior. She dressed as a man, fought as a man, and is referred to by one historian as "a resolute woman, who, alike in council and in the field, was the soul of the conspirators."

Between Jhansi and Gwalior we passed several interesting towns, and some ruined forts, all of which were set upon a rock and could not be hid. Some fine old palaces also lay along the route at this point, and, on the left near Sonagir station, a row of temples stood out upon a range of hills—modern Jain temples we were told—but modern or ancient, they lent a note of impressiveness to the distant skyline.

Then came Gwalior, Gwalior whose great rock fortress stood forth in the landscape looking the stronghold it is and has been since ancient times.

The amiable Maharajah of Gwalior puts an elephant at the disposal of visitors who would climb the steep ascent of the Gwalior citadel to view the wonders there, to look down upon the town at its base and to gaze far,

far out over the surrounding Indian landscape rich in historical interest if not in vegetation. Many brave men have fought and fallen there, Hindu and Mohammedan and lastly, the gallant Englishmen who took the fort and city from the mutinous men whose hands were red with the blood of their officers and of helpless women and children. That the season chosen for the Great Mutiny should have been the beginning of the hot weather, and the day chosen in many instances Sunday, when the English officers and their families would be at Church, and therefore unarmed, made the revolt particularly difficult to meet, particularly grievous to be borne.

A curious bit of country, the very picture of desolation, borders the railway line for some distance as it passes along the river Chambal and nears Dholpur. The red earth appears to be simply ploughed with deep ravines running in all directions, ravines down which we saw two little gazelles and some smaller game scrambling gaily, but which must be terrible barriers to troops having to make forced marches as they did through all this region in the days of the Mutiny.

The day was just ended, our first day's journey into the heart of India, when we arrived at Agra and drove from the Cantonment Station through a long broad avenue to the Hotel Cecil which was to receive us, and the dust with which we were covered, most hospitably for the night. There was only a waning moon, and a very late one, in the sky so we were not tempted to visit the fair Taj Mahal, the Place of the Crown, by the light of its pale beams. Then, too, the twenty-four hours just ended had been crowded with constantly changing scenes, with first suggestions and impressions that left the brain as weary as the body.

AGRA, *January 26th.*

Winter mornings are cool in Northern India even though the thermometer stands well above the frost degree, and when our "bearer" called us, as he was bidden to do, before daylight, we rose hastily, took our "chota hazri," the morning cup of tea that one has in one's own room, and donning the warmest wraps we had with us set forth to see the Taj Mahal by sunrise.

The broad and well-paved roads of the cantonment part of Agra looked quite deserted in the morning twilight, a heavy dew had laid the dust, the large one-storey bungalows with their high-pitched, thatched roofs stood solitary and well back in their hedge-defined compounds. One calls the enclosures compounds rather than gardens, for the term gardens would indicate green lawns together with winding paths and beds of flowers. But green lawns in the interior of India during the dry season are wont to languish and, while trees and shrubs appear to flourish throughout the year, the beds of flowers are represented mostly by plants in pots that hold the moisture and are easily tended.

All lovers of the beautiful ought to be grateful to Lord Curzon for having cleared away an unsightly part of old Agra, that once clustered about the entrance to the Taj Mahal enclosure. Now one enters that peaceful precinct without the immediate shock of too great a contrast, though a wondrous change it must ever be to one who has travelled for hours through a brown and thirsty land, has arrived at Agra after nightfall and, with but a brief interval of rest, goes out to see the new day dawn upon what seems almost another world.

Through an outer court one passes to the great gateway, built of red sandstone, inlaid with ornament and

inscription, its twenty-six white marble cupolas catching the first gleam of the morning sun—a gateway worthy of the shrine beyond. Here one stands for a long silent moment, one of those moments known to

> . . . some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet sweeps into his ken.

For through this gateway, down an avenue of cypresses bordering upon a marble water course, comes the first, full, beautiful view of the Taj Mahal, the poem-tomb of Arjmand Banu, the best loved wife of Shah Jahan. Down this vista and in that early light the Taj looked so ethereal, so little real, one had a feeling that it might rise and float away with the morning mists out of which it had just come. It seemed, indeed, as little real and of as little substance as its reflection in the pool of water, so placed before it as to catch its every change of aspect in the day's varying light and shade.

This glory of the Indian Mohammedan world is built all of the purest white marble upon a marble platform, a great central dome soaring aloft above the tomb, this in turn being surrounded by smaller domes, while from the four corners of the stately pile rise graceful minarets to complete and round off the perfect whole. But beautiful as the Taj is architecturally, not the least part of its beauty lies in the delicacy and colour of its ornamentation in low relief, its marbles inlaid with wreaths and scrolls of precious stones. Without and within no slighting hand, no miserly work is seen. To attempt to describe so lovely a creation would seem almost to profane it. As a beautiful whole one sees it first and as a finished creation one would remember it.

As the morning light deepened we went into the central chamber beneath the dome whose mellow echoes are the only music heard around the tombs of Shah Jahan

and his Queen, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace. A softly-tempered light falls upon the screen of white marble trellis work that surrounds the tombs, and one of the guardians held a candle so that we might see more clearly how graceful was the design, how exquisite the inlay work of those who fashioned this last resting-place —under love's supervision—now nearly three hundred years ago. A friend told us "When I approached the tomb first I thought the screen surrounding it was of lace, then of ivory, and when they told me it was of stone I refused to believe it." It was a feast of loveliness, spread with tasteful restraint, yet so lavishly that one could partake of it only in part. As a great writer on architecture has said, it is at once "the most graceful and the most impressive of sepulchres in the world."

One thinks of that earlier "wonder of the world," and of how widely this wonder—still so perfect, so apart from all other tombs in delicate feeling and loveliness—must differ from the classic mausoleum at Halicarnassus. That mausoleum was raised to the memory of another king and queen, to Mausolus and his Queen, Artemisia, and splendid though it was and expressing as it did the artistic spirit of those old heroic days, it has for centuries past been but a ruin, an overgrown mound in a deserted bit of landscape bordering on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean.

It is not entirely owing to the genius of the Taj Mahal's skilled workmen that such unreserved admiration goes out immediately to this shrine at Agra; nor is it to the warmth and brilliancy of the Indian atmosphere that surrounds it, nor to its setting in a far land among strange peoples, nor to its great contrast with the long, dusty journey the traveller must take before finding himself confronted with the object of his pilgrimage. It is to something beyond and above all these features, contri-

butory as they are, that the Taj Mahal's instant appeal is made. It is to our recognition that here a great feeling, a great tenderness in the hearts of most men, has been caught and expressed and immortalized for us all in this perfect memorial of one man to the woman he loved.

In the garden enclosure of the Taj Mahal and among its other attractive features are two fine buildings of red sandstone, pendants of the Taj though quite apart from the crown-jewel itself. One of them is a mosque and the other a *jawab*—an "answer"—a complimentary building to the first, placed for artistic effect so the Taj might be seen between the two and that thus the balance of architectural beauty might be maintained. The garden itself that surrounds the Taj, save on the River Jumna side, may be called a formal one, if nature in the East ever admits of such limitation, and it has been cultivated not so much for beauty—though this is not lacking—as to furnish green vistas and frames of foliage through which the white shrine may be wholly, or in entrancing part, revealed.

From the marble terrace overlooking the river we saw early morning pilgrims bathing in the waters of the Jumna, which are considered by the people to be only a little less sacred than those of the River Ganges. They came there—the old and the young, the lame, the halt and even the blind, not only to cleanse themselves in the waters, but to turn their faces toward the east and to pay tribute of worship to the rising sun. And each pilgrim—it was a fête and special pilgrim day—brought his *lota*, his shining brass jug or vase, to carry away some of the sacred river water (that looked to us so uninvitingly muddy and to be of questionable purity) with which to quench his thirst and to bring him spiritual comfort as the cool morning passed and the hot day drew on.

The freshness and mystic beauty of the dawn still

lay upon the garden, and upon the white marble shrine it held, as we passed out through the great gate by which we had entered that charmed enclosure two hours before. Standing by that portal we turned for a last long satisfying look, realizing that from every side the Taj is a vision of pure architectural loveliness, a delight, ever, to the eyes of the living as well as a tribute, glorious and lasting, to the memory of the dead. And glad we were to have seen this vision by sunrise which we felt, not having known the other, to have been better than by many moonlights.

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Since Agra owes its importance and beauty of architecture to the period of later Mohammedan rule in India, and especially to the great Moghul dynasty, perhaps one should mention the names, in their succession of those great Moghul Emperors whose temporal power at least was marked by an outward splendour that has gone unrivalled to this day. The builder-princes of this dynasty began with Babar in 1530 (who was sixth in descent from the great Tamerlane) and he was followed by Humayun, after whom came the great Akbar and Jahangir and Shah Jahan. Shah Jahan was later dethroned and imprisoned by his son and successor, Aurangzeb, and with this latter prince came the decline and finally the fall of the dynasty from its high estate in the Indian world.

It was the great Akbar who stamped Agra finally with the seal of imperial approval. It was he who made it the real, if temporary, capital of the empire. The same Akbar who built that beautiful and fascinating city of Fatehpur-Sikri, only twenty miles from Agra, and who deserted it, when built, for Agra—perhaps on account of the unhealthiness of its situation.

But it was left to Akbar's grandson, to Shah Jahan, to be the master builder of Agra, to unite elegance with originality, and to crown the golden age of Indo-Persian architecture with such gracious buildings as the Taj, the pearl mosque and the palace in the inner fort of Agra.

The walls of the fort of Agra are of red sandstone, impressive in height, and in colour well calculated to set off the dazzling white of the Jaipur marble so freely used in most of the beautiful Moghul structures within the fort's enclosure. Walls, gates, mosques and palaces glow with light and colour. The Moti Masjid, rightly named the "pearl mosque," has its whole front open to the east (as have all the mosques of India) and the sun blazed down upon the beautiful courtyard with its marble cloisters, and into the inner aisles and carved marble depths of the mosque itself. One wonders sometimes why so often grey buildings are built beneath grey skies, while in sunshine lands there is a riot of colour in the architecture and of white marble that fairly blinds the eyes with its glistening response to the rays of the sun. But great architects are wise people, and as a rule they adapt their material and style to the land, to its inhabitants and to nature as they find it.

There are many gems of architecture besides the pearl mosque within the walls of Agra's fort, which are only a little over a mile in circumference. There are striking gateways, and palaces containing audience chambers—such as the Diwan-i-Khas—where the flowers inlaid on white marble are of precious stones; there is a red sandstone palace, this the work of Akbar, with carvings and ornamentation so exquisite one is tempted to lose something of the beauty of the whole in the study of its ornate detail. Also there are sun-emblazoned courts, where squirrels and birds of bright plumage now alone disport themselves, and halls and tiny mosques and chambers

partly in ruin, haunted perhaps of moonlight nights by those fair court ladies of old who had so many temptingly beautiful nooks in these palaces set apart for their special enjoyment. And if they were not quite free to wander outside their palace bounds, what lovely views their windows and marble terraces commanded on every side! Shah Jahan himself was a prisoner here in the place he made beautiful, for some seven years—so history runs—the seven last years of his life. His captivity was shared by his daughter, Jahanara, a faithful princess and also a consolatory one, let us hope. The Taj Mahal across the river in the distance gleams white and restful in its green garden setting from many a vantage point within the fort's enclosure. But there is one room—an octagonal pavilion and beautiful within—from which the Taj can be seen best in all its tender if distant beauty. In this pavilion, in the year 1666, died Shah Jahan, the builder of the Taj, looking out upon his handiwork, it is said, and who knows how much consolation that picture brought him, hallowed as it would be with memories of the loved one there enshrined.

Great is India, great her call, great her distances and her attractions. Of Agra's native town, its peoples, its narrow streets and its bewildering bazaars, we had but a hasty glimpse, for the call to go on was imperative. But what we saw was in strange contrast to and seemed further to emphasize and set apart the remaining architectural glories of the Moghul golden age. Yet even outside the Taj Mahal garden and the fort's enclosure nature seemed to be glad enough—the dark-brown mynah bird walked his self-important way in the fields, kites whistled in their journeys through the air, peacocks and green paroquets decorated whatever branch or building they might choose to perch upon for the moment, while the alert and gay little Indian squirrels ran in and out

of doorways unafraid. The large monkeys, however, that climbed familiarly and leisurely over the buildings in the native town, lent a note wild rather than picturesque to the parts they frequented.

Towards evening, and just as we were leaving to take the train for Delhi, an Indian juggler, no, let us call him a bird-charmer, came into the green courtyard with a brass tray covered with little birds all busily engaged in picking up seed from the tray and apparently forgetful that they were free to fly away as they would. With a single exclamation and a wave of the hand the charmer sent them flying in all directions—even to the tops of the tallest trees in the garden. At a single call from him they all flew chirping back and resumed their evening meal of seeds from the brass tray as contentedly as if they had never flown away.

Man does not seem to be oppressed with work in India. When he is not hungry he finds many ways of entertaining himself, and of entertaining, not always incidentally, the stranger in his midst. In Agra he is possessed of great riches—of buildings that may or may not be emblematic of his own faith, but that justify themselves in beauty and are a priceless heritage to him and to the whole world from the great Moghuls.

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We travelled by the most direct route from Agra to Delhi, leaving Agra in the early evening and arriving in Delhi three hours and a half later. The chief point of interest we were to pass on this journey being Muttra, a city held sacred by the Hindus as being the birthplace of Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, and thus one of their favourite points of pilgrimage. History says that early in our era, or at least early in the fifth century A.D., there were numbers of Buddhist monasteries at Muttra.

Yet when Mahmud of Ghazni "looted"—to use a native word in the place of the more dignified term despoiled—the town in 1017, the Buddhists had then departed. That conqueror had the good fortune, however, to appropriate and carry away many gold and silver idols, and jewels—rubies and sapphires—of fabulous weight and worth. But this city, bereft of its treasure and much of its early importance, being passed in the night was to us as if it were not save for the flashing lights of its railway station.

CHAPTER IV

DELHI

The new capital of India—Ruins of the Delhis that have gone before—A land of monuments—Shah Jehan's city to-day—The fort of Delhi, its gateways and its palaces—The Diwan-i-Khas and the Diwan-i-Am—View from the Red Fort, the brown landscape, the "Ridge" and the memories they recall—The Jami Masjid, the cathedral mosque of India—Its beautiful minars and striking architecture—The Chandni Chauk, the Silver Street of Delhi—A motor drive to the site where the new imperial city is in process of building—The mausoleum of Humayun—Tea by the roadside—Familiar features in a thirsty land—By motor to the Kutb Minar—The fort of Tughlak Shah and a saint's curse that proved to be effective!—A landscape rich in ruins and in picturesqueness.

By the Imperial Proclamation of December 12, 1911, the historical city of Delhi became again the capital of India. Thus, in a way, the past and present meet, yet under widely different imperial auspices; the one rich in promise and justifying itself each day, the other offering but the halo of a one-time splendid period as well as the shadow of events that were often dark and had best be forgotten.

The present Delhi stands seventh among the cities of India in point of population. It also stands seventh in the number of Delhis that have been built in this immediate region. They, or the ruins of the towns that have gone before, are all easily distinguishable and lie mostly to the south, on the plain between the right bank of the Jumna and the hills or ridges that define the plain. Scholars tell us that their histories were in some instances

long and passing glorious, but that others of the seven had but a brief period of inhabited existence. It must not be forgotten that Delhi has always lain in the path of ambitious invaders and their conquering armies, and has been a loadstone to those who would acquire riches quickly by plunder and bloodshed.

Populations are a movable quantity, though the towns that held them may remain. To the casual observer to-day it would seem as if each of the Delhis that has gone before had never been quite satisfied with its actual situation; as if its different rulers, perhaps, rather than the people, having been of different minds it has had fresh sites chosen for it, always in the neighbourhood of the old centre of habitation. One deserted Delhi that we visited looked as if the population had been moved on but yesterday, leaving the town for the four winds to inhabit, or, as we saw, for parrots and peacocks to fly in and out of and to preen and flaunt their gorgeous feathers on the ledges of the open casements.

It is a land of monuments, this part of India in particular, monuments to individual men, the work of great builders and rulers, rather than to the peoples they represented. Man was very busy in the Middle Ages, here as elsewhere; old religions were being crowded out by new—Mohammedanism seemed to sweep all before it for a time, if not by conviction, by force of arms, bringing with it a wealth of artistic ideas by the way of Persia, which it grafted on to the art it found already awaiting it in India. The two were united with great skill. The places of worship of the Buddhists and Hindus were turned readily to Indian-Mohammedan account and the effect of this fresh importation of ideas and of artists and artisans on architecture was richer and more varied for this reason.

Shah Jahan's city is still the town of to-day, though

the government has built a temporary city adjoining on the north for its governmental convenience till such time as the new capital be completed. To see greater Delhi—Delhis represented by ruins or by some solitary monuments, or by a Delhi deserted but looking almost intact—one must motor to the south and over an area of some forty-five square miles; to be left in the end wondering as to dates and all the reasons *why* there should have been so many Delhis (though called by different names) to be destroyed or deserted. May better fortune attend the eighth city, the Delhi-to-be—the imperial city in the process of building. Whoever was responsible for the first suggestion of Delhi as the modern capital (and who was he ?) had good and sober reasons for his choice, though perhaps Calcutta will always be of a different opinion !

In Delhi, as at Agra, the chief point of interest to the traveller is the fort on the Jumna, upborne by magnificent red sandstone walls, built by Shah Jahan between the years 1638 and 1648 and later than his architectural triumphs at Agra. This fort, aside from its fortifications, contains gateways unrivalled in impressiveness, as for example the Lahore gateway, and has a pearl mosque, gemlike and shining, and a palace or series of white marble palaces that are Indian day-dreams of gorgeous interiors; open rooms gilded and inlaid with precious stones, and so entrancing of aspect that one great room of the innermost court, the Diwan-i-Khas—the hall of private audience —bears the oft-quoted inscription in Persian over the two outer arches at either end :

> If Paradise can be on the face of the earth,
> It is this. Oh ! it is this. Oh ! it is this.

Another chamber of great Moghul splendour and rich-

ness of decoration is the Diwan-i-Am—the hall of public audience—where, in a raised and ornate recess at the back, stood the famous peacock throne. Upon this throne of gold, jewelled as was never throne before—the feathers of its two guardian peacocks, iridescent with the gleam of rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds—the Emperor in his day of grace, received his subjects and those from afar who came to do him reverence. One who is acquainted with the East even of modern times, can picture to himself the salaaming, richly-robed figures of old, paying homage to a ruler who could surround himself with such magnificence, such symbols of worldly riches and power.

Though the peacock throne is gone—Nadir Shah bore it away in 1739, when he took the Koh-i-noor diamond and so many other treasures from the stricken Delhi he left behind him—these audience halls, especially the Diwan-i-Khas, have been the setting of many historical events of modern as well as of olden times. If some of these events were not happy, not in keeping with the gracious surroundings, on the other hand brilliant balls have been held here in honour of the coronation of our own rulers, and here, in the autumn of 1857, that never-to-be-forgotten solemn thanksgiving service was held by the forces at Delhi that had come safely through those terrible mutiny days.

From the lavish decorations of the palace—a decoration that knew no restraint, and that with the care it receives seems little dimmed by time—it was almost a relief to turn to the gardens which were perfectly laid out and perfectly tended and filled with trees and plants that are wont to flourish 'neath eastern skies. Eastern art, at least here, is too intricate, too full of colour, too lavish, ever to be quite restful to western eyes, no matter how much it may appeal to them. While wandering through the gardens, an English soldier of many Indian summers,

whose easy duty it now was to register the names of visitors, and to guide them from one vantage point to another, told us of his early days in India, and made some comparisons not altogether to the advantage of these later times. But it was ever thus—the old days were best; the present is always without glamour. As an Assyrian king and historian said some 4000 years B.C.: "We have fallen upon evil times, the world has waxed very old and wicked, politics are very corrupt and children are no more respectful to their elders!" Perhaps these eastern children are not as respectful of manner to the English sahib as they were a generation ago; but they understand better his wholesome intentions toward their country and respect and look up to him as a ruler even if some of the more "advanced" and artificially-educated among them take the liberty of criticizing their rulers and think they could "do better at ruling if given the chance."

There are certain openings where one may stand by the walls of the "red fort," and look down and across parts of the town and out upon a dry, brown landscape beyond. Tranquil enough it all looks to-day, but one can picture its comparatively recent thrilling history—that morning of September 4, 1857, when the siege guns came across this burned land, drawn by unwieldy if willing elephants, and the ammunition wagons "drawing their slow length along," came to the relief of that besieging army in sore need of such reinforcement; and the "Ridge," for ever immortal for the high courage there shown and the brave deeds there done. Many other parts of Delhi are thus distinguished, broken walls and battered gateways still remain, and monuments in various parts of the town bear record to unsurpassed Anglo-Saxon heroism. Empire builders indeed they were, both men and women, the named and the unnamed, the sung

and the unsung, who lived through that summer of 1857, or who faced death so bravely as it challenged them in a hundred horrible ways.

As we had entered the fort through the superb Lahore gate, we left that enclosure by way of the Delhi gate, or gates, the inner recess of the latter being guarded by two huge stone elephants. We stepped from our carriage to get a snap-shot at these, but were stopped by the soldiers on guard from committing such indiscretion. The hand of the law was polite but firm, so instead of bringing away a more personal souvenir of this gate and its stone guardians we had to content ourselves with a postcard reproduction of the same.

The Jami Masjid, the great "cathedral" mosque of India, as it is sometimes called, lay next in our line of sight-seeing, though some Indian gipsy maids tried to detain us at the foot of the great flight of steps with dance and song that did not differ greatly from the gyrations and monotonous nasal chanting of the dancing girls of the Near East. One feels the call of the two beautiful minarets, or rather minars as they call them in India, of this mosque from afar, without the aid of the muezzin's wavering, sing-song voice calling to prayer. Perhaps he does not call the faithful to worship so punctiliously four times a day here as he does in some other parts of the Moslem world—Constantinople for example. But a minaret having the least pretence to good architecture is always a beautiful object in the landscape.

The mosque itself is a stately pile composed of red sandstone and white marble, and raised on a commanding base; its three white marble domes are picked out very effectively with vertical lines of black marble, and apart from its minarets, it has four angle towers and three striking gateways that lead into the great quad-

rangle upon which the mosque proper opens, and which on the other three sides is bounded by an open sandstone pillared cloister. The main gateway opened, once upon a time, only at the approach of the Moghul Emperor, and now only for the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor to pass through. Lesser folk may slip through a smaller entrance embraced in the greater. The exterior of this mosque as a whole was designed to appeal to the eye, a circumstance which for some curious reason or other one cannot associate with mosques in general, beautiful of line and decoration as they may be within. No one has ever quite explained this lack of architectural imagination in Moslem religious edifices. But certainly the most critical can find little fault with the Jami Masjid from without any more than from within.

One must see the Chandni Chauk, or "silver street," *the* street both of old and present Delhi, though it is less picturesque than it must have been when houses were built across it as they were in Moghul times. But I fancy the people fashioning the various wares, the jewellers, silversmiths, embroiderers, have changed very little in appearance with the passing of years, though their handiwork may not be quite up to the standard of the old. With a greater tourist demand have come more hastily and less skilfully produced wares. The people one meets in the Chandni Chauk, the strange vehicles and animals at large, make up the real East that will not bear transplanting. But the little curio one buys and brings away seems to stand for all these, and to recall the sights and even the smells of this famous street as one looks at it from time to time and takes it down for closer inspection from its place in the scheme of decoration of a well-ordered English mantelpiece.

Two long motor drives we had with a friend during our brief stay in Delhi. He was a government official

who knew his India well and especially its seven Delhis. That he knew Thibet and Lhassa, having been a member of the Younghusband expedition, and China also at the time of the Boxer uprising, made his company and his kindness doubly agreeable and interesting. There are many lands and many strange peoples with varied pasts that come under that glib nomenclature "the East." We are beginning to be more definite and to specify which East—near, middle, far—but there is much sub-dividing yet to be done. Our friend told us that his wide experience had shown him how little one could really know of the many peoples that come even within our own boundaries.

We asked to be driven first to the site of the new capital, a site which is being industriously levelled—dry, rocky hills being cut away and prepared to receive the buildings, the streets and the gardens that are to come later. It lies some miles out, and to the south and west of Shah Jahan's Delhi, and looks singularly unpromising at first glance; with the boom of blasting would rise clouds of dust, and as this cleared away and we drew near, we were impressed with the medley of humanity, dressed and semi-dressed, of all colours, of all ages, and of both sexes, that seemed to have been engaged to work with pick and shovel in the herculean task of making a site to start with! We were told that some of it was "prison labour," but the prisons surely could have supplied only a small part of that working multitude. It was a human ant-hill of industry, and with a seemingly limitless number of workers. But that is India all over again! We stood for some minutes in their midst fascinated by their numbers (thousands, not hundreds), by their quick, lithe movements as they bored holes in the rocks for blasting, dug in the earth, loaded trucks with stones, bore away baskets of sand on their heads; by the shouts of their foremen and their shrill chatter to each other—for it

was by no means a silent working-party—and above all by the colour and life they lent to the desolate, dry, brown earth and rock that was their setting. It seemed like a play-picture almost, for nothing as yet had evolved out of all that labour save dust—that turned the sun to quite a ruddy hue—and a part of a hill in the process of being sliced off and laid low. Its *raison d'être* was not yet apparent, had yet to be revealed. But out of this seeming chaos some day will come order. It cannot come quickly, for the eastern means at hand to work with are largely the same as those used in the days of the great Moghuls in their building undertakings; we did not see that machinery and other labour-saving devices were employed to any considerable extent. This made the scene all the more interesting to one looking on, and some of the splendid achievements of the past in the building line all the more intelligible.

We want to live to go back when this imperial eighth city has been built, to see this coming capital as a stately finished whole, worthy of the genius of a Shah Jahan; and also to see the pride of the people in their handiwork —of which no man will be able to say he has gone unpaid for his share, or that it was raised for the glory and well-being of any people or any land but India.

Leaving the site of this Delhi-to-be, we motored on, stopping only for a brief visit to the tomb of Safdar Jang which lay in our way, until our car (an *antica* of its kind) spluttered and hesitated about going further; then we discovered that the tea hour had arrived and that there were trees by the wayside offering grateful shade. Here we paused for repairs and refreshment, having brought our tea and its accompaniments with us. While we were resting, our friend pointed out various monuments, tombs, shrines and ruins with which the landscape seemed to abound on all sides. The great mausoleum of Humayun

(the father of Akbar) that stood out a most prominent and harmonious landmark, we learned was the first building of importance to be erected by the Moghuls, and, by curious coincidence, Bahadur Shah, the last Moghul Emperor—the aged one of the Mutiny—and no longer grand, was captured here by the British on September 21, 1857. All about us was *old* India ; in the field opposite was a well from which water was being raised by means of a rope attached to a bucket that was drawn up or let down as the leisurely bullocks ascended or descended the slight incline arranged for the purpose. A familiar feature in a thirsty land was this, and one that the passing centuries has left unchanged. The name of the water carrier, " bhisti " (from the word paradise), is significant, and shows how precious is the substance that quenches thirst. It could hardly be otherwise in a land where the sunshine is looked upon rather as an enemy than a friend. The natives, when they would pay their guest a compliment, should you arrive in a storm, say : " You have brought the rain ! "

In recalling later the experiences of this day, I am sure a seemingly unimportant picture will always come to mind, that of a cart rumbling along the road and leaving a trail of dust in its wake for miles—dust that would not float away or lie, but hung in the hot, heavy, silent air just as it was raised by the passing wheels. This feature also is a part of India, as much as her tombs and temples, an older part even than these, and makes an impression as lasting as that peculiar odour that one always notices on approaching an Indian town or village —that pungent, acrid odour of fires burning, and the cooking of food out of doors. And the sunsets, glowing, glorious, and distinct from all other sunsets, are, like the long trails of dust and the scent of evening fires. one with the land.

January 29th.

'Tis said if not the lion, at least the lizard and the jungle already keep the courts where the two coronation Durbars (of 1903 and 1911) were held—courts most carefully prepared for those great fêtes but not designed with the desire or the intention that they should endure. Being several years too late to witness those wondrous pageants, we had no wish to visit simply the setting of their surpassing and also passing splendours. We asked, instead, our kind friend on our second day's outing by motor-car, to take us still further afield—even to that glorious object that from Delhi arises afar against the southern horizon, the Kutb Minar. One is grateful for those old Grand Trunk Roads, left by the Moghuls and marked still by their picturesque milestones, for if not of asphalt smoothness, they are the best there are, and if they lead in the direction the sightseer wishes to go, the native life one sees along these highways is of more than passing, and one might say of lingering, interest. After all it is the people and the monuments of the past that make the call of India. Other lands are as fair, and most of them have a more healthful climate and are more comfortable to live in. But one can know and understand the people of the Western world, their works and their religion, and they all dress more or less alike, which takes much from the novelty that one finds everywhere present in the East—in all the Easts.

One is grateful for the motor-car, when it is inclined to be docile, for one can wish one's self at a certain spot (if not too far away) and be transported there almost with the rapidity of the traditional wishing carpet. In spite of many halts we were tempted to make by the way, our journey to the Kutb Minar was accomplished quickly, giving us time to enjoy at our leisure that graceful tower

of victory, and also the beautiful remains of mosque, arches, and the classic iron pillar in its vicinity. This Kutb Minar enclosure still holds some of the *real* antiquities of this Delhi neighbourhood, that is all so rich in remains dating from the late Middle Ages.

There is some uncertainty as to the origin of the Kutb Minar monument, but if the Mohammedans appropriated it from the Hindus, they have erased all references to the original builders, and the separate inscriptions and the beautiful decorative bands of inscriptions are of Mohammedan text and origin. The Minar rises some two hundred and thirty-eight feet, its five storeys tapering harmoniously toward the top—the three lower of red sandstone, the two upper faced with white marble—and in design and decoration is so delicate and beautiful that Fergusson praises it even to the disparagement of Giotto's campanile at Florence, saying that the latter "beautiful though it is, wants that poetry of design and exquisite finish of detail which marks every moulding of the Minar." The view from even the lowest of its five balconies is an impressive one—commanding as much of the surrounding country as the eye has power to distinguish.

The mosque in this charmed enclosure is in ruins, though its wonderful line of arches still remains to triumph over time, and poets have sung and still sing of its beauties. It was begun by Kutb-ud-din Aibak after the capture of Delhi in 1193 A.D., thus a long inscription reads, and it stands upon the site of Rai Pithora's noted Hindu temple. Other royal builders added to the structure a cloistered court, utilizing some of the graceful and richly ornamented Jain pillars already at hand—indeed, an Arabian inscription reads to the effect that "twenty-seven idolatrous temples" were pulled down and the materials used in the construction of this mosque and

its cloisters. The Mohammedans brought with them the knowledge of pointed arches, but it is interesting to see how, in the construction here, they followed or allowed their Hindu workmen to follow, Hindu methods of building, while adapting the materials they found in such abundance on the spot.

I will mention only one other of the Kutb Minar's choice architectural neighbours in the enclosure, the iron pillar (a single column of wrought iron) that belongs to an older Indian period than the buildings that now surround it, and by various signs shows that it was brought to Delhi, not forged there. On this monument a Gupta inscription, in Sanskrit verse, sings the praises of a certain King Chandra, which throws light upon the place and period (about A.D. 400), where this curious and interesting monument originated. But the Kutb Minar now dominates in height, beauty and interest all that storied region to the south of the present Delhi.

Our last experience of sight-seeing on this day was to the fort of Tughlak Shah—a fort and one time city set upon an eminence, a few miles east of the Kutb Minar. It is one of the seven Delhis, one of the early ones, founded by the Mohammedans, and is mostly deserted by man. It is built of huge blocks of stone, and is so strong and imposing in structure, that one feels sure that it did not become a ruin through being conquered by an enemy. The only other explanation of its desolation is that the curse of the Saint Nizam-ud-din Aulia against Tughlak Shah, or rather the city he built, proved to be effective ! 'Tis said these two highly placed ones exchanged curses (over some building undertaking), but as the Saint lived to the age of ninety-two, it looks as if Tughlak Shah's town has been the one to suffer. "May it be inhabited by Gujars or may it remain desolate" was the curse, and consistently enough there are

only a few small Gujar colonies occupying the great, lonely, ruined citadel to-day. The tomb of Tughlak Shah, who was a warrior bold as well as ruler, is just outside the walls of his town, and is a mausoleum surrounded by massive walls, quite in keeping with the character of the town he built.

All these ruins in the landscape surrounding Delhi lend an extremely picturesque note to the whole countryside, yet at the same time they give it a deserted air, and the foreign resident at least must feel the depression that such surroundings all unconsciously impart. The landscape has not been deserted by human beings, they swarm here still as elsewhere in India; but the past, if one may so express it, seems to intrude everywhere; monuments of other days stand out almost assertively, as it were, like ghosts that refuse to be laid. Perhaps the effect of it all, picturesque as it is, may not be so *triste* after the rains; the sun-burned, ages-old, aspect of the land may be changed by the fresh green verdure that springs forth then with marvellous rapidity and luxuriance, if not with a grace that will endure.

We returned to the living Delhi by way of the Grand Trunk Road, and so full had the day been of monuments and old sites and their histories, that when we arrived at our hotel—The Cecil—and were informed by excited friends that there had been a sharp earthquake shock we immediately asked at what hour it had happened, for we were not conscious of having been shaken by anything occurring in the present at all out of the ordinary.

At the end of this full day, at midnight, we set out by train for Benares by way of Cawnpore and Allahabad.

CHAPTER V

BENARES AND CALCUTTA

The great contrast between Benares and Delhi—Benares, the holy of holies to the worshippers of Siva—Its great floating pilgrim population—The Panch Kasi, its *via sacra*—More Indian juggling—Pilgrim Benares at worship in the early morning on the banks of the Ganges—An impressive and rather pathetic spectacle—The burning ghat, the funeral pyre of the Hindus—A nearer view of the buildings on shore—The narrow crowded streets, the sacred bull, the beggars, the holy men and the shrines and images around which they congregate—The golden temple where the crowd is densest—The prayer from "Kim"—The Durga temple—The monkey who asked for rose petals—A visit to the palace of the Maharaja of Benares at Ramnagar—The sail on the Ganges—The outcast population of Benares—Calcutta, its prosperity and surprising growth—"Fantitis"—The servant "boy" of the East—Calcutta's chief streets and buildings and its incomparable Maidan—Breakfasts at Tollygunge—The Royal Botanical Gardens and the mighty banyan tree—Happy inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens—"The most livable city in India"—The heights we did not visit—A tale about a young man set in authority.

Two towns in the same country could hardly present a greater contrast, or perhaps I should say create an atmosphere more dissimilar, than do Benares and Delhi, less than twenty hours by rail apart. Benares is much the older city, quite one of the oldest in India; indeed, is so venerable as well as venerated that no antiquarian attempts to estimate or to set any age limit to its beginnings. While Islam conquered Benares some hundreds of years ago, and reared many of its mosques on the sites of Hindu temples, the city still remains the holy of holies to the worshippers of Siva. It is a place almost

any devout Hindu would prefer to live in, and, above all, to die in! From earliest days it called pilgrims to its shrines: to die within its precincts and on the shores of its sacred Ganges meant, and still means, for sinner and saint alike, straight and swift translation to heaven. Thus the floating, elastic, pilgrim population almost always surpasses the census taken of its more permanent residents. In spite of its being the goal of the sick and the afflicted, the dead and the dying, the town at first glimpse presents a cheerful aspect. Though its site may have been often changed, it is not hedged about by ruins of earlier cities and by monuments of the past as is Delhi. On the contrary the Panch Kasi road that surrounds the city, and which every really pious pilgrim must undertake to traverse, if he be able, is set with trees for the most part and marked here and there by shrines and temples, that, if dating from the past, are at least all in use at the present age.

To make the pilgrimage of this *via sacra* of the Hindus is no light undertaking; it is some forty-five miles in length and takes the pilgrim pedestrian some days to accomplish, even if he be in the best of health. The climate of India is such, that, combined with the rather low physical stamina of the people, a pilgrimage like this is a test of faith and means much in the way of persistent exertion.

To reach Benares by train one leaves the main line at the junction of Moghulsarai and takes a train on a branch line for Benares Cantonment station, only ten miles away. This road crosses the Ganges by a fine modern bridge and here, on coming from Delhi, if he stops not by the way, the traveller gets his first uninterrupted view of the great sacred river that flows on apparently undisturbed, if not unmindful of the human homage and tributes bestowed upon it all the length

of its far-extended shores. Perhaps it is owing to this distinctly impressive approach to the town, and to the fact that our hotel in the cantonment was set in pleasant surroundings, and presented a façade overgrown and glowing with crimson bougainvillea that gave us the impression of cheer, an impression that later and more intimate acquaintance with the town itself did not wholly justify. Benares as a religious centre takes itself too seriously, shows in its narrow streets and on the banks of its great river too many signs of the limitations and the appealing weakness of mankind ever to admit of anything but a superficial impression of cheer, however much the interest, however greatly the picturesque side may be accentuated.

Our first walk and drive within the city's actual bounds convinced us of its meaning to the people and of their seriousness and earnestness, and of some characteristics to us less intelligible and less desirable than these. To mortify the flesh and to make a public exhibition of the same is chilling to hopeful natures, however much it may stimulate the people themselves to religious fervour and renunciation. Pointing to the skies with an arm uplifted in the same position so long that it becomes shrivelled and turns black and can never be lowered again, may be a warning to the multitude, but is it an invitation to a higher life or an indication of real sanctity on the part of the devotee ? However, if he thinks so, perhaps it is. As outsiders we should not like to be audacious or courageous enough to say.

We arrived too late in the afternoon at Benares to do more than a little wandering sight-seeing the first day ; and, as twilights are brief and evenings are long in India-land, after the dinner hour we resorted to that attractive outpost of the hotel, the broad verandah, which was cool and dimly lighted and well suited to the arts and

devices of the Indian juggler, who, on this occasion, was youthful and smiling and more than ordinarily prodigal of resource and deft of hand. Birds sprang into existence and out again (after a lively song) with astonishing rapidity; flowers were planted and grew apace, with the speed, if not to the height, of Jack's beanstalk; rupees placed apart by themselves on the marble pavement were mysteriously gifted with powers of movement and at bidding slipped across the open space and into the hand of the juggler or into the hand of one of the onlookers, if he chanced to express any disbelief in the genuineness of the performance. At the close of the entertainment we were invited, for a consideration, to be initiated into the mysteries of our entertainer's *pièce de résistance*. We paid for the knowledge imparted with genuine coin of the country, and thus we can vouch that the tricks were genuine also! But to "come off" properly, we were convinced there must be a Hindu master-hand behind them. I often wonder if they try their magic on each other with the same gratifying evidence of success that attends their efforts with the stranger in their midst. Travellers in India need hardly leave their hotels for entertainment, for by day on the verandahs and before their very doors samples of all the rich and attractive wares of the land are outspread for their delectation and their dollars—since few can resist the appeal; and in the evening eastern magic is awake and willing to perform the impossible, to work any number of seeming miracles for the visitors' uncritical edification.

With the dawn, the witchery of the night gave place to experiences and visions still of the strange and scarcely comprehensible. We were called at an early hour that we might see pilgrim Benares at its supreme moment of worship—at sunrise—see the thousands that come to drink and to bathe in the sacred river, some coming to

be healed, some bringing their dead to be burned on its banks, others bringing offerings of flowers to cast upon the swift-flowing waters that have received such tributes almost from time immemorial. For the people of India garland their river with flowers as they garland a living friend whom they love, and to whom they wish to show some special mark of appreciation and gratitude.

That we might have an uninterrupted view of the strange and ever-changing panorama, we set out by boat along the river front, passing the famous ghats —the broad and impressive flights of stone steps that descend from the various temples and important buildings to the water's edge. The part of Benares that thus faces the river and the rising sun, if not regarded too closely in detail, seems certainly most varied and wonderful of outline, glows with colour even to the point of being almost garish, and, from the boat, seems to form a background mystical, pagan, confident of its call, and unmoved by that mass of humanity that is seeking for some sign, some healing token, on those steps and in those waters before it.

Our boat—a sort of small two-storey house, where we sat as it were on the flat roof of the upper storey—was rowed slowly along in front of the ghats, and as the sun rose, the people, both men and women (though more of the former than the latter) began to pour down the steps of the different ghats and to wade out into the water until in many instances only their closely shaven heads were to be seen above the surface. The old and the weak and the very young contented themselves with dashing water over their heads and bodies and with filling their *lotas* with the sacred water and drinking deeply of the same. All faced the sun, some saluting it and seeming to repeat some formula of worship as they entered the water. It was not a gladsome, merry throng out

on a golden morning performing its ablutions for pleasure and in the interest of health and cleanliness, but a great body of people gravely performing what was to them a religious ceremony, a duty, an act that was an expression of faith and that had in it an earnest appeal; for it is a needy pilgrim multitude that gathers for comfort and consolation on the banks of the Ganges at sunrise-time.

As the morning advanced and the sunlight was intensified, it painted in still deeper colours the temples, the palaces, the lofty observatory (where many interesting instruments for the study of the heavens are shown); and the minarets of a mosque that overlooked the river also and that seemed somewhat out of place in that neighbourhood, though not out of place from a decorative standpoint. The silence was hardly ever broken by the sound of human voices, but from the temples above the ghats came the clanging of cymbals, and the beating of drums that may have had some religious significance to the pilgrim bathers, but seemed to make only a mighty heathen clamour to us.

There are five special places of pilgrimage among the many sacred spots on the Benares river-front, and pilgrims pass from one ghat and temple to the waters before another—they are not far apart—or to some sacred well, that no blessing shall escape them through lack of effort to secure it on their part. At one ghat near the Temple of the Moon every kind of disease is supposed to be healed. At another the waters are said to allay fevers, and all are believed to be gifted with some healing qualities for the well-being of the body or the soul.

It is not a hasty undertaking; the pilgrim, when he has finished his immersion in the water, returns to the steps and there seated beneath curious, thick, mushroom-like umbrellas, he paints afresh upon his forehead—or some holy man does it for him—his especial caste marks:

if a follower of Siva he will anoint his forehead with ashes and also his chest and body with the same ; if a follower of Vishnu—another manifestation of Brahma—he will put two broad perpendicular lines on his brow of some white coloured matter to represent the feet of Vishnu ; and many other marks and signs he wears that bear witness to his beliefs and record his caste and set him a Hindu, apart from his Mohammedan or Parsee or other Indian brethren.

There are services to attend in the temples and shrines to be visited, like those of the goddess of smallpox, who must be propitiated, and the shrine of a " female Æsculapius " who has healing for swollen hands and feet, and must be worshipped in the morning ; and there are idols who must be venerated and placated, for Hindu humanity seems to be beset with evil spirits who delight in causing misery and who must be appeased by offerings of food, of flowers, or of sacrifices of some kind. Life is not simple, is not easy where, in addition to real suffering, there are ever the wiles and machinations of invisible enemies to be reckoned with and brought to naught. That these enemies, or evil spirits, demand a certain degree of respect and worship, is asking much of an already burdened soul. Perhaps this explains why so many of these idols are portrayed so hideously ugly of aspect, for thus depicted tradition seems to have handed them down.

A last act of faith one sees illustrated at the burning ghat : here the living bring their loved dead to be burned and their ashes cast upon the sacred waters. These bodies are brought, sometimes wrapped in choicest fabrics —according to the means of the deceased—and laid upon a pile of faggots to which usually the nearest of kin applies the torch. We saw funeral pyre after funeral pyre thus alight, and also bodies being brought and awaiting their

turn to be cremated. There also were the stones where in former days the widow of the deceased gave herself up a willing sacrifice to be burned with her lord; but the Government now forbids this act of *suttee*—however willing and eager the living may be to perform this consummate act of wifely devotion.

These funeral pyres by the Ganges burn slowly, and sometimes the fires, if not fed with enthusiasm by the hired attendant (we were told he must be an outcast), are not permitted to accomplish their full mission and only a partly-burned body is committed to the waves. At the pumping station of the Benares waterworks the authorities find it advisable and necessary (so we were told by one of them) to keep men constantly on duty to prevent the human bodies floating in the waters of the Ganges from stopping up the intake pipe that draws up the water from the river to be made drinkable for the laity by undergoing a scientific purifying process.

What the morning we witnessed brought of pilgrim wayfarers to the river front at Benares may be duplicated every morning of the year, and on special fête days their numbers may even be multiplied. The faith there exhibited was great: one hoped the spiritual compensation would be in proportion.

We left our boat and turned from the river to have a nearer look at the more important buildings on shore. One literally has to "pick" one's way on entering the narrow, crowded street, rubbing shoulders with the multitude that seems to look not where it walks, turning aside to give sacred bulls the right of way, and looking at the delightful brass ware of all shapes and descriptions in the maze of ware offered for sale in the tiny bazaars and by vendors in the street. The sacred bull excited our interest and not at all our fear; he and his kind wandered about quite at home through the

narrow alleys, showered with attentions and with food offerings wherever they went, as their fat sides and well-nourished humps indicated; their horns gilded in some instances with pure gold, their necks garlanded with flowers, and the gentle creatures themselves stopping to lie down—and thus stopping up the whole thoroughfare—or to pause in their wanderings to chew the cud, with only a vacant look of supreme well-fed content in their mild brown eyes.

And the beggars—mostly holy men—how they swarm! And how numerous the shrines, the images, the idols, the temples, as for example the temple of the goddess who is charged with the feeding of the people and where endless lines of beggars congregate; the temple where prayers are made for handsome sons; the temple where the pilgrim receives his paper saying he has made the circuit of the pilgrimage road, the Panch Kosi around Benares. Difficult it was to get past the "well of knowledge" where the crowd is an eager and almost frenzied one, as befits the name; and more difficult still was it, as we approached the golden temple, to get through the press of the crowd and enter a narrow doorway of a shop nearly opposite, and up to an upper storey from whose windows alone one can get a satisfying look at the golden domes and golden conical towers of the gorgeous temple itself. This temple to Biseswar (Siva), Lord of the Universe, is so shut in by buildings and narrow streets that the marvel and richness of it cannot be fully appreciated, though its roofs gleamed brilliantly enough from the spot where we looked down upon them. The crowds, a wonderful mass of half-naked brown humanity, surging in and out of its entrances, scattering flowers and sprinkling holy Ganges water over their painted idols, the drums and gongs sounding without ceasing, all tended to make the scene, the picture—for it *was* a most moving pagan

picture—a distinctly depressing one. The prayer from "Kim" is a prayer for tolerance and understanding of just such a scene as this and I quote the lines, leaving what I was tempted to say unsaid:

> "My Brother kneels," so says Kabir,
> "To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
> But in my brother's voice I hear,
> Mine own unanswered agonies.
> His God is as his fates assign,
> His prayer is all the world's—and mine."

After tiffin we returned to our sight-seeing quest in the city, returned by carriage from our hotel as far as the road would permit, and then took to threading our way through the narrow streets as in the morning. The Durga temple is a temple pagan as one could ever expect to see, for Durga was the wife of Siva, and though the goddess of beauty, in one of her several characters she is also called the "terrible," and in this form delights in destruction and is a difficult spirit to placate; and bloody sacrifices of animals are often offered at her shrine. This Durga temple is commonly known as the monkey temple, on account of the number of these canny beasts that frequent its neighbourhood. The temple to this uncompromising goddess is painted in rather glaring colours, is surrounded by high walls and the image of the super-woman herself can be seen through brazen doors on a platform enclosed and raised a few feet from the ground in the centre of the building. Here again a great drum is beaten, at intervals, either to summon worshippers or to offer this form of distraction as tribute at the shrine of the fearsome goddess within.

As we walked around the roof of a kind of cloister surrounding this temple a lady monkey came whining at my side and putting up her paw or hand—whichever it is—seemed to be asking me to give her something.

I had some roses fastened at my belt, and, as she seemed to be trying to reach these, I gave her a large red rose, which she seized eagerly, and, still running along by my side, proceeded to pull to pieces, petal by petal, eating bits that came from the heart of the flower and that were to her liking. As one rose was finished she would importune, in her monkey way, for another until the last one was given her. Then she turned away and sat down in an attitude and with a grave air of meditation. We wondered what her thoughts were, if she had any, and what her office, together with those others of her kind, really was in that strange temple.

We gave the last and greater part of the afternoon to a visit by permission to the palace of the Maharaja of Benares at Ramnagar, situated on the right bank of the Ganges a few miles up the river. We took boat from the Asi ghat, that we had visited in the morning, a boat of similar small two-storey design, and a sail was raised to assist the men at the poles, which they resembled rather than oars. The boat was laden with passengers bound for the same landing-place as we were, but not on pleasure bent; natives returning from work or shopping in the city, who watched the shores and took apparently the same interest that we did in the beauty of situation and the dazzling light that enveloped the sacred city as we left it behind us. And the broad river was still rich with offerings—with bouquets and wreaths of flowers floating on its surface, and occasionally with not beautiful, but gruesome reminders of what we had seen on shore—of bodies, or parts of human bodies, being borne along on its flood. Vultures were flying to and fro along the shore plying their natural if loathsome vocation.

As we neared Ramnagar we were almost becalmed for a time, there being no breeze to fill the sail and our

rowers finding some difficulty in moving their laden craft against the current. But this gave us time for more inspection of the shores, that do not seem to be thickly populated immediately on their banks. The approach to the Maharaja's palace and the town that surrounded it looked most inviting, thoroughly eastern, no modern note about it; and in the delay for opportunity to land (for many boats were ahead of us), we looked eagerly up the hillside, hoping to see the approach of some howdah-equipped elephant or elephants, which his Highness generously puts at the disposal of visitors to his domains, to bear them up to his hospitable door. But a message had not been sent in time, so we walked up to the palace, or round-towered fortress-like castle, and inspected under friendly and insistent tutelage the rooms from basement to attic, only there were no attics, of this domain of the present Maharaja and of his sires before him. We saw that he liked western features in his household, that the Emperor and the Empress of India, from Queen Victoria onward, were well represented by picture and engraving, and that even their Highnesses had been photographed proudly standing at the side of royalty and were framed and hung conspicuously as befitting such experience. From the palace, where within western fittings and comforts were suggested, if no such signs were visible without, we returned to the streets of the little town to see the people there congregated and to have a look at the menagerie where the animals seemed to be caged in the open; and where one haughty tiger made such a roaring and such frantic clutches at the bars, one felt he had but lately come from his lair in the jungle and that he might get loose, so hungry and fierce was his wrath, and do some serious damage to his captors on his way back again! At any rate a large part of the village was there, attracted by the noisy

show of temper. The quiet animals received that afternoon at least very scant attention.

Just as we were about to return to our boat and pursue our homeward way there came the sound of a bugle and a clatter of horses' hoofs; then the Maharaja himself, apparelled in fine embroidered silks of glowing colours and with turban of goodly and suitable and becoming dimensions, came riding home with his bodyguard—courtiers a little bedraggled as to their apparel and mounts it seemed to us, but that made a very showy and Oriental picture as they dashed by and disappeared under the great buttressed gates of the palace ramparts.

The row home was at cool and peaceful sunset time, and orange-red was the sky and also the sacred river that by day is less ardent and tender of colour. There were flowers upon its surface still, just as there would be on the morrow—and who knows for how many days and long years to come! As we landed it seemed to be another Benares that we had returned to; the ghats were largely deserted, the people were mostly indoors, and from the open windows came the sound of monotonous chants less pagan, with less pathos, as of households at their evening devotions.

The morning of our last day in Benares we spent with a friend who was a teacher among the outcast population there; they are indeed outcast—not permitted to live within the city's enclosure—and their condition is very humble, very lowly. They are untaught, these "untouchables," therefore unskilled, but not unteachable, and their condition may not be so desperate as the years go on and they are trained in useful employment, and the laws of caste grow less rigid, less immutable. The faces of the children are bright, and indicate happy possibilities if their minds can be freed from the superstitious fetters that have bound their outcast forefathers for

countless generations. There is room for them in the world (or they would not be here), even room for them in crowded India, and need of their work and need that they shall be taught to do it with intelligence and with the prospect of a decided betterment of their moral and spiritual condition.

Though Brahminism is all predominant, Islam still has many followers in Benares, though its mosques are not so numerous as when it ruled the city, nor are they so punctiliously attended, it is said. But Buddhism, that had such a strong grasp upon the city in the beginning of our era and for some centuries previous, has few shrines in Benares, though many most interesting records and monuments still exist among the ruins of Sarnath, once a great religious centre, that lie four miles distant to the north. 'Tis said that Buddha, after his renunciation of the world and his six years of penance and study and self-humiliation, came to Benares and preached his first sermon at Sarnath, a belief which makes this ancient suburb sacred to the Buddhists of all the world even to the present day.

CALCUTTA, *February 1st.*

The Indian landscape bordering on the railway leading down from Benares to Calcutta is green, well-wooded, and to all appearances well-watered; the Sone river is crossed at a picturesque point, and we wakened in the morning to find our train gliding through small towns set in a luxuriant jungle that seemed to come to the very gates (only it has no gates) of the city itself.

Calcutta is a city that did not grow up just any how and any way, like Topsy, but became a city deliberately and with wisdom, not malice, aforethought. It is not an old city, if counted by centuries, although it occupies

the site of three old villages; thus it is a city that is open to conviction, not bound by precedent or hallowed by age, ready for innovations if they tend to its progress, and quick to expand on all sides and to take advantage of the opportunity open to it of becoming one of the foremost ports in all the East. England's pioneer merchants were its founders, its developers in the beginning —late in the seventeenth century—and now it is growing by leaps and bounds of its own volition.

If there were some heart-burnings on the part of the city recently at being bereft of its dignity as capital of the Indian Empire, it contents itself with still being the capital of a most flourishing Presidency, that of Bengal, and with being a commercial metropolis that is extending its influence throughout the East and throughout the world at a rate that surprises even those who are largely responsible for such expansion.

And Calcutta, if a fast-growing daughter of the Empire, is not of ungainly growth; her sponsors have seen to it that she grew up comely of outline, that she had plenty of space, plenty of fresh air to breathe and that her prosperity is a healthy and likely to be a lasting one. And she is not going to sulk at any loss of social prestige or mourn for long her fall from vice-regal estate. Delhi is far from the sea, "my enemy (no, in this case, my rival), who is far from me, may he live a thousand years!" Calcutta is a city with a present so prosperous and a future so assured that she can afford to be magnanimous and forgiving.

The Grand Hotel at Calcutta offered us comfortable hospitality with the exception of one infliction imposed upon us—an infliction that we began to struggle with on the steamer before reaching the shores of India even, and that has pursued us ever since, if one may put it that way. Alas that the punkah—the slow fan of olden

times which used to keep the air in motion in the homes of India, has been largely replaced, indeed wholly replaced in hotels, by whizzing electric fans which set the air going with a vengeance! Until the traveller gets accustomed to them, if he hasn't a cold or a rheumatic shoulder to start with, he is more than likely to acquire one or both at the first sitting if he comes in tired or overheated. A distinguished physician told us that when the electric fan was first introduced into India a disease diagnosed as "fantitis" immediately followed in its wake. We were not surprised to hear it.

But the service is fairly good in the hotels of India nowadays, even if the punkah-wallah and his fan have been retired; the Mohammedan man or the man from Goa, of Portuguese descent, waits at table—with bare feet in a sahib's presence, never with shoes—for the Hindu proper has little to do with the preparation of food for races other than his own. He who serves in India—and man mostly does the serving—has one advantage over those who are served; he is always a "boy," never grows into "old man." Just how it is that the right "boy" always comes along when he is called, out of a room full of "boys," some of them long past tender years, remains a mystery to us. This appellation, certainly, has supplanted all other names for the waiter in one's midst throughout the East beyond Suez.

Calcutta's centre of gravity, or the centre toward which its inhabitants gravitate on foot, on horseback or in vehicles, is the Maidan, a great open space about two miles long and a mile broad, intersected by the Red Road and bounded on one side by the River Hooghly with its fine Strand Road, and by the Chauringhi Road, the street *par excellence* of Calcutta, on the other. Government House, a building suitably representative, faces this open space—that has also some Eden gardens, a goodly

fort, a racecourse and cricket grounds set conveniently within its borders. Many of the principal buildings of the city such as the fine cathedral, the imperial museum, the general hospital, the great club houses and hotels, situated on the Chauringhi Road, have an airy outlook over this Maidan which many another Indian town, crowded and confined, must greatly covet.

One notices many monuments in Calcutta, especially in the neighbourhood of the Maidan—monuments to the memory of those who have done conspicuous service to India, to representatives who have risen to heights, either as administrators or in a military way when occasion demanded. A little tablet let into an arch of the wall of the post-office marks the site of the Black Hole, where perished miserably but heroically the greater part of the little band of British who remained behind to defend the then small city of Calcutta when it was attacked and finally taken by the Nawab of Murshidabad in the summer of 1756. This Nawab's conquest was but a brief one, for the town was retaken by troops under the command of Colonel Clive in the first month of the following year. Though that little band of defenders, which this tablet and an older obelisk erected near by commemorate, has long since disappeared, their tragic story in the British annals of India is undying. But, with the exception of a few brief periods of unrest and of serious outbreak, the history of Calcutta since the days of its merchant-founders has been a steady record of ever-growing prosperity.

The motor-car came to India to stay, early in the beginning of its useful career. Being more exacting than the horse in its requirement of good roads, it has had the rough places made reasonably smooth, and, as there are few streets in Calcutta too narrow to accommodate it, this vehicle can take one practically everywhere in

and outside the city where there are things of interest to see. Friends kindly put a motor-car at our disposal, and, while we did not abuse the courtesy, we availed ourselves freely of this means of quick transportation.

There are many attractive haunts lying near as well as far-a-road, so to speak, as, for example, the club house and grounds of Tollygunge, where delectable breakfasts are served, especially on a Sunday, and where pleasant folk foregather. Then there are some marble Jain temples, set in a charming garden—temples and garden vying with each other in bright colours—and calling for a hasty visit at least, if one has to set a time limit to his sight-seeing. So inviting is the call made by Calcutta's royal botanical gardens, bordering in beauty for a mile upon the river front, we regretted that we had only one afternoon to spend wandering down its avenues of Palmyra palms and mahogany trees; crossing the pretty bridges that span its intersecting canal; visiting its unique palm plantation and its great conservatories, where orchids and most other rare tropical plants flourish to a degree which only the most skilful attention, together with a climate suited to their plant tastes, can obtain for them. Someone wise in garden statistics has said that these particular gardens have contributed more useful and ornamental tropical plants to the gardens of the world at large than any other institution of their kind. Among the amazing spectacles in the way of vegetable growths the great banyan tree in these gardens may be said to rank first. Surely no green bay tree could ever contrive to "spread itself" as does this monarch of the fig tree family! It is a forest in itself—each branch sending down to the earth an aerial root which grasps the soil and quickly becomes another tree trunk; and thus has the original tree so multiplied itself that it covers ground a thousand feet in circumference. One can walk

beneath its branches and among its trunks and see new "feelers" reaching toward the earth, showing that the parent tree, together with its several hundred offspring, has every intention of going on with its already stupendous growth.

The zoological gardens of Calcutta must not be passed by without a visit, be it ever so brief, if only to see how comfortably animals can fare in captivity; that is, if, as is here the case, they were originally wild folk of the tropics and have the same climatic setting, if not the freedom, enjoyed by their ancestors. Here the tiger prowls healthfully about his cage, as might be expected, and the snakes look as prosperous and repellent, if not as dangerous, behind suitable barriers as they may when seen wriggling their sinister length in their native highways and jungle. One flourishing and harmless captive, the rotund, and saddled-with-big-black-patches, tapir (belonging, shall we say, to the pig family), both surprised and amused us by making a noise down his fat proboscis that sounded like the gentle note of a bird. But I do not think his vocal powers were so far extended as to make him capable of singing a bird-song. Certainly his whole appearance did not warrant any such assumption.

We were invited to inspect one of the jute mills, which are prominent among the industries that contribute to the wealth of Calcutta. These are situated across the river and are centres for the employment of great numbers of eastern workers who show a ready adaptability for operating up-to-date machinery.

"The most livable city we have visited in India" was our summing up of Calcutta after a few days' visit there. But this hasty judgment was made without due consideration of the fact that our visit came in the temperate month of February, that we saw only the pleasing side of existence there, overlooking the hot

months and the rainy season, when all Calcutta people, who are not tied by duty, seek to get away to the heights at the north, or, better still, take ship and spend the holiday at home. And that word "home" means only one fair, cool, distant land to Anglo-Indians—Great Britain—and no word is oftener on their lips and thus undoubtedly in their hearts. Even the natives of India, the educated ones, have taken to speaking of the journey to England as "going home." It's a beautiful word at all times and to everybody, but in this land there is a certain sense of longing and of pathos connected with it that seems to give it an added meaning.

One must not forget that many Anglo-Indians living in Calcutta cannot get away when they will, that "home" lies afar and takes time and money to reach, and that even "the hills" are not always accessible for the man on duty and in positions of trust, as most Englishmen are during their stay in India. Although Calcutta seemed so agreeably livable to us, we, too, felt the call to go up to the hills, to Darjeeling, where the hills resolve themselves into mountains, and such glorious, all-pervading, all-impressive heights as pictures, books and travellers tell us they are! Since we had no time to make this side journey, friends were kind enough to tell us that Darjeeling would be rather cold and the mountains often lost in the mist for days together at this time of year, and made other efforts to console us for our lost opportunity to make the acquaintance of the Himalayas. I tried, too, to remember that we *had* had a misty, distant glimpse of their foothills one day—was it from Delhi? But this glimpse was not at all satisfying; we wanted to view the real thing, to see if that white range outlined midway up the heavens against a blue sky was so infinitely more impressive than the line of the Caucasus' snowy solitudes that held in our memory as being the highest

mountains in the world with which we were acquainted. Verestchagin's great picture, "My camp fire in the Himalayas," leaves one with a great longing to see those solitudes from such a comfortable vantage point as Darjeeling, with the light of day upon them—the fires of sunrise by preference. If India has great regions overcrowded, she has great spaces also, dedicated to solitude, where nature holds communion with the skies undisturbed from her own unsullied granite temples.

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Professor Wegener says, "The English rule India not by their intellectual but by their moral qualities, and by the white man's ethical superiority and strength of will." This definition may or may not be true; it is difficult to put in words just how or by what means the government performs the task set before it. Perhaps here I may be pardoned for repeating a little story told us by one of Britain's representatives in one of the outlying provinces of India. It may be an old story, but no harm can come from its repetition. A young man in England had just finished his university course, passed his civil service examination, and came out to be a judge's assistant at a station in north India. Upon his arrival at his post he found the judge, his chief, seriously ill and was told he must act for his chief in some petty case that was coming immediately before the court. He entered upon his duties one hot, midsummer morning with keen interest, boyishly eager to distinguish himself and to shine in this first position of trust. The case was a trivial one in reality, but it grew in importance as witness after witness was called by both sides (there are natives who do not demand *great* bribes to act in the capacity of "professional witnesses") and as the hot day advanced our young man, fresh from home and unversed in Eastern methods sometimes taken to cir-

cumvent the law, began to feel a great uncertainty and confusion of mind. The more he heard, the less certain of himself and of the merits of the case he grew. At last he adjourned the case, stating that he should reserve his decision until the morning.

Night came, but not sleep for this straightforward, amateur young judge. He turned from side to side restlessly in his bed, the spot he would roll into for comfort being hotter than the spot he had left—after the fashion of beds in India during the oppressively hot season. He said to himself, "I have mistaken my work, my calling; I cannot understand these people, I shall never get on here!"

It was a pallid but resolute young man who appeared in court the following morning. He was only sure of one thing—that neither side in the case he was trying was "playing the game" after the manner he had been taught at home. He announced his decision in the case something in this wise: "I do not know which side is right, which side is wrong, but I know you are both rascals and I fine you each thirty rupees!"

The following night the young man, from sheer fatigue, began his slumbers early. But the night was not far advanced before a sound of voices and the trampling of feet in the compound wakened our weary young administrator of the law. He called to his servant and demanded the reason for such unwarranted intrusion upon his domain and at such an unseemly hour. His bearer said: "It is nothing, Sahib, only some people who want to see you; but they will wait until the morning." The noise outside did not lessen, however, but increased, and just as dawn was breaking the young man arose, dressed, and went to the door to see for himself what was the cause of all the commotion. His astonishment was greater than his annoyance at finding his compound

filled with the lame, the halt, and the blind—some who were unable to walk even being brought on stretchers. He told his servant to ask them what was their reason for coming, why they wanted to see him. The servant assured him they did not wish to disturb the Sahib, they would await his convenience, but that they had come to be healed. "Tell them to go away, tell them that I am not a doctor!" "Oh, but Sahib," replied the man, "they say that any one who could have given such a just decision as you did yesterday must be possessed of miraculous powers!"

I think the young man ultimately must have reversed his hasty judgment that he had mistaken his calling. This case merely illustrates everyday experiences of our guardians of Empire, be they old or young. Where one has failed, how many have risen to meet strange and often trying emergencies when set in authority in India?

CHAPTER VI

CALCUTTA TO RANGOON, PENANG AND SINGAPORE

Our departure from Calcutta at the sunrise hour—The River Hooghly, its shifting quicksands, and some of the sights along its banks—The parting from India—Some tales of our Hooghly pilot—A story of Saugar Island—The arrival at Rangoon—The Burmese, the happiest people in Asia—Their dress, their habits and something about their religion—The rambling town of Rangoon, its gardens, the heat, the comfortable bungalows and the lucky " tuck toos " that inhabit them—The elephants at work—The Irrawaddy and its boats—The Shwe Dagon Pagoda and some of the sights one sees there—A few hours at Penang—John Chinaman and his jinrickisha—Avenues through groves of palms—Tiffin at a friend's house and a visit to his young rubber plantation—A visit to Penang's Botanical Gardens —On again by sea through the Straits of Malacca to Singapore—Malay villages built on piles on the islands that circle the harbour —Singapore's importance as a shipping port—Sitting within one degree of the Equator—England's protectorate over the Malay States—The tropical surroundings of Singapore, its Botanical Gardens, and its days and nights that are twelve hours long.

THE sunrise hour, the hour at which we were timed to take our boat for sailing eastward from Calcutta, was attended by much pomp and ceremony of adornment of the sky. Though the pageant is briefer than that of sunset, the same pride and glory of colour is there, and, in addition, over all the heavens is hung a thin misty veil of freshness to usher in the new day and to call man forth and start him earlier at his task in India than in most lands.

The Hooghly River, one of the several great streams into which the Ganges divides itself as it comes towards

the sea, has not a pretty name, nor a pretty colour, nor a very good reputation to sustain, apart from its being broad enough and at times and in places deep enough to be the medium for the passage of boats from Calcutta to the Bay of Bengal, a distance of less than a hundred miles. On the morning of February 10th, with its surpassingly lovely sunrise, the tide being favourable, we set steam down the Hooghly River, leaving behind us in the morning mist, wakeful, confident, prosperous Calcutta with its broad Maidan, its fine esplanade, its great factories, its botanical gardens with their profligate luxury of foliage, in the midst of which the gold mohur was just beginning to come into a splendid red, not golden bloom. Boats must pursue their course down the Hooghly by daylight, so varying are its currents, so constantly shifting are the sands which form its bed. Fresh soundings and fresh charts have to be made out each day and the pilots must be knowing and seasoned ones to whom the sailing of boats is entrusted. The ships steam very slowly down the muddy stream whose shores only are inviting. Thirty miles down from Calcutta come the "James and Mary," changing shoals with a terrible, swift, relentless current into which more brave boats than the *James and Mary* have been drawn, overturned, and in a few moments only lost altogether from sight in the engulfing quicksands.

As the river nears the sea it broadens if not deepens, and the jungles on shore are filled with wild life; 'tis said the tiger roams at large with the gentler denizens of the wood. It seems as if the Hooghly brings down a good share of the Province of Bengal as an offering to the sea, in consequence of which the mouth of the river for some distance out is choked with sand, and boats of any size must await the tide in order to float safely over sandbank and shoal. We waited

upon the tide for four hours off Saugar Island, and while waiting saw the heavens and the muddy sea itself transformed by an orange-red Indian sunset. Not once during our several weeks' stay in India had we missed being out of doors at the sunset hour, not once had we been disappointed, not once had the glory of the sunset been dimmed. But it was a little sad, as well as beautiful, this parting sunset. India had been kind, had been hospitable, had been in places beautiful, had been big and interesting at all times. Dear, old, by-no-means worn out India!

February 11th.

We have been all day out of sight of land, our ship, the *Aronda* of the British India line, ploughing a single furrow through the placid blue sea. So gentle is the ship's motion that we hardly seem to be moving. We do not need to hurry as the tide will not permit of our winding up the Irrawaddy River to Rangoon until Friday morning, although we could arrive easily on Thursday afternoon. Our waiting for the tide at the outlet of the Hooghly would make us late for the tide setting in towards Rangoon. But waiting for time and tide sometimes gives one a good chance to rest between strenuous sight-seeing experiences. Then, too, it gives one time to listen to stories—ship's yarns by one of the famous Hooghly pilots who brought our boat safely down that tortuous stream and sails on as an honoured passenger with us the rest of the way to Rangoon. To be a pilot on the Hooghly means plenty of means and a pleasant independence while not in the actual act of piloting. Our pilot of many years' experience narrated narrow escapes of his boats in various parts of the Hooghly, and adventures of other ships that unfortunately did not

end in any escape at all. Then from the boats he turned the conversation to tales of the passengers who had sailed with him—to Rudyard Kipling, who early in the 'nineties sailed this way, a keen young fellow, wanting to know all about piloting the Hooghly and other stray bits of information that might be waiting to be picked up; of Mark Twain, who came on board so tired that he slept two hours on end with his head propped up at an uncomfortable angle against a hard iron rest. This observing traveller said little during his voyage between Calcutta and Rangoon, for our pilot to remember, save that when he was asked if he played whist he responded: "Yes, I play—that is, I play disastrously."

Our ship's doctor, a young Bengali Brahmin, whose father is a very great Hindu priest indeed, varied the pilot's tales of the Hooghly with tales of another character. He told us one of the legends attached to the Ganges and to Saugar Island, which we had just passed, and a legend which makes this place one of the many great pilgrim centres in India. The Hooghly, being one of the outlets of the Ganges, is of course held sacred by all good Hindus. To be brief: in olden times this river disappeared before reaching the sea, and the old king of Saugar was told that some evil spirit who dwelt in the earth had arrested it at a certain point. The king, therefore, sent his sixty thousand sons, who were all of the same age, to dig and find out this evil spirit who held the river in check. So the sixty thousand dug and delved until they came to the spirit, which proved to be that of a very holy man instead of an evil spirit, and who, upon being thus rudely disturbed, turned the sixty thousand sons of the king of Saugar into ashes. The king was in despair; but there was another son, a younger son, who was told that if he could bring the Ganges to the sea, the ashes of his brothers would revive

and they would live again. He made two unsuccessful attempts, but the third time he succeeded, the river passing over the ashes of his brothers and restoring them to life. In memory of this miraculous event thousands of Hindus make the pilgrimage in January of each year to this island of Saugar, where the sacred river, after many windings, joins the sea.

February 12th.

The moon came up out of the sea over Burma in front of us this evening as red as the sun that had just gone down on the other side of the sky. There was a revelry and almost a rivalry in glows and afterglows.

RANGOON, *February 13th.*

If fresh colours could be invented with which to garb man and plant I am sure they would be seen first in Burma! The moment one lands at Rangoon he is conscious of an atmosphere of brightness—of light heartedness, of a warm atmosphere too, even if the month chances to be February. The Burman to a great extent lets the man from India do the coolie and all the strenuous manual work, so he is able to give a good part of his attention to being care-free. He never seems to be depressed by the ills of yesterday or to concern himself especially with providing for the morrow. He and she—for the pretty Burmese lady is as free as her lord and as happy—wear their bright clothes with charming grace, have no caste rules to restrict them and are openly, frankly, freely happy; I fancy the happiest people in Asia. Burma joins India at the north and is only separated by the Bay of Bengal on the west; but her people are far, far

away in point of temperament, and in looks are mildly Mongolian rather than Aryan Indian.

Both sexes in Burma wear the skirt, a short one called the "loongyi"—as often as not of a bright crimson silk which harmonizes well with their dark skins, and is draped about the body except at the side where it is fastened and often falls with full folds. The men in the cool season wear a bit of cloth thrown across the shoulder, and a bright silken scarf wound loosely about the head —yellow and pink being the favourite colours. The women wear little loose jackets, a silk scarf thrown lightly over this and no head-dress, save an elaborate coiffure of their own heavy, straight, black hair done high on the head in a great round coil—oiled until it shines. Both men and women are addicted to earrings, rings being worn at the side and tops of the ears as well as in the lobes; and nose rings are highly esteemed also, that feature often being punctured with three or more gold ornaments. The smoking of huge cheroots, too, is a habit indulged in in common by both the sexes. So much are the women of Burma prized, so much their business capacity appreciated by the sterner sex, that much of the work, commercial and agricultural, of the land is left to them; and well they do it, too.

We were told, by an earnest though humorously-minded student of the Far East and its religions, that one great hope is given to woman by her Buddhist teachers. If she strives very, very hard and acquires great merit in this life, she may—that is, there is just a bare possibility—be born a man in the next reincarnation! And though man, if indifferent to his opportunities for acquiring merit in this lifetime, may take the form of a tiger or even a spider in the next step of existence, he may have no fear of being reincarnated a woman! Our friend does not say that the teacher has any

authority from the teachings of Buddha for the foregoing statement.

The Burmans are followers of Buddha, though how deeply the fundamental philosophy and austerity of that ancient religion enters into their souls is open to question. Buddha taught resignation, contemplation and the final annihilation of all earthly desire, but the habit of contemplation does not seem to be characteristic of these actively exuberant natures. There are many pagodas, Buddhist temples, in Rangoon and throughout Burma, and the people are outwardly observant of their faith; kind to each other, kind to animals and never take animal life (for may not the soul of some loved ancestor be reincarnated in one of these ?) and content that the British Government give them security of person and property; one hears of no sedition among them. In the olden days people from the north and the Siamese, though of kindred faith, used to fall upon them, keeping them greatly reduced in numbers. Since the English occupation the population of Burma has doubled.

We decided to spend our few days in Rangoon at the Strand Hotel, which, while in the heart of the town, is removed from its noise and dust by a barrier of delightful young palm-trees. It has a broad and peaceful verandah behind this barrier, where the visitors congregate and where the vendors of various unconsidered trifles (unconsidered until one has to consider how to pack them away when one is ready to start onward !) present their picturesque and mostly undressed selves with their picturesque wares. Most ingratiating are the ways of the dark-skinned young rascals who come in the twilight and peer through the palm leaves and hold up carved elephants for our inspection. Well carved they are too, and, when each guest has bought one for association-with-the-country's-sake, out comes a small face from

behind another palm branch with still more persuasive smiles and a hand laden with still more elephants, offered on yet more desirable terms. John Chinaman comes in the mornings to this palm-embowered verandah with his precious wares carefully rolled up in a silken handkerchief of exquisite texture and hue. This, we consider, is a foretaste of what awaits us further on in our journey, for these are quite unlike Near Eastern curios—no one in Constantinople or in patient India, even, we think, would have the patience to carve such wonderfully clever little figures out of a dry old walnut shell! And I do not believe any further Johns we may meet will be more honest-looking at least than this John, who has such unique objects to sell. We take it, too, that his habits are equally irreproachable, for we have his own word for it that "my no smokee cigalette, my no blinkee blandee."

Rangoon, the capital of Burma, is a rambling town—it rambles from the neighbourhood of the quay, where the bazaars and business houses are located, out to the Shwe Dagon pagoda and to the Victoria lakes and the public gardens in which locality are situated the clubs, and the pleasant bungalows of the foreign residents of the town. Every garden seems to flame with poinsettias and with bright halos of flowering trees in this warm winter month of February, but the residents tell us that if we would see the full flush of the Burma flowering season we should come during the rains; and rain it does, they say, beginning in June and making a steady business of it, with occasional hot flashes of sunshine, for six months. Great plantations surround the larger Rangoon and then come the jungles—out of which a monster tiger wandered some six years ago as far as the Shwe Dagon pagoda, whose steps he scaled at a few bounds, spreading consternation among the worshippers

there until a squad of English "Tommies" came to fire a volley into the unwelcome visitor from the jungle. But to appease the soul of the tiger the Buddhists have set up a painted wooden statue of him on the spot where he met with a timely end.

The bungalows are built on piles and raised considerably above the ground to keep out the dampness during the torrential rains and also members of the snake family, poisonous members of which abound in India and Burma, and who show a liking for "home comforts" and enter the bungalows without invitation, at unexpected moments, and by unexpected ways. Flies and mosquitoes and scorpions have enemies within doors in the shape of lizards who run freely over the walls, and at one bungalow at which we were entertained our hostess showed us with much pride several huge lizards, "tuck toos" she called them, who are said to bring luck to the house and are most industrious in the pursuit of flies, mosquitoes, centipedes and scorpions. She said it was a pleasure to hear their shrill little calls "tuck too," "tuck too," during the night. The ordinary little house lizard also has a voice of his own, making a sound like that of a driver trying to start his horses. In a land where there is no winter, animal and insect life, big and small, abounds to a generous extent.

We went one morning early to see the

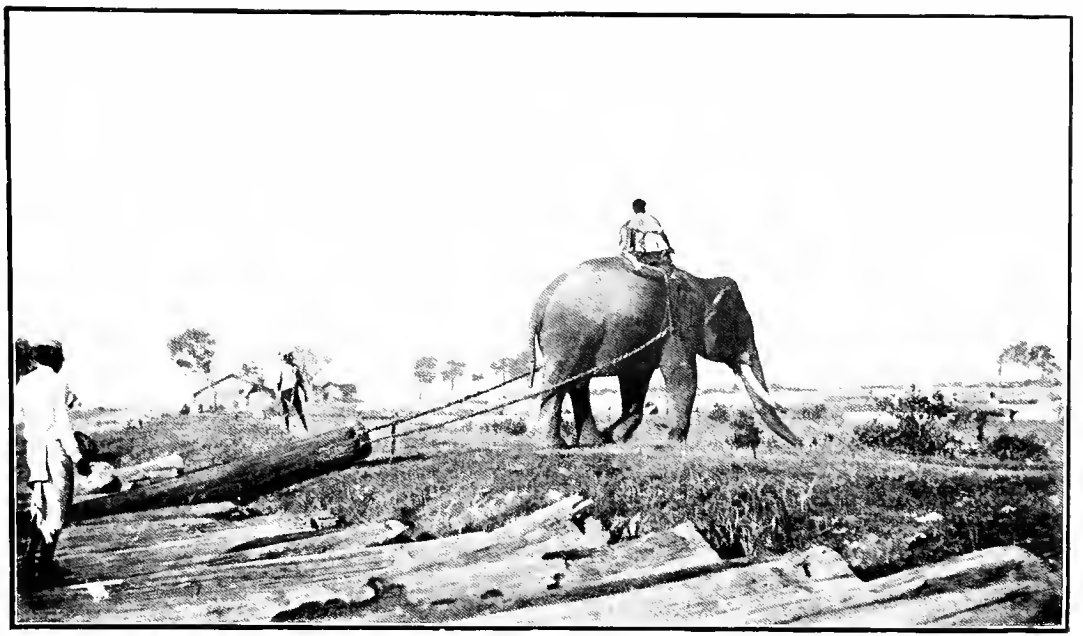
> Elephints a pilin' teak
> In the sludgy, squdgy creek.

and an interesting sight it was. Very soberly, giving the task their best judgment, the "elephant folk," as the natives call them, pulled out of the mud the great logs that had been floated down the Irrawaddy from the far interior, drew them across to a field or, when the chain broke, took them up with their dexterous

trunks and carried them to their destination, putting them down and placing them in line with all the precision and intelligence of man. A mahout (driver) rode on the back of each animal and directed him, speaking in a language that big "hathi" seemed to understand and to act upon without question.

But hathi *can* question, can resent being directed if he is asked to work overtime, or if he fails to be fed at the accustomed hour, or is treated in a way unworthy of his supreme highness's dignity. He knows which is the seventh day of the week and takes his rest on Sunday with the best of Christians. During the week he gets up and goes to work early in the morning, his resting hours are from nine till three, and there would be a labour strike among the hathis in the teak yard if these established hours were interfered with. They did not object, however, to pausing for a moment during working hours and making us a pleasant salaam and allowing us to scratch a great intelligent ear gently lowered for that purpose. But gradually machinery is taking the place of great hathi in the timber yards about Rangoon, and it is now mostly "up country" or in the suites of Indian princes and rajahs that the last of the mammoths are to be found in the service of man. Happily there are some still left in the jungles to live the free roving life pursued by their ancestors.

The favourite colour of the sails on the Irrawaddy is a rich chestnut brown. The small row boat, curving upwards at both ends, looks something like a Venetian gondola, without the "felze," at first glance, but a closer inspection shows how unlike it is to any boat sailing the blue lagoons. The Burma boat sits very low on the water and has a broad stern with two wooden projections, elaborately carved and painted, branching upward and outward in a graceful curve.



ELEPHANT AT WORK, RANGOON.

The Irrawaddy itself is a muddy, unattractive stream, deep enough for navigation for some nine hundred miles of its inland course. It is the royal "road to Mandalay," however, though trains will bear you there more quickly; but that alluring road we were not destined to travel, nor to see the town of the "seven hundred and thirty pagodas," nor the palace where naughty king Thebaw, the last of the Burman kings, gave up his sceptre to an English general. The plague was raging for the time in all that fair district, and travellers were warned to pass it by.

The great shining landmark one sees on approaching Rangoon is the Shwe Dagon pagoda, a wonderful pile built upon a high mound, its huge mass gradually tapering upward 370 feet and ending with a golden "ti" (umbrella), the whole covered with gold and surrounded by innumerable shrines, temples, and smaller pagodas beautifully carved, painted and gilded, with seated or reclining figures of Buddha in each of them. Occasionally there will be a single great golden Buddha seated in his shrine alone, but usually there are many in each temple, lights burning before them and offerings of flowers at every shrine. There are wonderfully lifelike figures of worshippers with hands clasped, kneeling before some of the Buddhas within the niches, so lifelike indeed that at first glance it is difficult to distinguish them from the living devotees themselves.

The statues of Buddha, many of them of heroic size, adorned with precious jewels, are impressive enough, though few can be called beautiful; the expression on the conventional image's face is an attempt to represent the highest spiritual emancipation just as the attitude, seated with legs crossed, is an attempt to express renunciation of the world. Complacent is the term one would apply to the expression on most of the Buddhas' faces,

though one friend says that to him "the expression is as one having solved some great riddle and as if everything else mattered not, as if this life and the affairs of this world had no further interest for him." Another says "you get something of the mystery of Buddha's expression in the Mona Lisa of da Vinci, that has been returned to the Louvre to be again the admired of thousands."

This temple dates from something like 500 B.C., of course often restored, yet having the imprint of age and rich with the offerings of the thousands of worshippers who have come and gone in these 2,400 years. He who would win merit may build a shrine, may give a statue of Buddha or regild a noted shrine that has lost its gold with time. But one hears there is no especial merit attached to the rebuilding of old shrines save those of the most venerated and historic. A man's father may have built a pagoda, and this falling into ruin or disrepair the son may build a new one by its side, no great merit attaching to the restoration of the old. In travelling through the country friends tell us they have come across thousands of pagodas in all stages of dilapidation. But certainly this Shwe Dagon pagoda shows no lack of reverent care on the part of those who worship at its shrines to-day. From the moment one leaves the street and begins slowly to mount the long flights of steps (guarded at the foot by two animal monsters who, happily, bear no semblance to any beasts in real life) leading up to the sacred precincts on the crest of the mound, the attention is attracted by a thousand objects the like of which one has never come across before, certainly not in such an environment. Up this spacious and mostly enclosed entrance-way there are stalls on both sides, where every sort of article pertaining to the faith may be bought and where such things as food,

flowers and toys seem also to find a ready market. The temple platform has room for all its shrines and for open spaces among them where the visitor, as well as the worshipper, may wander at will. We were impressed perhaps first of all with the delicacy and beauty of the wood carvings which, painted a dark red, makes a wonderful combination with the gold of the pagoda.

Buddhist monks with shaven heads and faces, with bare feet and wearing gold-coloured robes, draped and worn after the fashion of the Roman toga of old, are everywhere to be seen about the temples, their faces having something of the round, fat, placid look of the images of the Buddha they are striving to imitate. Every proper Burman is supposed to enter the priesthood sometime during his life. If he comes of a wealthy family this act is attended with great pomp and ceremony, though he may remain in the priesthood for only a brief period.

Little children play in the broad open courts of the pagoda; gaily-dressed smiling Burmese girls have little stalls here also, where they sell flowers and incense, and a further domestic touch is added by the fowls that run about the courts and smallish dogs that seem to look upon the temples as their home. Almost overpowering is the odour of incense and the strong perfumes of flowers, like the frangipani and the *padouk*—a small orange-coloured flower with a very heavy scent—emphasized by the heat of the Burmese day. Cocoanut palms and the sacred pepul tree (sacred because Buddha is said to have preached beneath the shade of one of the far-spreading branches of a pepul tree) adorn the great court; also flowering trees—trees serving as green pagodas with shrines built around their bases, and some strange weird trees bearing a fruit, familiarly called "jack fruit," that grows out from the rough brown trunks rather than

from the ends of the green branches, surround the outer edge of the great plateau itself with a wealth of green foliage.

The "tinkly temple bells" are hung everywhere from the golden jewelled "ti" that crowns the great central tower, from the "tis" and roofs of the many-tiered surrounding pagodas, from shrine to shrine and from gaily-lacquered posts, for the breeze to make merry with. Bits of bright glass and streamers of brighter tinsel, and paper bearing pious inscriptions are hung up to catch the wind and the sunshine.

The early morning is perhaps the most interesting hour to visit the Shwe Dagon pagoda, so many men and women come with floral offerings and offerings of food—kneeling on the pavement before the great golden central pagoda with uplifted faces and upturned hands bearing their gifts of the first fresh flowers of the day, all so bright—so reverent even.

It is said that the place is never deserted. From nightfall until dawn, as during the day, the worshippers are there and the chanting of pious aspirations continues. One hears that mystic sentence of the Buddhists: *Om mani padme hum, om mani padme hum* so often repeated, so oft chanted in measured monotone it seems almost to hypnotize the listener as it does the followers of the great Teacher, judging from the expression on their faces.

On moonlight nights, on feast days, every day, the pagoda is gay with the light-hearted people in their national dress. The traveller comes and goes among them as he wills, inspecting the very innermost of the shrines with a freedom that would not be granted him were it a Hindu temple; and this in spite of the fact that the Shwe Dagon pagoda is held in special reverence by all Buddhists and is visited by thousands of far eastern

pilgrims because it is the only pagoda "credited with containing actual relics of Gautama and of the three Buddhas who preceded him in this world."

A crimson sunset flooded pagoda and shrine with still more colour as we left the great mound on the evening of our first visit, and the odour of incense and flowers, the rumble of deep-toned gongs and the tinkling of thousands of tiny bells seemed to follow us even when night came and the outline of the temple was lost in the distance.

February 19th.

It is pleasanter to be borne onward by sea than by rail when the sea is kind, as it has been thus far, and Rangoon with its great golden pagoda, seen from the steamer's deck as we sailed down the Irrawaddy, looked quite another picture to one that could have been framed in the narrow limits of a railway carriage window. It was a picture not lost to sight quickly and harshly, but gently in its frame of sea and earth and evening sky. A gentle land and a gentle people, deserving of all the prosperity and good that can come to them.

February 21st.

Two placid days at sea on the *Edavana*, of the British India Company, with land and pleasant little wooded isles in sight since noon to-day. The mainland is now a part of the Federated Malay States. It must be recorded that the weather is swelteringly hot unless one is sitting on the shady side of the deck near the taffrail, where such breeze as there is may be found to blow. Beds are made up on deck for those of the passengers who find trying to sleep below at night out of the question.

PENANG, *February 22nd.*

We arrived at Penang early this morning and made no attempt to resist the temptation to take an immediate snapshot from the sea of the pretty island town with its steep wooded mountain background. A little like Como, a tropical Como, it looked at first glance with some building in the foreground that had a tower which might be taken for a campanile. On landing, its oriental character at once asserted itself. There were a few motor-cars waiting on the quay, but that favourite vehicle of the Far East, the jinrickisha, that had first made its appearance at Rangoon, here in Penang held practically undisputed sway, with John Chinaman between the shafts as a substitute for the noble horse. My husband and I chose a stoutish looking John, a 'rickisha that looked safe to carry two and set forth at a steady trot on the part of John to find a friend who had a home somewhere out among those inviting palm-trees. The harness of our gentle-faced John consisted of a broad-brimmed bamboo hat that came to a "peak" in the centre, a bright blue cotton jacket and flowing trousers of the same material, with bare feet that patted softly upon the smooth asphalt pavement. The 'rickisha, though not a means of the most rapid transit, glides on pleasantly if one can forget that it is a man who is acting the part of the beast of burden. Perhaps we shall get used to him in this rôle, for 'rickishas are to be our travelling portion in most towns from now on through the further Far East; but when John's blue jacket began to show dark stains of perspiration and we thought he ought to be out of breath, we asked a passing Chinese gentleman to tell him in his own tongue not to trot so fast, and were rewarded with a smile and an unchecked pace on the part of John.

And out of the town, largely Malay and Chinese, and through avenues of palms and brightly-blooming shade trees we went until our 'rickisha drew up before the door of a bungalow in the heart of the palm district—palms of all kinds. Though an ardent tropical sun was shining and the thermometer registered the heat at something like a hundred degrees, our host and hostess took us at once to see the garden; a great garden within a garden, where all sorts of tropical plants, and orchids of weird sorts grew after their kind, although there are a thousand enemies of plant life—insects and blight and too much sunshine. And how quickly a seed takes root, springs up and becomes a plant or tree in this warm, moist latitude! A deciduous tree drops its leaves one day and the next day almost there is a halo of fresh young green to be seen upon it; no long waiting for winter to pass and for the spring rains to give them courage to come forth. All through the year there is a succession of fruits upon the palms and other trees, the cocoanut palm bearing ripe fruit to be gathered every two months. The plant world here must rest, like the heart, between beats. The young rubber trees in our host's plantations were his special care, and though only eight years old they were already yielding a generous supply of the milky substance that, when gathered in little tins, and allowed to coagulate, is then passed through a mangle and comes out after this brief process into little squares of rubber ready for the market. Interesting as was our friend's garden we were not loath to go indoors to tiffin, after our host had quite casually remarked that it was impossible to keep the snakes out of the plantation, that cobras and other deadly reptiles were not infrequently seen within these borders.

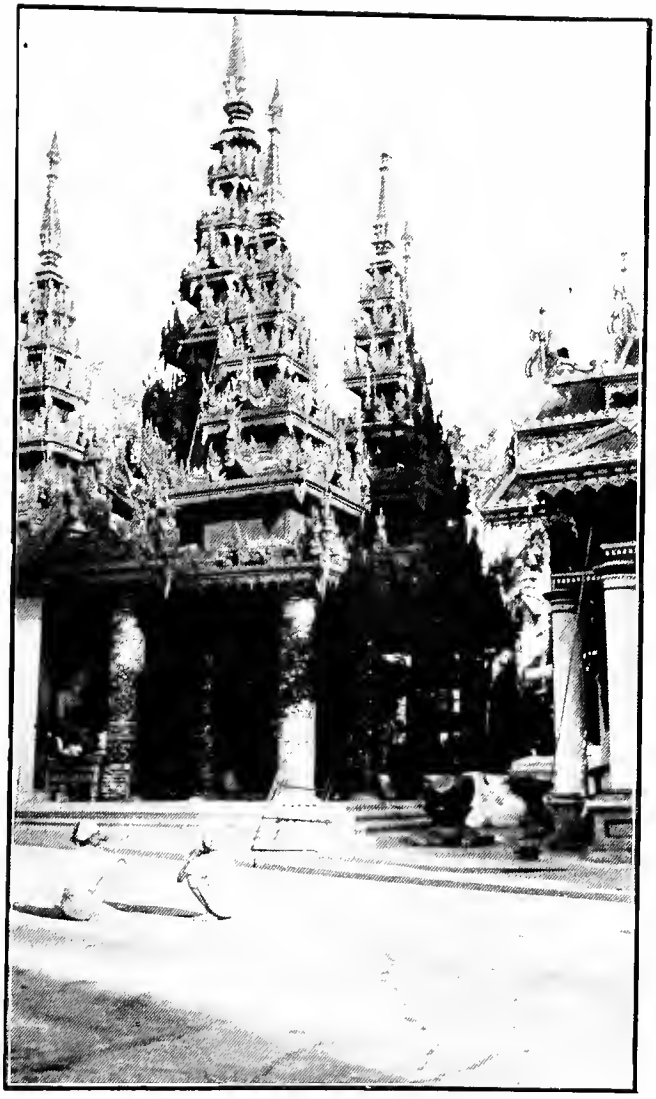
Tiffin in this especially tasteful bungalow was a pleasant feast over which we long delayed, the punkah—a long,

broad piece of carved wood with a deep flounce hanging below (now almost out of fashion in India since the whizzing, spiteful electric fans took its place)—moving gently above the table and creating just enough breeze to keep the midday atmosphere quite bearable. The punkah-wallah, a sleepy little Indian youth who sat outside on the deep verandah and leisurely pulled the string that kept the punkah in motion, looked in through the paneless windows many times with reproachful glances before the little company had risen from around the table and his task was over.

We had time for a hasty visit to Penang's botanical gardens on the hillside, where there is a delightful waterfall and where nature needs little assistance from man to keep it green and flourishing. And this is quite as well, for we were told that, full of beauty and luxury of growth as it was, the garden was fever laden, its position being so shut in among the hills. A monkey from the more jungly part came out, inspected us soberly, then retired to the top of a tall tree, from whence a stick or two came down, which he may or may not have displaced with a purpose.

Bright birds and soberly coloured birds we had seen in India, but in Penang we heard sweet singing among the tall palms. The brown thrush's note betrayed him at once, but what seemed to us to be the song of the nightingale we were less certain of unless we learn that there is a Malay nightingale who sings like the home kind, with certain modifications. Song birds do not come out much in the open and it is difficult to identify them in the dense tropical foliage.

From the great crag above Penang one is said to get a wonderful view of the town, the island and the mountainous mainland of the Malay peninsula; but we had no time for this climb and had to be content not with



A SHRINE, RANGOON.

seeing the view from the cliff, but with seeing the crag from the pretty town that is growing by leaps and bounds at its base and from the sea as we sailed away.

February 23rd.

Steaming down to-day through the Straits of Malacca from Penang to Singapore we met with our first-in-two-months rainstorm, prophetic, we hear, of weather to come. I believe when it rains in this part of the world, as it does not infrequently, there is no question as to its seriousness of purpose. Umbrella and waterproof can hardly prevail against it.

Our ship's company included some bronzed Anglo-Indian warriors—one who has travelled far afield in Western China and other little known parts of the world; one soldierly man returning to Manila; one of the two "politicals" who has seen a number of years' service in Nepal—Nepal, that inhospitable northern district of the greater India that draws the limit at two white men only being allowed within its borders; of a Colonel who has been a mighty hunter and who can write with authority about two such separate lands as Siberia and Somaliland, he having visited the wilds of the latter place nineteen times; then there is a company of American youths—studiously inclined—a travelling class with a scholarly tutor; and ladies, some attached and others travelling singly, though not in such numbers as one sees them in more frequented stretches of water. A smile, a nod, a tiger story or two, a little comparing of travel experiences, and to-morrow morning at Singapore we go ashore to go our different ways or perhaps the same way on different dates.

SINGAPORE, *February 25th.*

Yesterday morning we arrived at Singapore, another far remote outpost of old England, winding in and out among the pretty, green, tropical islands that circle the harbour—so near to some of them that we could see the domestic life going on in the little Malay villages built on piles out over the water and could distinguish one face, one tree from another. The faces of the people have changed more in character, in outline, since leaving India than has the face of the vegetation. But there is much more of the latter, however, because of the great heat and constant rains that the green world loves and thrives upon.

The Hindus and Mohammedans from India come here as traders, but China is here in far greater numbers, competing with the Malays, who claim to be a race, a people unto themselves and who are mostly of Mohammedan faith, under their own vine and fig tree, or, more properly speaking, under their orchids and palm-trees. He, the Chinaman, is standing a great, brown, stalwart figure at the landing-place with his 'rickisha to take you to your destination; your luggage you will have to part with, to lose sight of altogether in the mass of other travellers' luggage, and to trust to meeting with it just as in Rangoon in the room of your hotel. Even one particular bit of luggage that you meant not to part with, gets snatched away and you arrive in your 'rickisha empty-handed and a little anxious. But you are told that it is all right, and you take your breakfast or tiffin with more or less haste and go to your room to find by some miracle that your luggage *has* arrived "all right," that is, the right number of pieces are there, be they many or be they few, even if some of the lighter packages have suffered from being at the bottom instead of the top

of a mass of luggage from which they have been extricated.

Raffles Hotel, named from the Englishman who did a great work for the Empire in this region early in the nineteenth century, is the time-honoured hostelry most patronized at Singapore, and though it has fallen somewhat from its former high estate, its position by the sea, its broad open courts and galleries and the little sitting-room of your suite that opens out upon these galleries, where, if there be a breath of a breeze, it comes wafted your way, make it still desirable as a stop-over-between-boats halting place. The laziness of the China "boys" who wait upon you at table is accounted for by the fact that they all come from the island of Hainan, where the Chinese are said "to run to laziness," and whence no Chinese woman has been known to depart. The sea and the prejudice of her men folk are the wall which doth hedge feminine Hainan about.

Singapore is a great shipping port, its harbour always so filled with boats, big and little, that the lights on them at night give the effect of a town resting and swaying upon the waves. Its position, opening into the China Sea on the one side and at the eastern entrance of the Bay of Bengal, via the Straits of Malacca, its being the great centre for shipment and transhipment of goods bound east or west, give it an ever growing importance. It sits rather too near the equator—a little over one degree north latitude—to be altogether wholesome for the Anglo-Saxon, but the native and others of these Far Eastern peoples seem to thrive under it as a green bay tree, though we have seen no bay trees growing here to give liberty for such a comparison.

We made haste to possess ourselves of a bundle of Malacca canes, that we might as easily have bought at home, perhaps, though not with the same "local colour"

attached to them; and we bought also some bamboo spears and arrow heads and inspected some Malay krisses that came from near-by still more or less savage isles, bought them, indeed, straight from the hand of one who looked to be "a wild man of Borneo." They seemed genuine and efficient enough to have been made originally for other uses than to decorate a friend's or one's own home in lands where such weapons—*as* weapons—are not now in demand.

At Singapore, even as at Penang, we began to realize that we were leaving the Aryan to pass to the Mongolian Far East—the greater Far East. A subtly, wholly different atmosphere seems to pervade the town—less pleasing, certainly at first. It is singular how a curve of an eye can so change the expression of a whole street full of people. Even the odours on land seem to be different. Perhaps if we travelled less rapidly we might be impressed less distinctly with the racial differences.

England's protectorate over the Malay States, the building of railroads, the planting of fresh industries and the securing of markets for the old, have opened up a fresh era of prosperity for all this region. Piracy has gone out of fashion among the Malays, though they are still somewhat suspicious of hard work and are willing to let the Chinaman or the man from India participate in their labour. There seems to be no limit to vegetation possibilities, from the purely ornamental to the useful, such as rubber, that is now being so largely exploited.

The great groves of cocoanut palms of the island of Singapore, for an island it is, with the many little Malay villages set therein, make as tropical a picture as ever adorned a schoolboy's book of travel—they leave no blanks for the imagination to fill in. Even the little sluggish water courses are there, partly hidden by the heavy tropical growths along their banks, half dry when

the tide is out, and the home of many a lazy old crocodile, who takes on so strongly the colour of his surroundings that he may be mistaken for a log, unless he chances to open a sleepy eye and to slide off leisurely into deeper water. There are also great plantations of pineapples and other delicious fruits, the like of some of them never finding their way to the tables of the western world. An effort was made in Queen Victoria's time to send the mangostene, that most delicious fruit of all, to England, but without success. It will not stand the long voyage, though here so fresh—a creamy white edible heart set in a porphyry-coloured sheath of thick skin.

But the wild jungles of Singapore of which Dr. Wallace wrote in 1860, in his *Malay Archipelago*, have now become cultivated jungles. He wrote then, "There are always a few tigers roaming about Singapore and they kill on an average a Chinaman every day." The last tiger to be seen on the island was killed in the billiard-room of Raffles Hotel some six years ago! Where he came from nobody knew, for none had been seen hereabouts for years before. He must have swum across from the mainland, lost his way, and finding no jungle to his taste came to the hotel in search of entertainment.

In the Botanical Gardens of Singapore is the place for the traveller to study in detail the wonderful blossoming trees known to the East India tropics, the "flame of the forest" with its great red bell-shaped blooms glowing like fire from the surrounding tree tops; the "flamboyant" fairly flaunting its name to the woodland, its red, scarlet-red, clusters of flowers hanging downwards, surrounded by its rather delicately cut foliage like that of the mimosa. Then there are trees with yellow blooms like the "cassia multijuga" and the "pinang raja" palm whose red stalks make up in colour for any fault one could find with its indifferent blossom. The variety

of palms to be seen here, including the avenue of "travellers' palms," a beautiful palm opening out like a fan, seems, like the making of books, to be without end. The more delicate of the orchids are grown under cover, the heavy rains of Singapore being rather merciless in their downpour. This accounts, too, for the scarcity of bloom in the flower beds of this part of the world, though the hedges of poinsettias and hibiscus hold fast to their blossoms, no matter how heavy the torrent of rain. Somebody has said that Singapore has two seasons, "the wet and the rainy"; at any rate our four seasons of the north are unknown—the days and nights are twelve hours long and it is glowing summer all the year!

CHAPTER VII

ACROSS THE EQUATOR TO BATAVIA AND BUITENZORG

Malay divers and where the Malays like to live—Crossing the Equator—The leisurely landing at Tanjong Priok—Batavia and the suburb of Weltevreden—Our bungalow quarters at the hotel—The "rijst tafel," a favourite dish in Java—The condition of the people—Bathing and the washing of linen—Lack of colour prejudice—Informality of dress—Wonderful remains of Buddhist and Brahmin temples on the island—Richness of plant life—The Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg—The tree ferns, the palms and orchids—Where nature never sleeps—The surrounding mountains and vales—Butterflies and birds—The return to Singapore from Java—Krakatoa to-day—Out into the China Sea and up the Gulf of Siam.

February 28th.

We sailed Javaward from Singapore this afternoon by the ss. *Melchior Treub*, of the Dutch Royal Mail Line. With all its rainy reputation we have had no rain during our four and a half days at Singapore, and there has been a breeze almost constantly, so the weather has not been unbearably hot, though if one moves about at all the pores of the skin are so active that no drying process seems to be of any avail.

The passengers of every boat arriving at or about to set sail from this harbour are called upon to drop pennies into the water for the benefit of expert Malay divers who sit in their small "dug out" canoes and earn a living by adventurous plunges for such small coin as may be forthcoming. In stature they are about twice the size

of the Neapolitan who dives for coppers, but the smile with which they toss the water from their faces on their return to the surface seems to be less winsome, less grateful.

Dr. Wallace, our always interesting authority, when writing of some natives who are true Malays, says that they never build a house on land if they can find water to set it in, and never go anywhere on foot if they can reach the place in a boat.

Our Dutch boat has wide clean decks and large state-rooms, and the Javanese sailors and stewards are alert and attentive. There is a long passenger list, including some fellow passengers from the *Edevana* that brought us down the coast from Rangoon. By the long arm of coincidence we came across a friend, once stationed at Constantinople and since then in the Legation at Bangkok, at " Raffles " and he, too, is bound for Java, together with our colonel from Nepal.

March 1st.

We crossed the equator last night near midnight. There were no lights on deck, most of the passengers were below, the sea was calm and the air in our cabin was not " cramped and confined," on the contrary it was cool enough for a light covering not to be unwelcome. In the old days on British sailing ships strange initiation ceremonies were performed on the part of Neptune as the imaginary line was crossed ; and this ceremony is even now carried out on some vessels. But here we are in the Southern Hemisphere this morning, sailing still away eastward, Sumatra's lowlying land in sight on the right most of the way, with a pleasant temperature and nothing unusual in the outward order of things.

BATAVIA, *March 2nd.*

We made an early entrance into the harbour of Tanjong Priok, the landing-place for Batavia, Java's capital. It was too early and too near the shore to see then the background of a series of volcanic mountains, green to the very craters' edge, that rise inland on this island to lend strength to the loveliness of the luxuriant tropical landscape. But the landing process is done so leisurely that one has time to survey the near prospect and note the neat Dutch air of things while the Malay porters and coolies apparently go to sleep on the luggage while transporting it from the boat to the custom-house. Once there the last piece of luggage of the last traveller has to be found and identified (one of your pieces may be the first to arrive and others may come with the last instalment) before it is convenient to take the train from the dock to Batavia station proper, some eight miles away.

Batavia and its suburb of Weltevreden make one long straggling town, the old part very like Amsterdam, all intersected with canals, the houses having high pitched red roofs and the paths being paved with red brick. The newer part is more eastern in appearance, though the canals still claim relationship with Holland. Here the houses are mostly large, one-storey bungalows with cool, clean marble floors and are set apart in large gardens, which make the distances very great from one part of the town to another. In these days of swift electric conveyances distances of a few miles more or less do not count; but in the old slow-moving times even the slow temper of the Dutch of Java must have been often sorely tried when they had to depend upon their own legs or upon the small mouse-like horses to take them from place to place.

Our Hôtel des Indes, situated in Weltevreden, in the green environs of Batavia, consists of a central building shaded by a banyan tree of far-spreading proportions, and guests are entertained in a number of outstanding bungalows, each divided into four self-contained suites of apartments set in a jungle of trees. Everything is built for a climate which is consistently hot and one that does not vary more than a few degrees throughout the different seasons of the year. There are no upper sheets or blankets provided for the beds, no windows to these bungalows, only doors and sort of half doors that open out upon deep verandahs or loggias, and it is in these verandahs that one spends a large part of the day. A tropical sun shines directly, brightly down, but it shines upon a vividly green world which takes out its glare and reflects a gently tempered light.

The food at a good hotel in Java is abundant and wholesome, but an amusing dish upon which one immediately remarks is the one called "rijst tafel," served at our first luncheon. A large soup dish is placed in front of each guest and a plate of boiled rice is passed first, then a line of twenty to twenty-five waiters follow, bringing as many side dishes to go with this rice—the side dishes consisting of eggs, fish, fowl, meats served in every possible shape, and pickles, curries, chutneys and various mysterious seasonings to which we could give no name. The line of Javanese waiters bringing the "rijst tafel" was in itself most impressive, each wearing a cotton bandana-like handkerchief bound about the head and arranged so that one or two ends stood up like a pom-pom, each white jacketed and wearing white trousers, and a *sarong*—a short bright-coloured skirt which they drape over the trousers, their bare feet making no noise upon the marble floor to announce their coming. We took something from each plate and were coached

as to how to eat the mixture by kind friends of long experience who were sitting at an adjoining table.

The Chinese are in Java, perhaps not to come in the future in great numbers, as there are now some limitations as to receiving wholesale immigrations of these industrious people. But those who came years ago have prospered and are very much at home. The Javanese, part Malay, part many another race of people who go to make up the native population of this part of the world, are as industrious as they need to be ; which is not very industrious, as the island of Java, nearly as large as England, offers a living at small effort on the part of the natives, and the climate demands few clothes and there is little need of shelter. Education has not yet taken widespread root among the natives, and they are amenable to the law for the most part, not so often running "amok" (a native seeing "red," going mad and running forth killing all in his path) as in former times.

But some of the foreigners here, men who know the land and the language of the people, prophesy that some day there may be serious trouble in Java on account of the constant formation of secret societies among the natives, though the Government have knowledge of this menace, and are active in trying to put down any movement that might lead to open sedition.

The canals furnish convenient bathing pools for the people, and at all hours of the day their brown bodies may be seen disporting in the muddy streams.

Though high winds are somewhat rare, clouds gather and pass quickly in these skies, but dampness seems to be always present. The white clothes universally worn by Europeans here on land and at sea soon become limp and guiltless of starch. The "dhobies," as the washermen are called in all this part of the East as well

as in India, wash the clothing in such muddy canals and streams, the wonder is that white, not khaki-coloured, clothing is sent home. But dhobieman certainly tries his best to beat the clothing clean, if cleanliness is dependent upon beating ; he takes your garments to a washing stone by the side of or amid stream, and uses them like a hammer, which makes resounding thuds. As an American facetiously put it, he was not surprised some of his clothing came home in tatters, since he had "seen the dhobie trying to break stones with it!"

The English tongue goes far on the mainland and in the islands of these waters. When it is not the first it is always the second tongue of the various peoples, and where Britain is there are good roads, just as the tradition of them lingers in the places she has once occupied for even a brief season.

A curious fact, and one for which no previous reading had prepared us, is the utter lack of colour prejudice which seems to be shown by the Dutch residents of the island. Many of them intermarry with the natives, and the result is one sees a man going about with a wife whose eyes have the Mongolian slant and with a family of children of any shade from black to white, as they partake most of the mother's or the father's colouring or a mixture of the two. This custom of intermarrying with the natives is of rather recent growth, we understand, but it is a custom that may tell unfortunately on the manners and morals of the good old Dutch stock in years to come.

The good Dutch housewives are rather informal as to dress when at home. Of course, when they receive, they are conventionally gowned, but ordinarily at home they, and their lords on occasion also, wear the sarong—the short, comfortable skirt that is draped about the body without reference to fit or fashion. One can hardly call

them martyrs to the climate. On the contrary, adaptability seems to be their motto.

There are some wonderful remains of Buddhist and Brahmin temples on the island, but the Javanese were long ago converted to Mohammedanism, and these temples, which, alas, we were unable to see, have now no worshippers and only an occasional visitor at their shrines.

Western Java is far richer in plant life than eastern Java, where rains are not so constant, and which is more arid and partakes much more of the climate of northern Australia. But I can speak with any degree of authority only of the fringe of the western part of the island, to which our visit was confined. Wonder tales reached us of the great beauty and antiquity of the ruins to be found mostly in the central and eastern parts. Wallace, in his day, wrote of them thus : " Scattered through the country . . . there are found buried in lofty forests, temples, tombs and statues of great beauty and grandeur, and the remains of extensive cities, where the tiger, the rhinoceros, and the wild bull now roam undisturbed " ; or, to quote from Sir Stamford Raffles's *History of Java*, " one is overwhelmed by the contemplation of these innumerable sculptures, worked with delicacy and artistic feeling, on the hard, intractable trachytic rock, and all found in one tropical island. What could have been the state of society, what the amount of population, what the means of subsistence which rendered such gigantic works possible, will, perhaps, ever remain a mystery ; and it is a wonderful example of the power of religious ideas in social life, that in the very country where, five hundred years ago, these grand works were being yearly executed the inhabitants now only build rude houses of bamboo and thatch and look upon these relics of their forefathers with ignorant amazement as

the undoubted production of giants or of demons." But these gentlemen wrote in the last century when they regretted "that the Dutch Government do not take vigorous steps for the preservation of these ruins from the destroying agency of tropical vegetation: and for the collection of the fine sculptures which are everywhere scattered over the land." Now, however, these marvels can be easily visited if only the visitor has time, as there are railways and carriage roads leading to most of them, and hotels which furnish comfortable, if not luxurious, entertainment.

But the growing world out of doors, the plant life, the trees, "the people with the green heads" as Robert Louis Stevenson calls them, is now the real living glory of Java. To quote further from Dr. Wallace, that great traveller: "Taking it as a whole and surveying it from every point of view, Java is probably the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world." This statement is asking Java to surpass even the surpassing beauty of many another tropical isle and haunt—a large request.

If one will take the journey in the early, early morning either by motor or train to Buitenzorg, some forty miles from Batavia and nearly nine hundred feet up among the hills, he will be satisfied, without going higher to the treasure regions beyond, that no land need be fairer or fuller of green things growing.

The morning we made this expedition everything was dripping with moisture, for it had rained the night before as it only can rain in the tropics. Through jungle of wild wood and groves of cocoanut palms, by tea and coffee and rice plantations our route lay, the sunshine beaming upon a landscape that carries the freshness of summer forever upon its face. It is *all* one vast gracious garden, so that you hardly realize when you

pass within the special boundaries of the great botanical gardens at Buitenzorg—gardens that stand unrivalled in the world for variety and wealth of tropical beauty. Here are all the tropical plants at home and with the happiest of environment and all encouragement, and small credit to them if they do not grow to their full stature of beauty. The grove of tree ferns growing twenty, thirty, and even forty feet high, with their lacy fronds outspread, through which the morning sun shone mistily, was a unique and charming vision; upon fairy-like lakes floated huge lilypads, each with a blossom by its side; palms of a hundred kinds grew as none can grow in exile; clumps of bamboos each as thick as a large man's thigh; rattans sending out great snares of growth along the ground and to the tops of neighbouring trees; an avenue of tall canary trees up which climbing things of all sorts grew, some with enormous leaves mottled of colour and yet delicately cut; clusters of birds'-nest ferns growing out from high up branches, and giant orchids flinging great banners of blossoms out to the winds—all with growth so rapid, on such a gigantic scale that the visitor to this favoured spot feels as Gulliver must have felt in Brobdingnag. And to think that not a single palm, not one growing, blossoming, beautiful thing seems to have a chance to rest, to stop growing in this high pressure climate as long as it lives! I like to think that nature *can* have a little nap, a little winter rest between its labours of making the world beautiful.

Plants from the temperate zone were either overshadowed or did not thrive in these gardens, though botanists told us that in the higher altitudes of the island the old familiar home flowers are grown. But one wonders if the daintiest of them can hold up their heads and keep their petals through the torrential showers that are of almost daily occurrence.

Tired with wandering and with admiration of the wonders in the great garden we went to the Belle Vue Hotel for rest and refreshment, and there from the back verandah a wonderful panorama was revealed to us, the most perfect view of its kind we could ask for. Below, a swift mountain stream went rushing through the banana and palm-embowered valley of Tjidane, embowered so thickly that a little town in its midst was only suggested by an occasional red roof, that here and there showed through the green. Across the valley rose a series of mountains, the volcano of Salak rising over eight thousand feet directly in front, its slopes covered with a wealth of tropical vegetation that gave no hint of the slumbering fires in the stern depths below. Near mountain ranges joined distant mountain ranges all deeply wooded, all verdant with unbroken summer. The blue of the sky and the distant blue of the atmosphere, the red of the few roofs in the valley below and some great scarlet blossoms in a near-by tree, were the only colours that varied the glowing green of the tropical landscape. Bright blossoms there are in some of the trees and shrubs of the tropics, but the prevailing note is green. There is an infinite variety in the green of the foliage; but the whole fields of other colours—of daisies and buttercups, of gorse, of heather, and bright patches like azaleas and rhododendrons—that we see in our home landscapes, we have not come across thus far in our visit to the tropics.

After lunch we returned to the gardens, saw the parts we had missed in the morning and revisited the special haunt of the tree ferns. Though the early morning charm had gone, and the lilies amid-stream had closed their great pink and white cups—the tree ferns had lost none of their grace, none of the wonder and admiration they excited when we saw them first with the raindrops

A VIEW FROM BUITENZORG, JAVA.

of the night glistening in the sunshine upon their branches. The great fronds uncurl with the same grace as the fern that clings close to earth, and looking up at the sky through them seems to define their delicacy of outline even more than looking down upon them as they grow at our feet. Scattered among the trunks of the tall tree ferns were ferns that shot out giant fronds from a central stalk near the ground, some of their frond branches reaching out fifteen, even twenty feet, in all directions. These were wonderful in their way, but not so delicately cut as their sisters, the tree ferns that lifted and unfolded their beautiful heads high in air. We left this magic corner of the great garden reluctantly, and, as no photograph can do them justice, we shall have to trust to keeping these loveliest of nature's tropical wonders fresh in our memories.

Butterflies rare and gay disported themselves everywhere in this moist warm atmosphere, and before visiting Java we had resolved to capture some to take home to brighten a rainy day. But when we came across them in their own environment they were so radiant and so big, and fluttered about so trustfully, and looked so happy, it required more courage to capture them than it did to let them go free. So no specimens are impaled with a pin on a bit of white cardboard, nor are they even given a name ; I hope they are still fluttering from orchid to orchid in the garden at Buitenzorg.

Some one has said that the birds of Java have no song, the flowers no perfume. We can only say that at damp nightfall and in the misty early morning we found the air fairly heavy with pleasant odour when we were out of doors and in the neighbourhood of gardens. And as we had our early morning tea on the verandah of our little bungalow we saw many a bird of sober and of brilliant wing among the trees, and there were more

than mere snatches of song, there were quite thrush-like links of melody to usher in the day. Even during the hottest hours the wood pigeons' pleasant call would be heard and these would be interrupted by bars of song, though to be sure the bird chorus is not so exuberant as one would expect from a climate and trees offering every inducement to birds of song as well as to those of gay plumage. Ah, if only plant life could sing, far out at sea would Java's music be heard!

March 8th.

Yesterday afternoon we set sail, again by the ss. *Melchior Treub*, for our return voyage to Singapore. The equatorial seas are smooth, if not so bright of colour, as the voyager has right to expect. The heat on a moving ship here is rarely unbearable, and as a last resort there is always the deck for those who find sleep impossible to woo below. This Java sea might be called the archipelago of nameless small isles, the large islands only being considered worthy of a habitation and a name. But if one stops to think, the name of one small island—so near to west Java that it wrought great destruction there—rang ominously around the world late in August in the year 1883. The fame of the brilliant sunsets caused by the dust from the great earthquake and explosion of Krakatoa (this volcanic dust going three times and a half round the globe, so terrific was the explosion) and the sorrowful loss of life and the disaster wrought, will not be allowed to be forgotten by those whose duty it is to register the terrible and the appalling in nature.

The "reverberation of the eruption was heard within a circle with a radius as long as the distance between England and Constantinople." A large part of the island

disappeared beneath the sea and what was left was buried under deep layers of lava. But arleady a fresh vegetation has sprung up and is trying to hide the scars, the great cracks and crevices that were left to testify to the power of the destructive forces beneath the earth's surface.

March 13th.

We sailed out of Singapore's islanded harbour this afternoon by the ss. *Deli*, out into the China Sea, which was as smooth as a bit of grey-blue porcelain. That we were sailing on a Friday and that it was the thirteenth day of the month did not give us any special anxiety, for our boat, though a little one, was clean and airy, our captain and the passengers agreeable, and the present chronicler the one lady of the passenger list of fourteen. From the west we came, to the south we have been, and now to the east and north we go, with Bangkok as our next port of call. We were favoured with the customary short, sharp, daily rains the four days of our stay in Singapore after our return from Java, but these rains did not seem to cool the air; they left it only a little more "sticky" than before. Still, neither the heat nor the dampness were at all unbearable for a town sitting nearest the equator of any in the world, it is said, save Quito, in South America, which, unlike Singapore, is situated far above sea level.

There are many sea-serpent stories one might truthfully tell of these far eastern tropical seas, though the serpents that we have seen—some in the Bay of Bengal and one that shot out, head erect, away from our ship and across the water where this China Sea joins the Straits of Malacca—were not large enough, though perhaps poisonous enough, to fire the imagination of sea-serpent story lovers. A question of size sometimes

makes all the difference in the world in the interest of a story—serpent or otherwise.

When dining the evening before we left Singapore with friends whose house is set in the midst of a big, beautiful garden, we heard a few fresh snake stories to add to our collection, of how a python had been recently killed in a clump of bamboos growing not fifty feet from their door, and of how, only a few days before, a cobra was found nesting her family very much at home in a canna bed directly beneath their windows. A spice of danger so near by adds zest to an eastern dinner table, but it also reconciles the traveller to the lack of luxurious tropical growths in his own garden at home, since things less agreeable than flowers must be taken into consideration when delighting in a garden in the tropics. One can understand why eastern hosts stand at the door and send out a servant with lanterns to meet the guests who walk up through garden paths across which a cobra may be lying, for they are rather "night birds," these eastern cumberers of the ground. But with all its faults, the greatest being its lack of healthfulness for the Anglo-Saxon who has to dwell here long without change, this tropical East is full of charm, and one goes onward, glad that there is a little regret in the heart for past places and experiences, instead of rejoicing that one part of the journey over new seas and lands has been accomplished.

March 14*th.*

Up the south-eastern coast of the Malay Peninsula we are sailing on an ocean that might be a river for smoothness. No typhoons or hurricanes are looked for within the latitude of seven degrees north and south of the equator. As one traveller said, "where the cocoa-

nut grows you need never look for gales, except at very rare intervals." The roots of these trees seem to sit, as it were, on the surface of the ground—never taking deep root.

The coast on the left, or some islands off it, is in sight most of the time. This morning there is literally not a breath of wind, or, as the captain says, quoting from old sailing-ship days when a boat was becalmed, "the wind is all up and down the rigging."

We are getting used to having only Chinese waiters and stewards; they are quiet, willing and good-natured, and if only when they are pleased they would smile with less of a grimace, less as if they were going to cry, the immediate sympathy would be greater between the servers and the served.

March 15th.

We are steaming up the Gulf of Siam to-day midway between and out of sight of either shore. That I am the only lady passenger on board indicates that the land of Siam does not lie along the usual tourist route, for ordinarily *quite* half of the voyaging-for-pleasure public belongs to my sex. Our passenger list includes a number of Europeans of different nationalities, but who, when they foregather in the dining saloon or on deck, speak together in English, that being the one tongue of which all are united in having at least a broken knowledge. And the Chinaman who does their bidding, he, also, must be addressed in English or its far-Eastern substitute—the unique and quaintly constructed "Pidgin English"—as the other polite tongues of the West seem to lie outside his ordinary vocabulary.

March 16*th.*

Delightful atmosphere, delightful sailing on the *Deli*, a ship small and like a private yacht in the broad capacity of its deck ; luxurious chairs, good food, pleasant captain who points out things of interest from the Southern Cross we are leaving each hour behind us, to some interesting islands on the right belonging to Siam with names all beginning with a "K." The waters of the Gulf of Siam are a lovely colour—a true sea green.

CHAPTER VIII

UP THE MENAM RIVER TO BANGKOK AND THROUGH THE CHINA SEA TO HONG-KONG

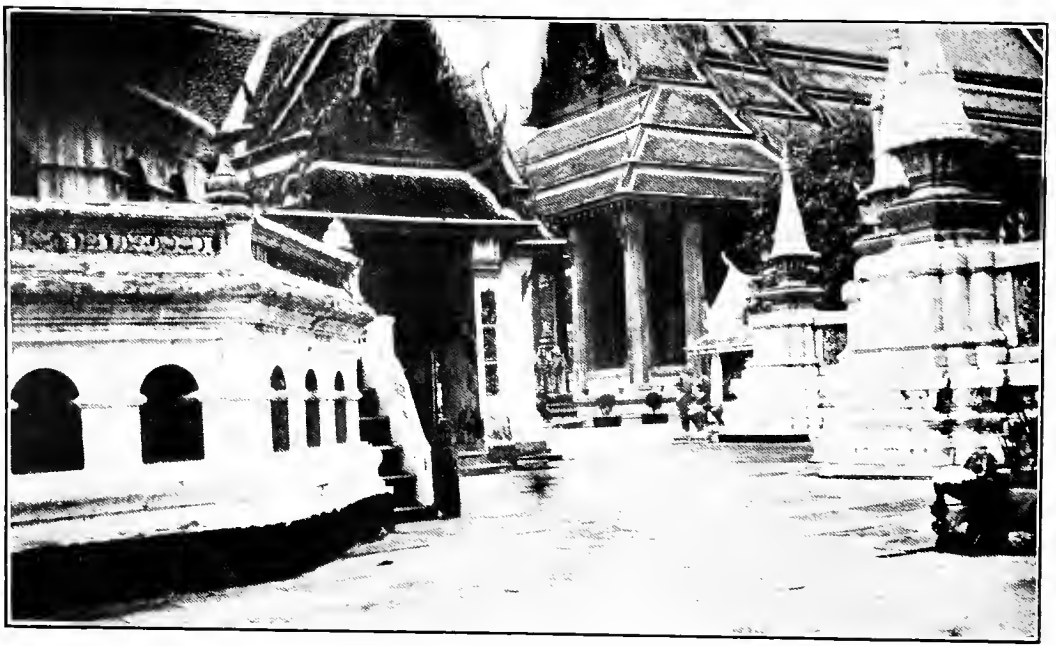
Bangkok's "first line of defence"—Sailing up the Menam River through jungles of living green—The picturesque Wat at Paknam—Tiny canals called Klongs—Strange river craft—Entrance into Bangkok—The city set in a jungle—The religion of the people and a visit to several of their temples—Wat Saket, Wat Prakeo and Wat Poh—The sacred white elephants and some of their characteristics—The remoteness of Siam—English the "second tongue"—Habits of the people and their taste in clothing—The journey by sea to Hong-Kong—Industrious mosquitoes, fleets of fishing boats, and a call at the island of Koh-si-chang—Passing the shores of Cambodia—The Bay of Kamaranti—A day in the harbour of the island of Hainan—A tragedy on board—A monsoon storm and a side journey into quiet waters—Unexpected beauty of surroundings of Hong-Kong—A pilgrimage to the Peak—Rumours of a tiger—The port that lies ever in your way.

BANGKOK, *March 17th.*

LAST night our steamer cast anchor outside the great bar where the Menam River empties its muddy waters into the Gulf of Siam. With the morning came high tide, which enabled our vessel to steam across the dangerous shoals that form "Bangkok's first line of defence." The Menam Chow Phya (Mother of Waters), to give the river its full title, is the great useful water highway that leads on to Bangkok, Siam's capital, and then for hundreds of miles further inland into the jungles and hills of the up-country. Beautiful this river may not be in itself, but it makes many a graceful curve in its wanderings

and its twenty-five miles of shore on either side that we saw as we steamed slowly up to Bangkok were certainly marvellous in richness of tropical vegetation.

Our welcome, our "good-morning" from Siam, we received at Paknam, the river's true beginning, where our boat "drew rein" for a moment for official permission to go onward. From this point there is a little railway running across country to Bangkok (it was Siam's first venture in railways and was built in 1893), but we kept to the royal highway of the river, which opened out so attractively before us. At Paknam also we made our first acquaintance with the Siamese *Wat*, or Buddhist temple, which stands commandingly apart on a little island, a striking bit of architecture akin to the temples we saw in Burma. Onward from this point the river seemed to carve its pathway through veritable jungles of living green. The little native huts looked to be built on the river rather than on the land, and would sway with the tide or with the big waves made by the wash of our steamer as she passed. Tiny canals (*klongs*) and brooks that set off from the main river were quickly lost in the maze of dense undergrowth. The wild beauty of the far interior seems to follow the river down to its very outlet. We saw only an occasional clearing, a sienna-coloured rice field, in the wilderness on its banks. Tangles of orchids and creepers of all sorts grew to the tops of the tallest trees, only to fall back in great swaying festoons to earth again; clumps of ferns sent up fronds strong as young shrubs, plantations grew bananas of enormous size, cocoanut palms soared high with their heavy fruit, and palms of every variety grew lustily and asserted their right to the soil. We heard, too, a chorus of morning song, that sounded very like the northern lark's continuous melody, but where in this strange southern jungle could a northern lark find a



COURTYARD OF WAT PRAKEO, BANGKOK.

meadow in which to settle and fold his wings between songs ? Their songs we heard, but I am afraid the names of these southern singers, together with the names of most of the trees and the plants that went to make up that tropical picture, must ever remain unknown to us.

We passed many strange river craft, each, as the morning sun was hot, sailing as near the sheltered shore as possible. There were queer Chinese junks with apparently the whole family living on board, boats with a single red or brown sail unfurled, and small canoes propelled by a single oarsman standing at the stern after the manner of the Venetian gondolier—these boats oftentimes conveying yellow-robed, shaven-headed Buddhist priests to their duties in some hidden-away-in-the-green temple. We are told that many of the rivers of the Malay States flow seaward through as picturesquely green haunts as the Menam, but surely they do so with fewer windings, their journey is shorter and less of mystery is attached to the lands through which they flow.

With one great turn the Menam swings almost back upon itself as it flows into Bangkok—bringing the jungle so near the city's door that some creeping, crawling denizens of it come not infrequently into the town ; so near that, looking down upon the capital from the one hill in Bangkok, the artificial hill upon which Wat Saket is perched, it seems hardly a city at all, but a woodland interrupted here and there by the winding river, by a canal or by a pagoda roof and tower showing through the green.

What the city of Bangkok lacks in height, for only one building did we see as high as three stories, it makes up for in length and breadth ; having no need to economize in space it spreads out generously, its streets seeming almost endless in length if one sets out to do sight-seeing in a carriage drawn by the short-bodied little horses

of this part of the world. They "nibble" over the ground energetically enough, but, as our visit to Bangkok was to be a brief one and our Hotel Oriental was set at a far end of the town, we chose a motor-car to take us speedily, if prosily, from place to place.

The people of Siam being of Buddhist faith and the king of Siam being the only ruling Buddhist monarch, Bangkok is naturally a city of temples both old and new, and we drove first to the Palace Gate to visit the Wat Prakeo, the beautiful temple within the royal enclosure. It is difficult to describe the several buildings within the temple precincts with their bright roofs of many coloured tiles and the triple gables characteristic of Siamese architecture; difficult to tell of the coloured glass and china mosaic with which all the side walls were inlaid, without conveying an impression of garishness which they certainly did not give, even in the glare of the tropical sunshine.

As one entered the courtyard two colossal guardian figures, set with bright mosaic, stood on either side of the doorway keeping watch and ward, though their distorted features did not look very fearsome. Throughout the enclosure, wherever a pedestal could be accommodated, stood beautifully-wrought figures of lions, elephants, griffins—all pure Siamese workmanship—and statues of warriors which were unmistakably Chinese. Some statues there were also which were more curious than artistic in design. All along the inner walls of the enclosure ran a series of frescoes, Siamese paintings, strongly Chinese in character, representing, we imagined, scenes from the life of Buddha. Inset in the posts of various doorways were oblong plaques of Chinese porcelain, with figures in high relief, wonderfully executed and coloured, and tempting to collectors, as the absence of various heads would seem to testify.

The main temple was built something after the plan of the old Greek temple, oblong in shape, with columns and overhanging roof forming an outer gallery on all sides. Singularly enough, what seemed to be two antique Greek statues of a man and woman, stood on either side of the door at the main entrance. Every portion of the exterior was covered with carving and with glass and china mosaic. The wooden doors leading into the sanctuary were most delicately inlaid with mother-of-pearl in all tints. We were permitted to go within, although there was a service in progress, the shaven ascetic looking Buddhist priests and their pupils sitting cross-legged on the floor intoning, and with clasped hands uplifted before a high golden altar, whose niches were filled with golden Buddhas, and whose summit was crowned with the famous emerald Buddha, eighteen inches high and carved from a single stone. The side walls of the sanctuary were covered with Siamese symbolic paintings which we could not study in detail. In cases, and everywhere where place could be found, one saw the rich gifts made to the temple, small Buddhas of solid gold set with precious stones, porcelains, carved angels, representations of animals—things associated with the life of Buddha and suggesting his triumph over the material world. Certainly this temple contains treasures of unique interest to the twentieth-century visitor.

Our next visit was to Wat Poh, one of the oldest Wats in Bangkok and one which contains the colossal reclining figure of Buddha. We had nothing with us to give us any suggestion as to the length of this great statue, but it could have been little short of two hundred feet long. The soles of the feet of the statue were exquisitely inlaid with mother-of-pearl, as delicate inlay work as we remember ever to have seen. The whole body was originally covered with gold lacquer, which is gradually loosening

with time, whole sheets of it now falling by the side of the recumbent representation of the great Teacher who thought he had found The Way. The shutters and doors of the Wat, which seems to be falling into decay, were beautifully carved and painted, and would be a valuable addition to any museum.

Siam being "the land of the Sacred White Elephant," as well as of elephants of darker hue, to the stables of the white elephants we went to see if he were as white as he is painted on the flag of Siam. Their stables, for there are three of them in Bangkok, are situated within the royal enclosure—this enclosure consisting of white-washed castellated walls, which shut off the palace with its treasured Wat and other annexes from the rest of the city.

With much formality and some solemnity the door was opened and we were presented to the first white elephant along the line, he acknowledging our greeting with a tremendous thump, made by hitting his forehead with the end of his trunk. It produced a resonant, hollow sound like the beat of a baton on a great drum. For this his elephantship was rewarded with a small bundle of fresh grass, and while he was occupied in eating this reward we took occasion to draw near and to note that his skin was whitish only in patches, being for the most part a sickly grey in colour. But, as this is probably as near white as elephants ever grow, perhaps by courtesy and a long stretch of the imagination he might be called a white elephant. This white elephant number one had his feet shackled pretty closely to good firm posts, and was a gentleman of some spirit we inferred. We asked his age, and were told that he had been in captivity for sixty years and more and had roamed at large an indefinite number of years before. With some impatience he brought his trunk with a resounding thump

to his forehead again, saluting with a view to having more fresh grass given him. To the sound of his thumping, about as loud as his trumpeting I fancy, we passed on to the second stable where white elephant number two saluted us with several bowings of his trunk and head.

This elephant, we were told by his attendant, "could do everything but talk and could understand all that was said to him." I believe he had various show tricks that he could perform when outside the confines of his stable. He looked very kind and intelligent, and evidently had a white soul if not an altogether white skin.

Elephant number three was of the same complexion, but smaller than his companion elephants of state, and perhaps was a trifle more restless than they, though all three royal gentlemen swayed back and forth with their whole bodies, keeping that rhythmic motion peculiar to elephants sacred and profane.

The Siamese people are addicted to the betel-nut habit, a habit which is common also in India and Burma, and the chewing of this nut leaves a brick red stain upon the lips and teeth that disfigures an otherwise pleasant-looking countenance. They are of rather more slender build than their Chinese cousins to the north or the hardy Malay people to the south, and their disinclination to work has perhaps kept them from developing their country's resources to the full extent of its possibilities. Siam lies rather outside the line of march of western progress eastwards and most ships pass Siam by as they sail from Singapore to Hong-Kong. English is the language of this far away court when it speaks in a foreign tongue and English is the language understood by the man in the street when he has any speech save his own.

We hear that the railways now leading up into the

interior are reviving the life of the towns there, and are reclaiming whole districts; these districts are largely given over to the cultivation of rice which, with the teak wood, is perhaps the country's greatest source of prosperity. In that up-country world the elephant, worthy emblem of his country, spends laborious days in dragging great logs of teak to the canals and rivers, there to be floated down to Bangkok to market. Travellers return with interesting tales of the wonders of caves, of ruined cities and temples, while missionaries, made welcome, have also gone far afield to plant their schools and hospitals in a land that seems backward, judged by the standards of to-day.

Just as Burma accepts, if not invites, the "Aryan brown" from India to come and do the major part of its hard labour, so Siam allows the Chinese and the Aryan too, if he will, to come in unlimited numbers and do any and all the work their industrious hands can find to do. Thus Siam, like Burma, has plenty of time to spend in being of good cheer, and young Siam has an eye also for colour and likes to dress picturesquely, as our first drive through the streets of Bangkok convinced us. If he can afford it he likes to have his hat match his *panung* (trousers) in colour; for instance, a nice pair of pink silk trousers, draped so that they hang about to the knees, a white jacket, and a felt hat the same shade as the trousers, is considered especially good form. But the *panung* may be of any colour so long as it *is* a colour, and shoes and long white stockings are affected by the more well to do. The impressive turban and the bare feet are more the order of the day in India and its adjacent lands.

The ladies of rank and their humbler sisters, who walk about more freely, dress in trousers, draped as they are put on, similar to those worn by the men; their

shoulders and arms are often bare, though more frequently they wear a white jacket with a silk scarf thrown coquettishly over one shoulder, the hair is cut short and stands out in a fuzzy mass about the head. The dress of the coolie, who does the hard work in all these hot lands, consists of little more than a loin cloth, and the babies in the poorer quarters run about without any covering at all. The streets of Bangkok, taken as a whole, are not so picturesque with life, or architecturally, as those of most of the eastern cities we have visited. Though the houses in the poorer quarters do not look very cleanly, the people, when they are not working, seem to be constantly bathing, standing up in the water of the river or the canals and pouring buckets of water over their heads and shoulders. The bathrooms of the hotels in this part of the world are all arranged with buckets for pouring water over the person, instead of with tubs for bathing in the usual way.

But in spite of the outward appearance of cleanliness of the people, serious contagious diseases like cholera, plague and smallpox are always rife. The traveller (and the foreign resident as a rule) drinks no water of the land, and with constant precaution usually escapes contracting any of these deadly complaints that lurk in every corner on land and sometimes on shipboard at sea. One of the sad features of illness in the East is the rapidity with which fevers and other maladies develop—allowing the patient and the physician scant time to combat them, so to speak. The white man, though he may be fortunate enough to avoid illness, cannot be said to thrive here. The yellow man to his rice fields, the white man where the wheat grows—these seem to be the divisions of the earth's surface where man, when he distributes himself naturally, lives longest, and is most at home.

March 18th.

As no other steamer was due, northward bound, for a number of days, we sailed away in the late afternoon of March 18th on the little s.s. *Machew*, from the low-lying, green-girdled, temple-bedecked city of Bangkok. Though it was low tide the river Menam's luxuriant green shores looked as attractive to the eye as when we had seen them first at full tide in the flush of the morning. The occasional rice mill in the foreground and the houses showing the piles upon which they rested above the water still fitted perfectly into the tropical picture.

We paused again at Paknam, at the entrance to the river, waiting for permission to go on and also to await the pleasure of the incoming tide to float our steamer safely across the great bar outside. The mosquitoes of Bangkok—and their name is legion—indeed of all Siam, seemed to have followed us here; harmless mosquitoes they were, we were told, though large and tormentingly industrious. One has to accept them as unpleasant accompaniments of a well-watered landscape where Mother Nature fairly surpasses herself in luxuriant vegetation.

While we were waiting, a whole fleet of little fishing boats came sailing in from the Gulf of Siam before the evening breeze. There were literally hundreds of them that passed, their white, brown and red sails outlined against the green of the shore; and a serene, effective and charming picture they made.

March 19th.

We sailed across the bar during the night and anchored off the island of Koh-si-chang, which, though distant many miles from Bangkok, is really the loading port

of Siam. The bar at the river's entrance prevents ships of any size from going heavy laden to or from the capital. The cargoes of rice and other commodities destined for exportation are brought down the river to this point in large sailing boats, to be transferred to ships that call here to receive the same. Most boats coal also at Koh-si-chang, thus, with coaling and loading with innumerable sacks of rice, the coolies fanning themselves energetically at every pause in their task, the *Machew* spent nearly the whole day at this island port. The King of Siam had a palace on this island which was destroyed by the French during one of their misunderstandings with Siam.

There are only four first-class passengers on the *Machew* —our party making three of the four and again I am the only lady on the list. There are a goodly number of deck passengers, mostly Chinese, going back to their island of Hainan. Our captain is a "character," large of circumference though small of appetite, a bit stern of voice when reproving his stewards and sailors, planning his own *menus* and taking infinite pains to tempt the palate of his passengers. It is interesting to note that English is the language of the sea in all parts of the East. The native crews on even the German boats understand orders only in this language.

We have two grown up, and a family of four small, fox terriers on board, to act as mascots, not to mention a big collie who spends all his time on the bridge, coming aft only for afternoon tea.

March 21st.

Yesterday was passed sailing down the Gulf of Siam. This morning at breakfast—we have most of our meals on deck—we saw in the distance the rather flat shore

of Cape Cambodia. Sailing around a small rocky island that lies at the foot of this cape we turned north into the China Sea again and all day have the jungly shores of Cambodia, a possession of France, in sight.

March 22nd.

The shores of Cambodia are still in sight (or those of Indo–Franco–Cochin-China—our geography is a little vague) on the left, the mouth of the Mekong River upon whose banks stands Saigon, having been passed during the night. The coast line is more rugged, mountains even being defined in the distance. The captain tells us that tigers abound in numbers through all this peninsula, which is not at all thickly populated, and, pointing to a lighthouse that stood upon a rocky eminence, casually remarked that a tiger came and ate up the lighthouse keeper there not very long ago.

The captain also pointed out the bay of Kamaranti, in the French possessions, where the Russian fleet coaled before setting forth to find the Japanese fleet—the finding of which led to the disastrous battle of Tsushima.

March 23rd.

The sea continues to treat us kindly, and the air begins to "cool down" a little as we sail northward. But we have been accustomed to a really hot temperature for so many weeks—to a temperature from eighty upwards during the day—that we are not quite sure but that a fine, livable, everyday atmosphere may not strike us as being uncomfortably chilly at first.

March 24th.

A rather rolly sea to-day, especially in the afternoon, until we came to the island of Hainan, when the wind fell and the waves likewise.

For several evenings past we have been treated to sunset effects out of the common to us, but quite usual in this part of the world. Low down against the horizon there seems to lie a thick bank of mist. The sun, as it approaches this bank, turns a deep red, growing deeper red until it is entirely lost behind this sullen grey bank of mist. It looks like a red moon rather than like a glowing sun. After its setting there is a fine afterglow up the sky, but no great radiance low down where it vanished from sight.

March 25th.

Sailing along the coast of Hainan all day—that is until four o'clock, when we dropped anchor in Hainan's harbour of Haihow. At a "respectful distance," too, from the shore we have kept all the way as this island is surrounded by reefs and sands and the water is shallow, furnishing no proper harbour, though the bay where we anchor has all the appearance of offering ships safe hospitality. But our anchor quickly struck mud and the steamer's screw beat the waters to a muddy brown when she stopped at the discreet distance of four miles from the shore. Just before entering the bay, looking westward across the strait, we caught our first glimpse of and indeed saw quite clearly the shores of "far Cathay."

What we hear of this island of Hainan, a Chinese possession, that in itself is as large as one of the larger countries of Europe, is that it is a naturally rich tropical

isle, almost entirely undeveloped. The interior is still occupied by the partly wild aborigines, the fringe along the coast being settled by the Chinese. There are a few miles only of proper road in the island, though there are countless footpaths and man is the beast of burden —he costs less to keep than a horse or a donkey—and here, as throughout the whole celestial kingdom, man is confronted by the problem of there being "little to earn and many to keep." The sampans, with their large wing-shaped sails made of strips of matting sewed together, flitted about the boats at anchor like huge moths and were the only medium between us and the shore.

March 26th.

We were due to sail early in the morning, indeed were well on our way when a Chinese coolie attempted suicide, and our captain being as big of heart as of body, turned the *Machew* round, returned to our starting-place and called a doctor from one of the ships at anchor there to come to dress the poor man's wound. This being done, the invalid was sent ashore to the hospital, with every prospect of recovery. But this tragedy delayed us several hours and we passed out of sight of Hainan, with a fine, lone Buddhist temple perched on a height as a parting memory, and went into the teeth of a north-east monsoon—wild wind with rain—for all the hours that remained of the day.

March 27th.

The wild monsoon continues, and our captain, realizing he cannot make Hong-Kong harbour in time to disembark his passengers, kindly goes some miles out of his course to get into quieter waters near shore; giving those

who had suffered acutely from *mal-de-mer* a chance to come on deck (their chairs being placed in quiet shelter in the captain's own corner) and to revive, after the storm and stress of much pitching and tossing and twisting of our miniature boat where the rather primitive passenger accommodation was all placed aft.

HONG-KONG, *March 28th.*

We were in a way unprepared for and most pleasantly surprised with Hong-Kong as seen from the sea and with the island-encircled, far-spreading harbour as seen from the land. It seems as if this fair port has a right to feel aggrieved that its praises have not been more widely sung—that somebody has not placed it alongside the harbours of Smyrna, Bombay and Naples for beauty. Its typhoons alone seem to be widely advertised, and they, now that science predicts the exact hour, force and direction of their coming from their haunts and places of brewing in the eastern islands of the China Sea, do not fill the breasts of navigators with quite so much trepidation as formerly. Then, too, typhoons have only restricted areas and seasons of their own; their visitations to the winding waters of the harbour of Hong-Kong are not of daily or even monthly occurrence. And Hong-Kong island sits for the most part in placid majesty and an even, damp temperature throughout the year. Whether you sail in by day or by night, it has a compelling attraction. By day its abrupt, almost perpendicular green heights, with embowered houses nestling here and there, almost to the very summit of the Peak, with the city itself, Victoria by name (though seldom called by its rightful appellation) at its base in the foreground make immediate appeal. At night, with the thousands of ships' lights in the harbour, with the city's

own illumination and the twinkling lights all along the Peak that make it difficult when looking up to tell where the stars on land leave off and those in the sky begin, it appeals perhaps still more.

And go you east or west, go always you must to Hong-Kong, for it is a port that lies ever in your path, not obtrusively, but as a calling-place on your way to "somewhere else." Though it is British soil, which I believe the traveller finds the most international soil on earth, one feels that the great mysterious Chinese Empire—no, Republic at the moment—lies just beyond, though never assertive to the outer world, struggling within itself, struggling to keep body and soul together, the individual always working, working at home if there be room for him and working in every land outside that will open its doors to him.

You may stay only a day or a whole week at Hong-Kong, but your first pilgrimage on the island will be made to the Peak, either on foot or by cable railway, and if the height be clear of mists every point is a vantage point, the view on every side is far and broad and pleasing. If you climb on foot the vegetation along the way claims a share of your attention and admiration. The air of Hong-Kong being so full of humidity (it is its weak point), the people in the green world do not have to struggle for a living. The tree fern will grow with the planting, palms grow of their own accord and at the end of March, our time of call, the Peakside was quite gay with the yellow-orange of the lantana plant and the ground hidden from sight by the mauve of the blossoming ageratum, while butterflies, of almost humming-bird proportions, fluttered their noiseless way and looked like blossoms themselves when they paused on some flower for a draught of honey. In the camphor trees by the pathside birds were singing familiar spring songs, so they must have

been first cousins at least to the birds that sing in the hedgerows of England and in the country ways of America at nesting time. The thrush at least made no effort to conceal his identity.

If nature is generous on the Peak at Hong-Kong so is the hospitality within doors—and generous is the hospitality throughout all the East for that matter. We lunched on one side of the Peak with wide views of islands and far glimpses of the China Sea in the distance, and tea was served to us in a garden at the other side overlooking the mainland of Kowloon, that looked blue and impressive if somewhat barren of vegetation. Among the familiar family pets of the children in this latter garden was a turkey, destined originally for the Christmas feast, but saved from its fate by virtue of unusual turkey perspicacity and signs of devotion. He would stride forward with a friendly gobble to be spoken to and to have his feathers stroked as naturally as the two little woolly "chow" puppies. When tea was forthcoming he waited in dignified silence near the tea table for the biscuit that was to be his portion; in this instance, his portion not being bestowed with the usual promptitude, he strode forth to the front, spread out his fine tail feathers into a circular fan, and gobbled for notice. He secured amused attention and his biscuit immediately, but I am sorry to have to add that when our backs were turned he marched to the tea table and purloined a sandwich without gobble or warning of any kind to announce his intention.

To add excitement to life on the Peak, word was about that a tiger's footprints, "pugs" as they are called, had been seen in various places; that the originator of the pugs had even been seen by one of the Indian policemen, a stalwart Rajput with fierce black beard parted down the centre, and others, and a price was put upon

the striped cat's head. He was supposed to have swum across from the mainland and was shy in his fresh surroundings, decoys of calves and sheep failing to attract him; but ladies living outside the city limits were a little timid about setting forth in their sedan chairs to festivities after nightfall as long as the island could furnish plain proofs of the mark of the beast!

The sedan chair is the most popular vehicle in Hong-Kong, though 'rickishas and even occasional motor-cars are in evidence where there are level roads. The 'rickisha-man cannot scale the steep heights, while the sedan chair, having two Chinese bearers, can cover the ground more easily, even if the motion is less steady and satisfying to the occupant of the chair. There is a sharp line, shall I say of cleanliness, drawn between the native Chinese and the English part of the city, and Europeans only are allowed to occupy houses on the Peak.

There are two gateways for ships entering the harbour, the channel being suitable on either side of the island and ships call and pass on north, south and eastward as they please from this port that was built on a rock to accommodate the traffic of the sea. Thus to-day, Hong-Kong, "good harbour," that a little over seventy years ago was a waste place, a haunt of pirates in fact, is a free port, second in importance as a shipping centre to none in the world.

CHAPTER IX

TO MANILA AND BACK TO CANTON

Our departure for the Philippines—Fireworks, the Chinese way of expressing emotion—The arrival at Manila—Some reflections on Cavite Bay—An encounter with a Filipino inspector at the custom-house—Our hotel in Manila, a bit of old Spain—The churches of the town—Fort McKinley—The dress of the people—The country around Manila, the native villages and some of the industries and pastimes of the people—Aguinaldo—The Filipino's plea—The wonderful sunsets as seen from the Luneta—Return journey to Hong-Kong—Night voyage up the Pearl River—Possibility of pirates—The arrival at Canton and the life of the people on the river—The birthplace of the revolution that made China a republic—Our palanquin bearers—All heads shorn—Ready for any emergency—The narrow streets and their picturesque advertising signs—Shops with attractive wares—The ubiquitous Chinese babies and their often pretty mothers—The old city walls, the Five Storey and the Flower Pagodas—The temple of the Five Hundred Genii—The Temple to Filial Duty and its tablets to countless ancestors—A lunch at Shameen, the European quarter—The return by railway to Kowloon and Hong-Kong.

March 31*st.*

We sailed away by the s.s. *Nile*, of the Pacific Mail Company, for the Philippines at ten o'clock this morning. A goodly ship, English owned, "tasteful" food, a smallish passenger list, the president of the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow and his wife being among the pleasantest fellow-voyagers. The sea was agreeably calm and the exit from Hong-Kong quite impressive as we circled the island and sailed away in a south-westerly direction towards the warmer tropics again. Little parties of Chinese folk hovered about our ship in small boats,

"letting off" fireworks, of the noisy not dangerous kind, in honour of friends who were leaving. We understand this is a favourite way of showing emotion and of giving expression to feelings that are not always reflected on their somewhat stolid countenances.

April 1st.

A little warmer—though warm before—and the sea a silky calm, calmer if possible than yesterday. We hear much regarding present day Chinese life from the good people of Foochow.

MANILA, *April 2nd.*

We anchored early this morning in Manila Bay, and after medical examination our ship was allowed to proceed and tie up at her berth at the dock. We came in too early, and there was too much of a mist to enable us to see anything of the far mountain background of the island of Luzon; but Cavite Bay, which forms a part of Manila Bay, was easily distinguishable—Cavite Bay, whose so-comparatively recent history has changed the national ownership of the more than three thousand islands that make up the group known as the Philippines and transformed America into a world power, whether she would or no.

From the very moment of landing one can see that the United States took up the white man's burden in conscientious and sober earnest when it was so gallantly thrust upon the nation by Admiral Dewey and his fleet and the soldiers who came after them during those last three momentous years of the nineteenth century. The United States may decide to lay that burden down or to let its "little brown brothers" try to carry it more

and more themselves; but that will be another story, the first chapter of which has only just begun.

A rigid Filipino inspector at the Manila custom-house examined our luggage with almost the minute caution with which he examined the belongings of a harmless-looking old Spaniard (in whose boxes he found many cases of highly-dutiable opium insecurely stowed away), and laid questioning hands upon what he considered a highly suspicious-looking new veil of mine, before he was convinced that we had nothing contraband, nothing that an honest man or woman was not entitled to possess upon entering a free country. My husband said that it was my having been an American before marriage that caused the difficulty, and I retaliated by laying the inspector's extra zeal to mistrust of my English husband! But when we looked about us and saw and heard the ignominy with which loyal and true Americans were being treated by other inspectors we concluded that entire courtesy had been meted out to us. After all, how do a few moments of unnecessary wait at a custom-house compare with whole long days of interest in visiting fresh fields, a new country made out of old material, a new civilization grafted upon old stock.

We were genuinely glad that the brand new up-to-date Manila Hotel, standing alone by its impressive self on the beach, was full and that we were sent on to the second best but old hotel (in spite of its name being the Delmonico), once a convent, located within the old walled city itself. "It's a genuine bit of old Spain," exclaimed my husband, who knows Castile and the Castilian tongue, as we entered the low, rambling old building, with its double inner court filled with palms and orchids and hanging air-plants, characteristic of the warm tropical land. And all the town within the walls is like old Spain, but with a difference—that difference being that

the Manila within the walls of to-day is clean, is well-lighted and well-policed, has modern sanitation and still is picturesque; while the Manila of the days of the Spanish occupation was distinguished by none of these features, save the picturesque. The old walls have been retained as far as possible for picturesqueness' sake, and also the old city gates, but the unwholesome moat with its unsightly contents has been filled in and turned into a pleasant boulevard. The greater town outside the walls, the new buildings put up by the American Government, are all in keeping with the old, are spread out, not too lofty, and are adapted to a tropical land.

And the churches, of the religion of old Spain, how numerous they are within the walled city! and how full of worshippers, at least during Holy Week, and the time we were there. The hand of Spain fell heavily in taxation, and perhaps cruelly, upon the people, but she implanted her religious institutions here securely and her tongue, which is the musical speech of even the youth who is too young to remember the time when the yellow and red flag floated where the red, white and blue flag floats to-day.

Perhaps the women of Manila have kept to the native dress of the islands more than the men. The latter affect more the western dress, that is, the western dress of the East—the white coat and trousers, though some of them still wear the gaily-striped jacket of stiff, thin gauze material. At first sight the native dress of the women was disappointing; but later on we became accustomed to the long, full, trained cotton skirt, starched "to stand alone," and held up by one hand most skilfully as they walk through the street, and to the little short jackets with inflated sleeves—the gauze of these jackets woven of some stiff fibre as well as starched to give the cool, stand-out effect. A dress perhaps for hot

summer day play, but hardly a work-a-day dress; though clad thus we saw women streaming from the factories, at housework, as nursemaids, as well as ladies of high degree out for a stroll.

Lying well within the tropics, as all of these islands do, and as the hot April sunshine testified (ninety-five degrees in the shade), the character of Manila and the country round about is less tropical-looking, or perhaps I should say, less Oriental-looking, than its position on the map would justify. Manila might be in Southern Europe; even the little native villages, made accessible by fine carriage roads of American construction, somehow savoured less of Asia than we had anticipated. As a rule each village contains a church, often of imposing proportions, built of stone and with an air of being centuries old, while the huts of the people, Malays (though perhaps of almost too mixed origin thus to be designated), are of the simplest possible construction. They are built of bamboo, their roofs thatched with the *nipa* palm, and rest upon piles raised several feet above the ground. Simple they are, yet not at all without a distinct picturesqueness of their own. One could understand how in warfare the church, near at hand and ready, became the strong fortess for insurgent bands; cntrenched therein the Filipinos dealt many hard and ungrateful blows ere American supremacy was established. And some of these old churches carry more suggestive marks of shot and shell than their sacred dedication would warrant.

We motored many miles through the country about Manila, only once striking a bit of "bumpy" road, and saw the natives at their work and play by the pleasant Passig River and elsewhere, and the Americans at Fort McKinley at their task—no light one—of governing the land. It cannot be said of the native that he loves to work, though rice fields and salt pans are proof

of some industry on his part; his requirements are few, the tropics are generous, and to work is a concession he seems to make to foreign prejudice. Even their fête days are many, cock fights are frequent and life is not dull. On one of our extended motor drives in the country it seemed as if almost every native we met had a red-combed, glistening-feathered cock under his arm, while around the cock-pit men, women and children were crowded to witness and to bet on the national sport. All the Far East is prone to gambling, the Chinaman perhaps most of all, but not at the expense of such witless, helpless outside agents.

Aguinaldo, chief of troublesome "insurrectos" some fifteen years ago, has retired from politics and returned, if not to his plough, to the rest and seclusion of country life. Unfortunately, his is an example not followed by many of the more advanced Filipinos, who love to agitate the question of Filipino independence and to assert that they are ready and trustworthy and quite capable of taking over the reins of government, and of driving the chariot of State over all the quicksands and shoals that lie in the path of nations new and untried in this or in any part of the world. A certain section of the United States listens to the Filipinos' plea and is inclined to respond to it; most of those who are on the spot question his ability to care for himself and to control the hundreds of thousands of semi-barbaric tribesmen who go to make up the sum total of the population of the Philippine Islands.

With all America has done for the Philippines, with all she has half-promised and is planning to do, with the keeping as she does the hands of other nations off, many of the Filipinos speak with more respect of their former oppressor Spain; prefer to speak the Spanish tongue, and can listen to the American national hymn

as it is played by the band in the evening on the "Luneta" with hat upon head, or will wander away before the air is half-finished to show their indifference or to emphasize the fact that it is not *their* national hymn. All this in spite of the fact that when Spain was in the Philippines and a Spaniard walked along the streets of Manila, the Filipino was expected to leave the pavement and stand with bared head while the ruler of his land passed by. This is what we are told, and this, if it be true, does not look as if the Filipino were ready yet to govern his country —his country that has been developed and made secure and livable for him by the nation he can treat with as much discourtesy as he dares and which still treats him, the "little brown brother," with the confidence and kindness it would bestow upon an equal white brother.

But this is all outside a traveller's proper field—'tis meddling with the political problems of a land one visits for a day, for a week! Though what one sees for himself in this interval is his own and his friends' property if he cares to pass it on.

What we saw in wondrous beauty while in Manila were the sunsets that not only illumined one part of the sky, but all the heavens equally, until one could not tell from the afterglow which was west, which east, which was the point where the sun went down. The fame of the Philippine sunsets (and the Philippine mangoes—with apologies to the sunset) has been spread abroad, and the Filipino at home is not indifferent to them. At the sunset hour he, with the rest of the Manila world, is out on the pretty open Luneta, facing the bay, listening to the excellent native constabulary band that plays at this time, looking skyward, too, as the splendour there deepens before ushering in the hot humid night.

The Filipino loves beauty, as he sees it, loves music

and can make it, is sober, is proud and has the goo manners of the Oriental, to which he has added something of the old-time courtesy of Spain. He is not very strong or fine physically unless he chances to come from the hills or from Moro lands, and then he may be fierce as well as strong. He takes to the sea in his more primitive state, just as most Malays do, and is as much at home on the water as on land. Altogether the Philippines are important islands in the world strategically, and have possibilities and riches unique to themselves that are now only just beginning to be appreciated by the outside world. As "wards," the people still need some discipline—discipline that most eastern grown-up children need to make them understand that punishment follows insubordination and that kind treatment "when they are good" does not necessarily mean weakness on the part of their guardian.

April 6th.

We sailed to-day—this evening in fact—from Manila on our return journey to Hong-Kong by the *Zafiro*, of the Philippines' Steamship Company. This is an American line of recent creation and officered by Americans, though the boats of which it is comprised are English built and owned. We leave Manila with warm memories of its hospitality and temperature.

April 7th.

Our first day out is smooth, with Luzon in sight most of the morning; and life for the little company on deck is most comfortably lazy.

April 8th.

Again a strong monsoon wind is blowing, and although my husband and I are up and about, our little boat is

tossed by all sorts of winds moving at cross purposes and generally "contrary."

April 9th.

We were grateful for the calm of Hong-Kong harbour this morning at a reasonably early hour. The good gentlemen hasten to get their work done that we may take the boat this evening for Canton.

CANTON, *April 10th.*

Our journey up the Pearl River was made at night, and thus, except for some wondering on the part of a few of our fellow travellers as to whether our boat would be held up by pirates, we had no special experience to narrate until the morning came. The speculation as to pirates was caused by the capture of a boat in this same Pearl River a few days before and by the fact that our own boat, the *Heung Shan*, had guns in position for defence, the bridge was armoured and a strong grille separated the first-class passengers from the third-class that always travel in numbers and among whom pirates have been known to embark.

Daylight and Canton came together for us. Our boat was just slowing down as we came on deck, and such a scene of confusion on the small boats by which we were surrounded we never expect to witness again. There was a strong current flowing in the river—the river that was almost hidden by the junks, sampans and other craft that tried to keep up with us, that stretched out grappling hooks to get hold of us, men and women grapplers being frantic alike in their efforts to be first. So this was the Pearl River, too muddy I am afraid its whole length for one to see pearls at the

bottom; but the river upon which so many thousands, indeed, so many millions, have been born, have lived their whole lives and have died without knowing any other home. They may be buried on shore, but that experience with the land comes too late for them to understand or to care for its shelter.

While the mothers pulled desperately at the oar or at the boat-hook, I must say the babies strapped at their backs smiled as contentedly as if their parent were swaying backward and forward for the pleasure, not for the profit of her offspring. On the whole it was not a pleasing river scene that we looked down upon, but a scene in which the river population seemed to be struggling fiercely for a livelihood. Later, when our ship was emptied of its passengers and cargo, I have no doubt but that the scene on the river became more calm, that grappling hooks and perhaps oars would be put away and that a quiet domestic life might go on on board the little craft, at least until the arrival of the next steamer.

The shore view from our boat of the quays and native city was rather grey and dispiriting, and the interest only began when we had taken our seats in palanquins, each carried on the shoulders of four muscular Chinamen, clad only in blue cotton knickerbockers, and threaded our way through one of the gates that led into the native city. It takes considerable comprehension to understand that this same Canton was the birthplace of the revolutionary movement that brought the great Chinese Republic into present being. Of course great men can spring from any surroundings, but a superficial glance at Canton does not suggest that modern movements would be likely to spring spontaneously and take deep root here.

But certain it was, even our half-naked palanquin bearers were shaven of head and no longer wore the

queue, that humiliating mark of servitude to the Manchu dynasty. We do not recall now that we saw a single head unshorn in Canton, though perhaps at heart they may not all have been loyal republicans, or in mind known what a republic stands for.

There is a certain dignity of bearing and reserve about the humblest Chinaman in his native land, and although we asked many questions of our guide we were careful to leave any reference to Chinese politics out of our range of discussion as there were, both in the European settlement and in the native town, many misgivings and considerable uneasiness as to the immediate future.

That the inhabitants of Canton are ready for any emergency, be it from incursions of pirates or from political uprisings, may be judged from the huge wooden bars with which all the house doors and shop doors of the more wealthy are fitted, and which can be closed in an instant; and also from the strength of the city gates and the gates which divide the city itself into different wards.

In Canton we realized for the first time that advertising signs can be picturesque. The little narrow streets are full of them—long, narrow, brightly-coloured paper signs; signs upon cloth, upon silk and lacquered wooden signs. Looking down a street these brilliantly-coloured signs give it a gala aspect. They do not seem to get in the way though hung loose for the winds to flutter. Perhaps to the stranger it is more picturesque than to the Chinese dwellers themselves. The Chinese characters that to us look almost like pictures, when well drawn, may from the native point look almost as crude as our own bald A, B, C's do to us when they advertise a brand of silk, a brand of tea or a brand of tobacco.

Oh, but there is much dirt and more smells in a Canton street than one can find, it would seem, in the

combined streets of all the world! And how the people swarm! All the little shops are open to the passer-by, and the men who bear you in your palanquin do not move so swiftly but that you can see the people at their work, see how they live, their ancestral tablets and shrines set apart for family worship, and the wonderful array of queer things to eat that is offered for sale. Vegetables of every known kind are piled high and meats, both fresh and dried, of all sorts of canny and uncanny animals; eggs also, from the newly-laid down to those (most highly prized we understand) black with venerable age.

Next will come a quarter or ward where pictures or curios are invitingly displayed. One wanted to "dismount" and to go inside each little shop to see if things that looked so attractive from the street would bear a close inspection. Some of the *kakemonos*, characteristic drawings on long narrow strips of rice paper or silk suspended from rollers, *were* worth closer examination, though Canton has been the Mecca of art connoisseurs and curio-hunters for a number of years past. The choicest pieces may be gone from the shops, but so amazing and bewildering is the amount that is left one is tempted beyond restraint to buy something here where it seems to cost but a song.

Sometimes, when you would not choose to stop on your own account, your guide will suddenly cause you to be set down before some door leading into a tiny, tiny room where half a dozen Chinamen may be painting their lightning-stroke conventional pictures that long practice has enabled them to do with hardly a glance at the rice paper on which their designs are carried out. Another usual stopping-place is before the door of the men who make such really lovely jewellery with the tinies of fragments of the bright plumage of the king-fisher

pasted, almost inlaid, on gold or silver or even on more common metals. Next you may be ushered through some narrow unclean passage into an open court, this court surrounded by rooms where silks and embroideries —both old and new—and wonderful silk brocades, woven on hand looms, are shown with tempting lavishness. Here also bits of old china, wood-carvings and choice lacquer ware of any date, keep you wondering at the instinct for beauty that even the humblest of Chinese workmen seems to possess. Not even the sharp pinch of poverty, nor the squalor of their surroundings, seem to blunt this instinct which is in most cases their only inheritance.

As you are borne—not carried, drawn, or pushed—through the streets in your palanquin you can put out your hands on either side in most places, are you so minded, and touch the walls of the buildings. Thus, when it came to the question of passing any one coming from an opposite direction there were loud calls to halt, signs, and, may I use the unpoetic word, grunts from our charioteers, much interest exhibited on the part of the spectators and some inconvenience caused on both sides before the passing could be safely accomplished.

But we did not have many encounters of this sort during the day we spent at Canton, as disturbances were feared in the city, where there were many agitators, both republican and otherwise, and few travellers were about for the time being. We did not know whether to be most reassured by or to be most fearful of the policemen on duty who carried their loaded automatic pistols in their hands, sometimes held out directly in front of them. However, we were reassured and diverted by the "ubiquitousness" of the children and babies (just like the Chinese dolls one sees) —the latter sprawling in and having the right of way of the streets where a

horse would fear to tread; their bright merry smiles and salutations and waves of the hand certainly ought to have been most reassuring, together with the pleasant smiles of their pretty mothers. For many of the Cantonese women are delicately pretty, though their hair is drawn severely back and twisted into an uncompromising knot through which is shot one or more ornaments of silver or jade, preferably jade, as that stone seems to be the especial talisman of China.

We visited the old city walls, from which we saw a few hills, not many trees—save a few "Paradise" (cotton) trees in pleasing orange flower—and much flat, rolling country beyond, and, looking upon the city we saw what might be called a flat town, so few buildings there were that rose above their neighbours. Of course there were the "Five Storey Pagoda" and the "Flower Pagoda," really rising like a flower with its nine tiers of petals, shall we say, gradually diminishing in size as they reach the top.

The temple at which we halted longest was that of the Five Hundred Genii, five hundred statues of Buddha and his disciples, in different attitudes, of which one (is it the five-hundredth?) is of Marco Polo, who evidently made a deep impression upon the Chinese in his day. That was a day when the traveller from the far West in this old undisturbed part of the world might be looked upon almost as a god, or perhaps, on the other hand, if he failed to please, might be regarded as an emissary altogether undesirable and one to be dealt with accordingly.

Next, a great temple, "The Temple of Filial Duty," was visited, where there was much brightly-tinted decoration in glazed porcelain and wood-carving, and which held countless tablets placed by faithful descendants to the memory of countless ancestors. Western churches

and western architecture may be described more or less intelligently by one who has been brought up among them; but a half-hour's visit to a far eastern temple, and even the photographs of it that one may bring away with him, leave an impression as little intelligible as it would be explicable. Symbols that are eloquent to the people themselves give the visitor no right to remark upon them when they are necessarily meaningless to him. Fortunately, nature is intelligible whether it be East or West.

After a late afternoon lunch at Shameen, the European quarter, where we sampled the famous "bird's-nest soup," we made our return journey by the recently completed railway from Canton to Kowloon over a landscape quite destitute of ordinary highways, with apparently nothing but narrow stone paths leading across the fields. There were occasional pagodas and little grey towns where one building would stand out from all the rest, a sort of storehouse and pawnshop combined, for the use of the community. Neither a horse nor a donkey did we see during the several hours' journey; man carried his hay and his vegetables in great bamboo baskets suspended from a pole across his shoulder. In a country where people are so poor and the struggle for food is so great, man must be his own beast of burden.

The numerous graveyards with their curious horse-shoe-shaped tombs made one understand how difficult it is for foreign enterprise to get permission to build a railway over ground held sacred for so many thousands of years and containing the ashes of so many centuries of revered ancestors. Our impression was that it was a sad bit of landscape, old and worn and tired even at its best time of year. But after all this was but a very small part of China; there are parts of it that are as smiling and glad as those of any other land.

Certainly as we approached Kowloon and skirted the shores of a many-islanded, miniature, inland sea, there was beauty and colour enough both on land and water to make up for any lack we had felt before ; and we noticed, too, in the territory leased by the British, that here good roads, those forerunners of prosperity, began.

It was almost dark as we were ferried across from Kowloon to Hong-Kong and the bare, tropical mountains on the mainland had lost their look of desolation, but a whole month of experience seemed to have been crowded into those past twelve hours of daylight. Impressions do not like to be crowded, they like to expand and if too many are pressed into one day they come out, as it were, a little jostled, the lesser ones perhaps being lost altogether.

CHAPTER X

SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI AND THROUGH THE INLAND SEA TO KOBÉ

The journey up the coast from Hong-Kong to Shanghai—Easter Sunday on board our ship—Smooth seas, but a fall in the temperature—The yellow Yangtze River that acts as an empire builder—The Woosung River—Chinese towns with their curled, turn-up roofs—Shanghai and its "model settlement"—Some English names of streets and English gardens—The wheelbarrow of old China, together with 'rickishas, landaus and electric trams—Chinese women limping on tiny feet—At wing-folding time we take our departure—Across the Yellow Sea to Nagasaki—The coaling of ships by Japanese girls—Characteristic row boats of the harbour—We fall upon cherry-bloom time—From summer back to spring—The Shinto "Bronze horse" temple—The Shinto and the Buddhist beliefs—A tea-house and a garden small, and a visit to a Buddhist temple—On again with many windings, many charming views, through to the Inland Sea—Kobé, an interesting city from which to radiate—Our first cherry dance—A painter with an appreciative circle of onlookers—The old and the new in Kobé.

April 11*th.*

We left Hong-Kong—Hong-Kong of picturesque setting past most ports of the world—this afternoon at one o'clock, sailing northward out of the tropics by the large *Mongolia*, of the Pacific Mail line. We climbed high to get on board, but the construction of the ship is such that once on deck one gets a full and beautiful view of the seapath in front and an equally uninterrupted view of the waters over which we have just passed! Our boat is crowded—the serious and the frivolous being in about equal proportions. Some of the dressing is

"quaint" and the dancing quainter—especially the Tango, by which we have been more or less edified this evening. It is our first experience of this vastly popular dance which has gone before or followed us around the world. The sea, happily, is smooth and our boat big and staunch.

April 12th.

It is Easter Sunday, our tables are sweet with lovely white Easter lilies and we have had a short Easter service in the lounge. The temperature is warm and this is a sociable sea over which we are sailing; the mainland or its islands mistily in sight all day and boats big and little; fishing boats with big brown sails, sampans and even little row boats crossing our path quite at ease on a smooth bluish sea. Last evening, in the full moonlight, we passed so near some of these small craft that the waves made by our boat must have given them quite a rocking.

April 13th.

Smooth seas, happily, still, but a great fall in the temperature. We bundle into our wraps and hunt out long-put-away flannels from our boxes. Even then the air seems chill—an air that we should probably call bracing if we had not come from a many weeks' stay amid the gentle, if enervating, tropics. We now feel that we are journeying northward—journeying backward, one might say, from summer into spring.

There are islands to-day to right as well as to left of us.

SHANGHAI, *April 14th.*

Our boat cast anchor last night near the outlet of the great Yangtze River, and this morning we wakened

with a yellow sea in name and in fact all about us. The water did not look exactly unclean, but it was so thickly mixed with mother earth that no salt water baths were demanded. This same great Yangtze River, with its many tributaries, adds appreciably every day fresh territory to China—is indeed an empire builder—bringing soil even from far Thibet and gathering more from every district that it laves. It is small wonder that towns situated by the sea a few hundred years ago should now be miles inland and that fresh islands miles in extent should have been formed in recent times. But the building up of a country by silt brought down by rivers, does not mean the construction of mountains—a flat land is the result.

The great Woosung River bar—"the heaven-sent barrier of the Chinese"—prevented our big boat from going beyond Woosung; and all who wanted to go to Shanghai were transferred to a large tug and we continued up that river—an hour's steam—passing numerous towns with their curled, turn-up roofs, "humming" factories, green fields, where marks of industry were everywhere in evidence. The river itself, with the foreign warships (their flags at half-mast for the Empress Dowager of Japan), the smaller boats and Chinese floating craft of every description, presented a most confused surface as we approached the Bund, where we disembarked—set down at once, as it were, in the "model settlement," in the foreign part of the greater Shanghai.

Situated upon a broad alluvial plain, one of the richest in China, with great cities lying just beyond it in the interior, with a waterway leading to its door, and the sea and the great Yangtze River within a few miles' call, Shanghai has every excuse for being a big, bustling port. But strange to say, its great world-wide trade importance is of as recent date as 1842, the year of its capture by

the British during the first China War. The Treaty of Nanking that ceded Hong-Kong to Great Britain opened Shanghai and four other Chinese ports to foreign trade.

Out of a wilderness of marsh land the British created a settlement, a model town with fine buildings, lovely gardens, broad streets bearing such inviting names as Bubbling Well Road, Love Lane and a hundred others, and with this settlement as a nucleus other foreign Powers have secured concessions and have added thereto; the whole constituting a city, a "model settlement" entirely up-to-date, alongside of the Chinese city that savours entirely of the land.

The trees were just coming into leaf, primroses were in bloom and the blackbirds were singing in the English gardens of Shanghai as we drove down Nanking Road through strangely familiar, westernized eastern streets to the homes of our friends. In the English and other settlements many signs of the Far East were not lacking. There were shops with carved wood and floating Chinese signs; the wheelbarrow—with the wheel through the centre—that characteristic conveyance of inland China, was here wending its loaded way among the landaus, the electric trams and the 'rickishas of modern times. This European quarter also abounded with Chinamen and Chinese women, seemingly as much at home as in their own quarter; the women, some of them limping along on tiny feet, not quite so pretty and so "well-combed" as those of Canton; the men larger, broader-faced and more Mongolian-looking than those we saw in Southern China, and with one even more significant difference—many of them still wore the queue, a long queue lengthened out in some cases by a string. We imagined even that in several instances where heads had been shorn in the first frenzy of constitutionalism

the hair was being permitted and encouraged to grow long again.

A few midday hours only we had at Shanghai, and a real bird's eye view it was we had of the town! For a bird is about only during the daylight hours, and it visits places where there are gardens and green trees to give it footing; in the more crowded haunts of man it does not find welcome by day and its wings must be folded at night.

At wing-folding time, then, our good-byes were said to the English gardens and the friends who dwelt therein; and we were back on our boat with only a memory of Shanghai in its spring dress, Shanghai gilded with sunshine, not with electric light.

April 15th.

On again—eastward—towards Nagasaki, our first calling point in Japan. If this be still the Yellow Sea it is not so yellow as it was near the mouth of the Yangtze; it is greenish even in colour. The weather is still chilly, home-April-like, spring-like in fact.

NAGASAKI, *April 16th.*

Any one arriving in Japan first from the west—and it sounds rather curious to speak when coming from China as coming from the west—is at least very prettily welcomed upon entering the harbour of Nagasaki, even if he be forbidden to photograph any of the prettiness by which he is surrounded. The harbour, though not on such a large scale nor so impressive as that of Hong-Kong, has great charm—the keynote of sea and landscape harmonies in Japan; it is almost landlocked by islands, some of them little and green-wooded like those out-

lined on a Japanese screen. If there are fortifications in the harbour, one does not see any disfiguring signs of them, though shipbuilding goes on briskly but on a more miniature scale than we had been led to expect from the restrictions put by the authorities upon cameras and any sketching within the harbour's enclosure.

One's fascinated interest is aroused by many novel sights long before one is permitted to set foot on land. For example, the unique fashion of coaling of ships by hundreds of Japanese girls assisted by a few members only of the hardier sex. Our *Mongolia* being a large boat and her appetite for coal being in proportion to her size, the coal-laden barges were hovering all about waiting for the dropping of our anchor. Hardly was this accomplished before dozens of impromptu ladders were constructed up both sides of the ship, and streams of baskets with the regularity of machines began to pour up the ship's side, passed up step by step by hundreds of hands, a most picturesque and at the same time laborious undertaking. The girls were dressed in rather dark jackets and trousers (sure to be dark any way before their task was completed) with white kerchiefs or a small native towel over the head, these kerchiefs having Japanese characters woven or printed on them. All the afternoon and far into the night this coal loading process continued—a process rhythmic in motion and rather silent as compared with the noisy Arab coaling chant one hears when ships are being coaled at Port Said.

The row boats of the Nagasaki harbour are not especially distinctive save that the oars seem to be jointed, the lower part loose and making a wriggling motion in the water, not unlike the movement of the tail of a fish instead of the sweep one expects oars to make. But it was a steam launch that took us ashore in the crisp cool

of the April day; and jinrickishas, less modern vehicles, waited on land to take us to any point that our fancy might lead us to choose.

By happy chance we came upon cherry-bloom time in Japan—both the single and the double bloom-time of these trees, which are grown almost wholly for ornament—though the chill winds had wasted many of the petals of the single blossoms which come out first and have a briefer reign of beauty than the blossoms of the double flowering kind. And there was a halo of young spring green over all the trees up the gently sloping encircling hillsides; surely, it was the psychological moment to arrive, if one would see the year grow from lovely childhood into splendid maturity, all within the period of a few magic weeks!

That Nagasaki was the part of Japan that first came into contact with or felt the influence of the outside world, was for the moment a far less interesting fact to us, than it was to find that the pretty little ladies of the "Flowery Kingdom" still walk the streets, still ride in their 'rickishas, or trip lightly on their wooden clogs (a strap caught between the big and the second toe holding them fast) in the costumes fashioned for them long before the days of the great Shoguns; long before western foot had intruded with its cramped, unpicturesque fashions. To be sure we did not find the little ladies quite so pretty of face as we had anticipated, but they conquered, they and their babies strapped on their backs, by their very numbers and by the graceful dress they wear so smilingly, so light-heartedly. When Japanese meet Japanese there comes no tug of war, but among acquaintances the profoundest bows that can with eastern dignity be accomplished. In the streets of Nagasaki we first saw their greetings—the little ladies (almost stage ladies, so quaintly set they and their surroundings),

bowing gravely, almost double, to each other at parting and not once, but three times to emphasize their high esteem one for the other. It is a picture land still, we quickly discovered, with all its modern naval successes; old Japan still in spite of all the young new airs it tries to assume.

Having only a few hours on shore we directed our 'rickisha men to take us to the principal points of interest, to the Shinto "Bronze horse" temple first, though every narrow street through which we passed was a "principal point," one not to be lost in the eagerness to see more studied and elaborate places. No horses or motors are there to disturb the serenity of the streets, so the people have them practically to themselves. Little toy-like, moon-faced babies waved their chubby hands and greeted us with "o-hayō" as we passed; the shops were inviting with their old and new wares for sale, and the little glimpses we got of tiny gardens through open doorways, with their trees in miniature—perhaps hundreds of years old, planted in glazed blue and white pots and growing and looking happy for all their years—made us want to call a halt at every turn.

The Shinto temple of Nagasaki stands upon the hillside against a background of great camphor trees. The long flight of stone steps which leads up to the temple is arched at the beginning by enormous bronze *torii*, and *torii* also of stone. This curious form of gateway, two almost upright posts sloping slightly inward and supporting a cross beam that projects on either side and curls upward at the ends, is always associated with Shinto temples, and (like the Shinto religion) is indigenous to Japan and has come down from earliest times. The Buddhist religion came across from China and Korea and was grafted on to the Shinto beliefs; since when both religions have lived side by side quite amicably,

COALING SHIP AT NAGASAKI.

improvising and sharing their many gods and sacred sites; and a Japanese of the old school will usually tell you that he holds to both faiths. The flight of stone steps leading up to this temple was also graced on either side by stone lanterns, without which no temple precinct is complete, and rows of cherry trees whose great, double, rosy blossoms resemble the flowering almond trees of our own home gardens, the whole making an approach altogether charming in effect. The architecture of the temple itself is simple, as is that of most of the Shinto temples of Japan; the buildings are of one storey and built of wood, the overhanging roofs thatched with thick bark and the whole being dependent for outer decoration upon the very fine wood-carving and lacquer work often spread with lavish hand.

One stands for a moment before the temple to watch the people come, drop their offerings before the shrine, then clap their hands to get the attention of the special god to whom they address their petitions, bow reverently and at last turn away, conscious at least of having won merit and perhaps the boon for which they have petitioned. There are countless tablets to far remote and to recent ancestors; thus at least one of the Ten Commandments is kept with scrupulous devotion in China and in Japan.

On this temple hillside was a tea-house and near it a garden, small but fair, containing a fountain, a tiny pond set with islets, connected by miniature curved bridges, and around which grew and blossomed the white wistaria, azaleas of every known tint, red dwarf maples just coming into leaf—in fact, a garden wholly Japanese, wholly satisfying when seen in Japan.

On a height opposite we visited another temple set amid cherry blossoms—a Buddhist temple this—with many contemplative gold, marble and stone Buddhas sitting upon carven lotus flower bases while the years

roll by and men come and go seeking a way which shall free them from desire; some escape from the long series of reincarnations, which, if they win not merit now, may take them down the scale from man to beast, from beast to—what? A very real life, a very real beauty—foreign yet comprehensible—was in the air, and temples were to be taken as was the rest of the land, on their artistic merits, of which they had many, rather than upon their teaching which one could not, if one would, understand.

Back to our steamer we turned, well pleased with our first taste of Japan and the sweets it had offered us; back to our steamer which loomed up so large in the little harbour and where the coaling process was still going on, fresh young arms replacing tired ones. But fresh or tired, the work progressed with smiles, while the night that came down did not seem like darkness with spring so gay and bright and triumphant all around us on land.

April 17*th.*

Before daylight this morning the *Mongolia* started onward, taking a north-easterly course and circling among smallish islands on her way to the entrance of the famous Inland Sea. Early in the day the air on deck was too chilly for comfort and our views of the mainland, of rocky isles, suggesting volcanic origin, were obtained mostly from the windows of the pleasant warm upper deck sitting-room, or lounge, of the ship. There was not as much "atmosphere" among these islands as a warmer sun might have called forth, but as we neared the Straits of Shimonoseki the bare hills and mountains took on very graceful lines and groupings; and at half-past three in the afternoon when we had halted outside to take on board our Japanese pilot, the chill wind was

gone and the ship's pathway among little lowlands and gently undulating islands (each with clumps of pine trees and patches of cultivated land) made an unreservedly lovely picture. We were reminded that in 1904 a part of the Russian fleet sailed out from the shelter of one of the islands near these straits, going northward, not so many miles, to Tsushima, there to be vanquished by the surprising navy of this little land of Japan.

But to return to the altogether lovely and peaceful setting of the gateway leading windingly (and at one or two places quite narrowly) into the Inland Sea. Little villages nestled in the green of the shore, their houses grey-roofed and low, as if offering humble apology for venturing to intrude upon a spot so beautified by nature, so little aided by man. The picture was not spread out upon a great canvas suddenly, but just seemed to unroll before us as we sailed, like the pictures on a Chinese scroll. The mountains in the background of the two larger islands on either side were partly wooded, partly terraced for cultivation and bare on their topmost heights. A conical hill seemed to lie directly in our steamer's path at one point, then the course was changed, our boat turning almost directly to the left, through a narrow point of the strait that opened into a bay so filled with sailing ships that our boat could make but slow progress. A large town bordered this bay on the right, and here many vessels were anchored, it being the port from which ships sailed forth for Korea.

Sailing on almost directly eastward, we passed through a second narrow gateway, green-walled and swinging open all silently and invitingly as our steamer approached, and we were well within the Inland Sea! The shores quickly receded and it might have been a sea in any part of the world for all that we saw during the remaining hours of daylight. But a few hours after nightfall

there came again narrow water pathways, fairy-like islands and bits of scenery that would have made the heart glad had not darkness hidden them from view.

KOBE, *April 18th.*

Kobé, the great port of the Inland Sea, a point where many travellers disembark, ourselves among the number, is modern and prosperous, its shops displaying many tempting wares ; but it is a centre to radiate from rather than to remain in for long, when regarded from a sight-seeing standpoint. And not that it lacks attraction, united as it is with the older town of Hyogo and its several shrines, and situated as it is by the many-islanded sea and at the base of fine wooded mountains. But in Japan, where there is so much in nature and in art that calls for a visit of appreciation, one must choose out of the abundance of beauty to pay homage to the particular landmarks and pilgrimage haunts that make first claim upon the fancy.

Kobe's disadvantage lies in its nearness to places that make stronger appeal, though the cherry dance that we witnessed on the evening of our arrival was as full of colour and airy grace as any cherry blossom season could inspire. The orchestra was composed of little ladies kneeling on each side of the large hall and playing on small drums and all sorts of curious stringed-instruments that made sometimes harmony and sometimes not to our western ears. Part of the time with the playing there would be singing or rather low chanting by the ladies sitting on the right—these dressed in rather dark, sober colours—to be punctuated by high, creaky little notes flung in at times by the ladies on the left. These ladies on the left were in rich brocaded robes of blue and rose and gold with *obis* (the girdle worn about

the waist with broad fold at the back) of surpassing fineness of material. There was unquestionably method in the madness of the gentle music—there must have been —or, when the curtain went up on the three sides, in front where the dancing took place and on either side where the orchestra sat, the twelve little ladies could not have tripped out with little short steps, and bowed and swayed and kneeled and trotted backward and forward as rhythmically as they did! A graceful and refined if not a wildly exciting performance.

They illustrated with their dancing as many as a dozen different scenes—beautiful landscape pictures, scenes from the history of their country—and not the least of the interest and charm of it all was the way the scenery was shifted before our eyes—mountains taking the place of rivers, houses giving way to gardens, rocks falling into place and flowers springing into bloom gently and smoothly without any rude shock to the sensibilities of the spectator. The curtain went up for the last scene upon a perfect riot of rose-coloured cherry blossoms—sprays of blossoms in the hands of the dancers, fairly torrents of sprays of blossoms falling and swinging from above—in fact a riotous feast of cherry blossoms, of smiling little ladies moving with mincing step to the beating of cymbals, the sound of high-pitched voices and the twanging of strings. The cherry blossoms were as true to life as were the dancers and the dancing; and yet all were unreal and lovely enough to be mistaken for an old picture suddenly taking to movement and sound within its glittering mediæval frame. To show how much the cherry blossoms are prized by the people I quote one of their proverbs: "The cherry is first among flowers, as the warrior is first among men."

In the central court or hall of our hotel, a delightful old man of the people held the charmed attention of

guests for hours at a time by his wonderful ability to draw, with a few dexterous strokes, a quivering bamboo spray, a gnarled old pine tree, a cherry branch laden with bloom—anything he had ever seen growing out of doors—with more than a hint of the grace of the living thing itself. Bits of cardboard, or pieces of silk or gauze with finished pictures upon them, fluttered out with amazing swiftness from under the spell of his deft fingers and into the possession of appreciative onlookers. He was there morning, noon and night and never seemed to tire of his work, any more than we did of watching him! I suppose that was the way in the old days greater painters than he were wont to paint; with sudden, inspired impulse they caught the airy grace of the bird on wing, the glint of the silver scales of a fish as it flashed through the water, or the spirit and lightness of the snow that crowned their heights or wrapped their little hamlets round in frosty winter. They of the old Kano School are long since gone, but they left masterpieces-in-brief and an original style of painting that the later painters of Japan have been too wise to depart from, or, under western influence, to seek to disparage.

It was a little confusing at first in Kobe—the mix up of the old and new—the electric tram and the jinrickisha drawn by a trotting man; but it was a distinct pleasure to see so many Japanese men, as well as all the women in the street, keeping to their old national dress and characteristic footgear. This latter comprises socks woven or knitted with a separate partition for the big toe; then the foot is slipped into a wooden clog—sometimes of light and dainty make, and sometimes more cumbersome of design, according to the weather. Deftly and readily can these clogs be dropped at the door, for only unshod feet are admitted into the dainty interiors of the Japanese houses, some of these so light of structure it seems as

if a breath, not to speak of a typhoon, would blow them away.

The western hat, more often the cap, unfortunately, in some form or other, seems to prove irresistible to the Japanese man of both high and low degree; but the little ladies consistently keep to no headdress at all, their hair being brushed high pompadour fashion in front, and the knot at the back pierced with as many silver pins and such other ornaments as they may have in their possession. It is mostly in the towns, however, that one can complain of the western hat; in the country the working man still shields his head from rain and sunshine alike with the spreading umbrella-like straw hat favoured by his ancestors. The first rainy day we had at Kobe brought out also the oiled paper umbrellas and straw raincoats into the streets in wholly satisfying and picturesque numbers.

Before leaving Kobe we climbed up a narrow ravine to see one or more waterfalls and to get views of the city, sea and fields afar. There were cherry blossoms and tea-houses to cheer us on our way, the views were not disappointing, and the Japanese waterfalls came tumbling down with April fullness and freshness—a reward that one had a right to expect at the end of so steep a climb.

CHAPTER XI

TO KYOTO AND YOKOHAMA BY THE TOKAIDO

Our first railway journey in Japan and views of the fascinating land from the carriage windows—Osaka and the fable of the frogs—A stop at Kyoto, the old capital—Visit to a garden fair and to temples beautiful in setting and rich in artistic possessions—Our second cherry dance, the *Miyako odori*—Assisting at the tea ceremony—A glimpse of Lake Biwa—Our vision of Fujiyama, high priest of mountains—Yokohama as an interesting headquarters—Commodore Perry's expedition—Our interesting native visitors and the wares they were pleased to show us—The Chinese as dressmakers and their industry in general—Their picturesque English—Japanese art and Japanese nature—The old colour prints of this land—A story of a famous old Chinese painter.

April 21st.

From Kobé we set forth on our first railway journey in the land of the Rising Sun. It was a short journey, this first one, but since all was new to us, from the railway carriage—which, by the way, had seats running along the side and was not so comfortable as one might have desired—to the landscape through which it passed, it seemed long in experience. Every tiny bit of ground was cultivated and the grain was up and tall enough for us to call it by name. On all sides there were rape fields in full yellow bloom making one feel that other than canaries had uses for the seed of that flower.

Osaka, a short hour from Kobe, we saw, not as the bird flies, but almost as swiftly, from the train windows; saw how big it was but not how fair. A friend, long a resident of Japan, gave us the following story relative

to this district, though I suspect it is not a new tale but is part of the lore of the land. A frog living at Kyoto had a great desire to see Osaka and so one day he hopped off to see the great city and all its famous places. When he reached the height called Tennō-zan he met a frog from Osaka who was on his way to visit Kyoto. They told each other of their intention and began to complain of the hardships they had already undergone, and yet each was only half-way to his destination. From the top of Tennō-zan (where they were standing) the whole of Osaka and Kyoto could be seen. They resolved to save themselves from further weariness and be content with the view they could get from that height. So they stretched their backs, stood on tiptoe, and looked with great intentness, each toward the city before him; but only to turn away with disappointment and contempt, declaring that he saw nothing except what he had been wont to see in his native city! The frogs thought they were looking in front of them and forgot that when they stood up their eyes were in the backs of their heads and that each could see only what was behind, not what was before him. Then they returned home, each by the way he had come; the Kyoto frog having seen nothing unusual in the Osaka view, and the Osaka frog declaring "there is not a bit of difference between Kyoto and my own birthplace!"

On our way onward to Kyoto we saw broad valleys, the storied height of Tennō-zan, and saw hills high and hills gently rolling; lazy streams covered with lily pads, and streams hurrying seaward; pine trees against the sky line in all the forms one has ever seen them in Japanese illustration; patches of bamboos, which upright graceful shrub the more you see the more you like; and over all was the April sunshine that had brought up the green blade and out the green leaf—performing

the old miracle, the most wonderful, the most hopeful that all men can witness.

Kyoto dawned upon us, quaintly, warmly and distinctly, for it seemed morning still when we reached there. It filled us with desire and with the spirit of haste to see all we could in the brief time we had to give to sight-seeing in that wonderful city—the city that is the real heart of old Japan and was its capital for nearly eleven centuries. It is so individual, so charming, so unspoiled now, what must it have been in the Middle Ages when it stood almost alone in importance, and Yedo was but a country village and Tokyo, its successor, was a name unknown! Many times have city and Mikado's palaces been burned, for wood is the natural food of flames; but a new city, whose features were the same, rose again, and the song a poet sang in praise of one temple, one palace, might apply to the new temple, the new palace, builded upon the site of the old.

At the Kyoto Hotel there were pretty, bowing, smiling little ladies to receive us and show us our room, and it was more easy to be received by them than it was to dismiss the smiling little persons from our rooms when the receiving formalities were over. As no guides were available, the kind manager chose two men to draw our 'rickisha who knew enough English to take us where we wanted to go and not enough to be intrusive or to mislead us with unnecessary information. Forth we journeyed through clean narrow streets, gay with swinging signs and lanterns, gay with children—young and old—out to the open and up the beautiful blossoming mountain side where Kyoto's oldest and largest temples and shrines are located. We visited first a hillside garden attached to a private house, that had pebbly walks leading amid azaleas in full rose, scarlet and purple bloom; where

wistarias flung down long tendrils of flowers, where there were dwarf maples, a pool with leaping carp, in whose waters a thousand reflected flowers bloomed, tiny rushing streams with tinier bridges spanning them; where there was a private pagoda and shrine hidden away among quaintly trimmed pines and other evergreens—in fact a real Japanese garden with graceful stone lanterns and every ornament that goes to make perfect such a gem of a retreat.

Then on and upward, upward with thousands of pilgrims from the countryside round, for it was an April pilgrim day, to the temples set amid pines and flowering trees—trees temples in themselves. At each temple entrance we left our shoes and entered, from all the light outside, to a rich gloom where incense burned before shadowy shrines and where rich carvings, lacquer work and much gold and bronze were shown to native pilgrims and foreign visitor with like courtesy by the priests in charge. One priest took us to the temple garden, all miniature trees and lakes and heights, making the thrush that sang there seem unnaturally large of size and loud of song.

We paused long at the foot of the broad avenue which leads up to the great Chion-in temple, so beautiful its setting, so wonderfully enhanced by the majestic trees the mountain side lends to its adornment. Pilgrims born to the land often paused with us in admiration as we went up step by step—the breeze scattering the cherry petals like pink and white snowflakes at our feet. The great temple itself was crowded with worshippers—so crowded that we were led in through a distant side door to a point near enough to enable us to see the thirty or more Buddhist priests in gorgeous robes of brocaded silks intoning a service within the chancel before a large golden shrine. At the end of this service one by one

with measured step each priest and monk withdrew, leaving only one who came to the front and seemed to be preaching to the pilgrims, who kept arriving in such numbers that the temple and even the temple steps seemed able to hold no more. Connected with this temple by means of a long gallery is a palace (and, as usual, a garden) to which we were led by a gentle-faced old priest through rooms devoid of glass—just oiled paper windows and sliding screens—delightful in their cleanliness and simplicity where choice screens painted by artists of the Kano school were shown, some faded, some still clear. And on to a room with snow scenes, one with chrysanthemums, a room with pine trees, another with pine trees and cranes (the pine trees of Japan grow to be pictured), another with painted sparrows—so life-like one looks to see them take wing and fly away. Each room was painted by a different artist, and, oh, there were artists indeed in Japan in the Golden Age of Kyoto. To see it all is a joy ; to describe it is a sad pleasure for the very hopelessness of the task.

Through the Maruyama Park to another temple or temples we wandered, and these temples, perched high like birds' nests on the mountain side, each had its treasures, and all had views so satisfying that we longed to find something wanting, something that would make us turn away from them with less reluctance at the sunset hour. As we rolled home to our hotel, the electric lights were just flashing into glow along the streets, and seemed to us to twinkle with amusement to think such modern inventions as they should be hung side by side with the paper lanterns of a bygone day, and before little one-storey houses that still had sliding doors without hinges and paper for windows.

Owing to the recent death of Japan's Dowager Empress (a gentle poet Empress), and pending the elaborate

funeral arrangements which were being considered at Tokyo, no travellers were permitted to visit the Mikado's palace, or rather series of palaces, at Kyoto, though our 'rickisha "boys" drew us about the park which surrounds the royal enclosure; and we had glimpses of gateways and of gently sloping roofs over the high earth and plaster wall. These palaces are filled with paintings and other art treasures and seem to belong rather to the old Mikado days, before 1868, when the capital was removed to Tokyo, and the term Emperor was applied by the western world to the ruler of Japan, though that monarch often returns to the old non-official capital here.

We went to see a second cherry dance in Kyoto, whirling after dinner through streets gay with festoons of cherry blossom swinging in the light, and filled with gay but polite people who never crowd no matter how great their numbers. This cherry dance, the *Miyako odori*, was on a larger and rather more formal scale than the dance we first saw at Kobe; the orchestra was larger, and more dancers took part, though the arrangement of the hall or theatre was practically the same. The curtains went up on three sides, in front where the dancing took place and the scenery was laid, and on the two sides of the stage where the orchestra composed of women sat or rather kneeled. The dance was prefaced by an elaborate tea ceremony; one came as an honoured guest as it were. We were led through a series of rooms charmingly simple, the feet sinking into the deep matting as into velvet in some unaccountable way, each room containing a vase, a picture or some bit of decoration charming enough in itself to stand thus alone in its beauty. At last we were ushered into the tea-room, where a little lady sat before her samovar and teapot as a queen upon a throne. It was a ceremony of state, not an ordinary

tea party where chatting is in order. Every movement of our little hostess was one of studied grace, for had she not gone through long years of training in order to learn how to pour out a cup of tea? Rich and rare was the dress she wore, if not her gems, and the dainty tripping little ladies that served the tea, never tripped too fast, nor giggled unduly. All was done in a seemly and most becoming fashion, all was a charming introduction to the profusion of colour, the studied, not to say jerky, accent of the music, the formal grace of the little ladies whose dancing was an offering—a toast to the cherry blossoms which stand for the spring.

April 22nd.

It is doubtful if there is a railway in any land running through a more cultivated, interesting and made-by-nature beautiful bit of landscape than the Tokaido, the "eastern sea road" that runs from Kobe through Kyoto and on to Yokohama and Tokyo. There are absolutely entrancing bits to look upon, like the hill setting of Lake Biwa, and that classic lake itself—Japan's Windermere—whose very beauty makes it sacred, and which has been painted, sung to and praised all down the Japanese ages. Over all the landscape lay the glamour of the spring, with the tender green of freshly unfolded leaves, the warm, bright colours—mingled scarlet, purple and rose of the azaleas and the rich red of the pyrus japonica, to make the passing vistas from the observation-car windows tantalizing in their brevity. Whenever a pine tree was needed, and whatever shape it ought to grow, there it grew, there it stood outlined as one sees it in the old Japanese paintings; there it stood a picture apart, this pine tree of Japan, from all the pine trees in the world.

Cities and towns passed in hurried review as one journeyed along this eastern sea road, Nagoya's great castle looming proudly over all the lesser buildings to show how well men built in the brave old days before hurry, steam and electricity were introduced into the world.

But most memorable and beautiful of all is the moment when one sees for the first time Fujiyama, high priest of mountains, Fujiyama the sacred, the revered. We looked to find this mountain on earth, and lo, we saw it first up in the skies, quite cut off by clouds from the world below. Its glistening cone stood out a white wonder against a clear blue sky. We fairly held our breaths for the high, white, placid beauty of it! This first glimpse was from afar. Gradually, as our train drew near the base of the mountain, its whole splendid mass was revealed, its connection with earth established and its perfect symmetry outlined from base to summit, as satisfying a view as one could ever hope to obtain. The snows came low down its gently rounded slopes, meeting and mingling with the green of the spring; serene, reposeful, not austere it looked, and not remote, but rather as a mountain that made call and would draw near to man.

For a great part of the afternoon we had the companionship as it were of this wondrous height, its snows changing colour with the light of day. Clouds flitted before its face, shadows fell across it that it might stand forth suddenly with a greater radiance than before. It caught the sunset colours first and held them fast long after they had faded from the vales below. As we neared Yokohama and lesser heights came between, still there were moments, through breaks in the intervening hills, when the vision reappeared, rising in solemn splendour in benediction, above the night.

YOKOHAMA, *April 23rd.*

Yokohama is Japan's most modern port, its main station on the Pacific, and no around-the-world traveller who visits this land can pass it by, even were he tempted to do so. It would be called a very young town as towns go, even for the West; but perhaps because it is an eastern town it has the look of being born old, and so does not have to pass through the various stages of crudeness before it can acquire a settled air of distinction and repose.

We found it a not uninteresting headquarters for a few days, although in itself it has not the storied interest that is attached to most other towns of Japan. It became a town and a seaport, one might say almost against its will, as recently as in the 'fifties of last century. In 1854 an American fleet, under command of Commodore Perry, anchored off the then little fishing village; and knocking at Japan's long closed doors bade them unbolt and remain open to the peoples and commerce of the outside world. That was a bold and something of an experimental expedition under Commodore Perry, but it resulted in great and immediate changes highly beneficial to the land and people of Japan. Like all changes effected in haste there was more or less social disturbance at this outside interference and in the breaking up of the old order. But the West, it seems to us, has never intruded here more than on the surface of things. It has given Japan the telegraph, the railway, the wireless, and has instructed her in the use of modern arms on land and sea. She has taken from the West, when resistlessly importuned, what it has pleased her to take, and remains still—one gratefully acknowledges—Japan.

We also found the shops of Yokohama characteristically interesting, and not only the wares offered there but the

TEMPLE IN KYOTO IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME.

men who offer them. These men, at all events the most of them, in appearance, are of old Japan, or of older China. If they came here attracted by the purses of the foreigners, the foreigner as he lands here is also attracted by them. When they discovered that we were appreciative of the beauties of their land and of the handiwork of its people they began to come at all hours of the day—these little Japanese of the old, gentle, courteous school—and give us bits of information not to be found in the pages of Murray. We would go into the shops and buy perhaps some pretty *objet d'art* and then our good, bowing-profoundly friends would come in, handle our purchase affectionately, rub it, even smell it, and tell us how, when and where it was made. If our purchase chanced to be an old Japanese print they would tell us the story of it, or perhaps translate the poem the picture was intended to illustrate. Even the humblest of them seemed to us to be an artist in his way, or at least an art lover of understanding. *How* early they used to come we never knew, but several of them, after the first day, we always found squatting—never in an undignified fashion —outside our door when we opened it in the morning. And such profound bows they would make with their shiny bald heads outlined by a little fringe of black hair below the bald crown! They were true to the old type, true to the illustrations on the long scrolls of pictures they would unroll so lovingly for us to see and admire. We never noticed that they quarrelled or were in the least discourteous to each other, though all had practically the same wares to show and to dispose of, should we feel inclined to make purchases. And I do not remember one word of disparagement of anything we showed them that we had bought and brought home from the shops. They were quite too polite to make us feel dissatisfied with any purchase, whatever may

have been their own private opinion of the articles in question.

All the travelling world knows that the Chinese dressmaker or tailor of Yokohama is an institution few can avoid patronising, as they pass through this city. Garments are made while you wait, for the price of an inexpensive song, and they fit you, if you chance to have anything in the shape of a pattern or picture in your possession for them to duplicate. John is such a conscientious workman that even a darn is liable to be copied and to appear on the new garment unless such defect be pointed out and discredited in advance. But in most of the shops here to-day one finds the foreign fashion plates conspicuously displayed and the dressmaker as quick to copy from a picture as from a garment in hand. Since we first came upon him in numbers in Rangoon and have seen him on his own soil, ever laboriously employed, we have felt the Celestial to be the most industrious person in the world; and he seems also to be as ingenious as he is industrious. If he appears more apt at being taught than as a teacher, this is perhaps as he wills it to be.

The English of the working Chinaman is as picturesque if not so musical and fluent as the English of the American darky parlour-car attendant. One of the gentlemen of our party casually remarked to the Chinese head waiter at our table in Yokohama: "I see, John, you have cut off your queue!" John promptly answered: "Me no cuttee pig-tail; him blop!" Whereupon we observed from the shining baldness of his crown that nature, not the scissors, had removed his braid of hair and made him in appearance at least disavow the Manchu dynasty and appear to be a Chinese republican whether or no.

A fellow-traveller told us of having ordered boiled

eggs for his breakfast one morning. To his surprise a dish of scrambled eggs appeared. Upon asking the waiter his reason for the change of order came the explanation: "Eggs not beling velly well this morning, master." One can understand eggs not feeling very well sometimes, in China, that is, not well enough to be tempting to the western palate, though we, personally, have had singularly little to complain of of the freshness or the appetizingness of the dishes that have been served to us throughout our journey. In fact we have regretted that more distinctively native plates have not been set before us. Had we time we should patronize more the native inns, not so much for the sake of sampling their foods as for the sake of getting in closer touch with the manners and customs of the people.

We did most of the things expected of visitors in Yokohama (there is usually a good excuse for following precedent): climbed the "hundred steps" leading up to the tea-house on the Bluff; we wandered in and out and around the town; we explored places that promised attractive views of the surrounding landscape; but, fine as the weather was during most of our stay, Mount Fuji, very inconsistently, we thought, hid its face in a veil of mist of its own making in that background where it reigns so supreme.

Our few days spent in this city in taking leisurely account of the over-full moments that had gone before, made us feel that the more one sees and admires Japanese nature, the more one admires Japanese art, that is, the more this art is made intelligible. It is an art that covers a multitude of subjects, of every graceful form and design that can be conceived and carried out in porcelain and bronze, and in the picture realm seeming to run the whole scale of nature's harmonious notes on an instrument, shall we say, of a single string! Yet

perhaps it works the other way round as well; if one admires Japanese art it may make one turn all the more eagerly to nature to see how the last finishing touch appears to have been given and that the great Invisible Artist seems content to add no more.

We are told that if the standard of modern workmanship in Japan fails to come up to that of earlier days one should remember that a great, a very great, number of artists and artisans were killed in the Russo-Japanese war; also that the demand for eastern objects of art has greatly increased owing to the influx of travellers and the requirements of the western world generally. It is interesting to see that the fine art of embroidery, so lavishly bestowed on silk, satin and velvet in China and Japan is done by the practised hand of the men of these lands; the women, with a few exceptions as yet, being not greatly represented in any of the more distinctively eastern arts. I am afraid the lot of women, generally speaking, in all the Easts might be happier, and that they are cut off from many things more important than the working of embroidery (which I suppose they could master if they chose), or the painting of pictures. But this is a great subject, too complicated even to be touched upon here, and one that is quite apart from the simple tale of our travels that I have set out to tell.

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The old colour prints of Japan, if they be the *real* old colour prints, for there are many modern imitations, are very delightful things to be picked up by the collectors who desire characteristic and not too expensive souvenirs of the land. In the eighteenth century Japan had her book illustrators numbered among her most famous artists; no subject seemed to be too slight for them—as, for example, a bird on a stem of bamboo—

and none too complicated. A print that illustrates the Japanese sense of humour and also the skill of those old masters in book illustration, is one that we picked up by chance and shows two great armies gathered and facing each other on opposite sides of a river. They seem in the picture content to stay on opposite sides, but are making furious grimaces and shaking their fists at each other across the narrow ribbon of water in a most energetic fashion. There are also professional beauties of that flourishing-in-art-illustration period who have come down and are not unlike the Japanese beauties of to-day. And the snow scenes, the flower scenes, the landscapes in these old colour prints are truly delightful to those to whom far eastern art appeals.

Hokusai was one of Japan's matchless illustrators, and writing of him in *Great Masters* John Lefarge tells a story of "a famous Chinese painter who lived in Japan far back—ever so far back—and who painted there sublime religious pictures. But getting old he went home to China to die and at the end he betook himself to landscape painting. Every one knew that he was so engaged, and that he was painting a great picture, some screen—perhaps a subject representing mountain scenery, such a retreat as a man might wish to end his days in when he had given up the world. This was known to his pupils but no one was allowed to see it, until at length, by some sort of command, he offered to show it to the Emperor and the Court. Of course it was criticized; fault was found with the technique, and the reality, and the composition, and the feeling; and whatever else does not suit other people. The old painter listened without answering. He bowed in acknowledgment to the people present and then, to quote the text, 'as he had created this work of art for his final abode,' he stepped into the picture and disappeared within

the images that he had painted. And the painting also faded from before the spectators." Mr. Lefarge adds that "the moral of this story, good for all artists and all critics, is natural enough—that the art of the painter is his final abode. If it be really his, he is safe within it, safe from praise as he is safe from blame!"

CHAPTER XII

KAMAKURA AND TOKYO

The drive by motor-car from Yokohama to Kamakura—A classic, green and flowery way—The island of Enoshima, presided over still by the Goddess of Luck—The Diabutsu, the great bronze statue of Buddha, at Kamakura—The impression this statue makes upon the beholder—The request, over the entrance to the Diabutsu precinct, to the stranger within their midst—Other temples in Kamakura—The capital of Yoritomo, the first Shogun—"O kaeri" and "sayōnara"—From Yokohama to Tokyo by the first railway line built in Japan—Tokyo in blossom—Too many signs, perhaps, of modern progress—The biggest village in the world—The Shiba temples and their treasures—The last resting-place of many Shoguns—Posthumous names and honours—"The Feast of the Lanterns"—The temple of the forty-seven Ronins—Ueno Park, its public buildings, its cherry trees, its temple-tombs and the famous Asakusa temple—A favourite haunt of the people—The temples made by nature—The cult of the flowers.

April 26th.

THE railway train or the motor-car is quite too swift a medium to use in making the journey from Yokohama to Kamakura. But, fleet as it is, the motor-car can be made to diverge from set routes and to stop at will and is not limited to halt at appointed stations on a given road and at a given time. Thus, we chose the motor-car for making this journey, which is by way of being something of a pilgrimage, even to those whose paths do not lead them ordinarily to the sites of Buddhist shrines. And all along that classic highway leading Kamakuraward we saw to what heights peaceful, country-side beauty can rise in Japan; we passed little wood

and paper houses with their sliding doors, passed all too quickly through the little towns, and along the road where children were in waiting to throw bunches of flowers into our car as it hummed past, and to exchange smile for smile and many a gay wave of the hand. Hills and valleys follow each other in quick succession—there is never monotony in the landscape, but ever-changing beauty of a restful, not startling, kind.

We turned aside to visit Enoshima, which is sometimes an island and sometimes not, according to the vagaries of an unusually fickle tide. We passed over dry-shod by way of a long neck of land, as the island has for some time been established as a peninsula (its tenure as such being always uncertain) and found it a haunt beset and beloved by the native as well as the foreigner. It has a lovely bit of sea surrounding it and its sands are rich with the quaint and sometimes beautiful offerings cast up by the deep. The Goddess of Luck presided here in the old days and it would seem, from the prosperous and cheerful look of things, that she has never withdrawn her favour, although the cults of other goddesses have been established here as well. The little island does a great trade in marine treasures and curiosities, as a hasty visit showed us, and we saw also that we should like to stay longer and enjoy the hospitality of the many little inns, and explore the inviting country roundabout at our leisure.

If ever nature fashioned a fitting setting for an imposing monument, or rather a great impressive statue, she did so in the beginning when she formed the sylvan dell—the hollow among the hills at Kamakura—where now stands the Diabutsu, the great bronze statue of Buddha that has been worshipped by many, and been exclaimed and wondered over by most people who have visited the shrine. Originally, the statue was enclosed in a great

building, some of the bases of which still remain, but tidal waves of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries washed this building away. The great image now stands exposed in the open, not dwarfed by the surrounding bigness of nature, but made all the more impressive on that account one must believe. The approach to this supreme of Buddhist shrines is up a gentle incline and is so arranged that one does not come upon the statue suddenly, but gradually, that it may grow in impressiveness as one draws near. To us the great bronze figure on its raised platform seems to face the world with an air of sternness and solemnity, rather than to be Buddha representing peace—a spiritual peace gained from great knowledge and from having overcome all the passion and evil of the world. Is there not just a little look on that face, too, of disdain for man's weakness and wavering purpose, at his slender efforts to rise to the heights of perfection which alone can bring him perfect calm and repose? Certainly there is enough of character in that great carven face for one to read almost anything into it or from it! The attitude of the figure, too, is as of one who can wait through the centuries and not be tired, can wait and feel that it will not lose its appeal.

Measurements can give no adequate impression of the calm majesty of this bronze Diabutsu, nor to be told that it stands fifty feet high, that its eyes are of pure gold, that it was formed of sheets of bronze and modelled with the chisel, or that by using a ladder one can go into the interior of the image and there find a small shrine—a shrine within a shrine. One must see the Buddha in all the quiet charm and beauty of its surroundings in order to understand its appeal. Nearly seven centuries has it stood there, has looked down upon the now little seaside village of Kamakura when it was the capital city of eastern Japan and the seat of the

great Shoguns; has seen the ambassador of Kublai Khan beheaded for daring to demand the submission of Japan to that ambitious tyrant, has seen that greater Kamakura sacked and laid low more than once in its eventful history. And now—well—the Shoguns are gone, Kamakura is a capital city no longer and to the world at large its past glories mean nothing, but so long as its Diabutsu remains it has a significance and importance that it cannot lose with the passing even of endless dynasties and powers.

I think the traveller in the Middle and Far East is struck with the fact that he is not alone a visitor to and an admirer of the beautiful temples and shrines man has fashioned in the past. In Japan, especially, one sees the people of the country gathered in numbers at all the especial haunts attractive to outside visitors. This lends an added interest and picturesqueness to the scene. One may be alone on the Acropolis—that is, alone with other foreign visitors like oneself—but never so in the temples or other places sacred or beautiful to the peoples of Japan. Perhaps this is why some visitors have to be cautioned to be reverent and circumspect when visiting places dear and sacred to the people themselves. For instance, the following notice must have been thought necessary, or it would not have been put up conspicuously over the entrance to the Diabutsu precinct:

Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this Sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages.

This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.

By Order of the Prior.

Neither would the following lines have had call to be written:

Be silent when the heathen pray
To Buddha at Kamakura.

There are time-honoured temples in Kamakura besides the shrine of the great Buddha well worth the visiting. But in a land where time never hangs heavy on one's hands there is a tendency to be in too much of a hurry and to haste from scene to scene, knowing always that one can never see all or even a part of what this land of Nippon and its people have to offer. Thus we did not linger, as their interest justified, before the temple of Hachiman, the god of war, or at the temple of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy—two of the many that abound in Kamakura and its neighbourhood. The approach to the temple of Hachiman is in itself inviting enough to lead one on irrespective of what he may find at the end of his quest. It has an avenue leading up to it from the sea—a sea as blue as Japan's own irises—bordered with pine trees and over-arched at intervals with stone *torii*. We are now quite familiar with these simple though impressive "bird rests" (the English for *torii*) and we like them, perhaps, because of their unlikeness to anything in the nature of gateways to be seen in other countries. As the term "Shinto" means "The way of the gods" it is quite natural that a stately way leading up to a Shinto temple should be arched with these symbols, a purely Shinto architectural form of gateway. There are various shrines connected with this temple on the hill, some of them falling into decay, and there are more or less authentic relics of that first fiery war lord and Shogun, Yoritomo, who chose Kamakura as his capital.

At the temple of Kwannon one can catch but an indistinct glimpse of the huge lacquered figure of the goddess of mercy, but from the platform of her temple one can have an uninterrupted and entrancing view of all the fair Kamakura sea and landscape.

We motored back to Yokohama in the early evening

by a way as attractive as that by which we had come, and with bouquets of wild flowers thrown into our vehicle by well-aimed little hands and to the cry of "o kaeri" and "sayōnara" from the little people by the wayside.

TOKYO, *May 1st.*

The first railway constructed in Japan was that connecting Yokohama with Tokyo and was built as recently as 1872 by British engineers. While Tokyo is nominally situated on the Bay of Tokyo, that bay is now practically useless for purposes of navigation, as the sea has been actively adding to the land instead of washing its shores away, and the great ocean-going vessels make Yokohama their nearest point of call. A swift train takes one from this port into the heart of the "Flowery Capital" in something less than a half-hour's time.

On our arrival at Nagasaki we found we had fallen upon cherry-bloom time; at Tokyo we find ourselves in the very pink, one might say, of the azalea and wistaria season—the wistarias flinging their long fragrant sprays to the breeze (not even the favoured Bosphorus can display such laden and lengthy tassels of bloom) and the peonies beginning to flaunt their colours in the face of the freshest and brightest of spring sunshine. We expected to find Japan in flower and have not been disappointed. We expected to find the people of Japan now largely given to western ways, ideas and fashions and have been disappointed—most happily so. Granted all this, it is something of a shock to find Tokyo so be-telegraph and be-telephone poled! Why could not these lines have been put under ground when they were being laid and not have been allowed to stand out so aggressively among the dear little buildings that sometimes are not more than telephone-pole high themselves? Perhaps

other people, on arriving in Tokyo, are not offended by this ubiquitous display of the signs of modern "improvements." If so, we can only ask forgiveness for calling those blissfully unconscious travellers' attention to the same. We are not making this journey in order to find flaws or fault with the people or their customs, and so our little outburst will be pardoned we feel sure.

We have been in Japan for three weeks and more, and have not yet experienced an earthquake. That is something to make special note of, for, in this eastern district especially, earthquake live wires, or seismic waves or something, are very frequently, almost daily, liable to get crossed, and shakings more or less violent ensue. That is why, one must suppose, the buildings are not built awkwardly or inartistically high anywhere in Japan —why they can bend without breaking if put to daily strain. That is why Tokyo, without being a monster city, covers such a great area. It has with truth and appropriateness been called "the biggest village in the world." Being built mostly of wood its fires have been frequent and far-spreading, inviting comparison with those of Constantinople. But intersected as it is with canals, connected with the Sumida river, conflagrations ought to have their limitations.

Not until the Shogun dominion came to an end in 1868 and the Mikado came out of his seclusion at Kyoto to take up his residence in Yedo, did Yedo become Tokyo. So perhaps it bears the newest name of any of the great cities of the world, East or West.

The Emperor-Mikado's palace, moated and walled, occupies the site of the old Shogun's castle in quite the centre of the town. When Ieyasu became Shogun in 1603 he moved his capital from Kamakura to this Yedo, then but a village by the sea, but possessing many obvious advantages from a military point of view. Tokyo

was chosen as a name by the Mikado because it means "Eastern Capital" and thus to distinguish it from Kyoto, or Saikyo, "Western Capital." The old feudal Japan that survived almost until yesterday, so to speak, and then went out like a breath, must have been a country that a Sir Richard Burton would have loved to explore, provided he could have done so and still kept his head!

We took the early part of the day, as advised, to visit the Shiba temples—temples so numerous, so carved, so gilded, so exquisitely painted and lacquered, that one is liable to get lost in the maze of them. Here are buried several of the great Shoguns, and few rulers of the world have been so sumptuously interred. Each has his temple-tomb, never deserted, visited still by worshippers, as well as by people who come to admire the wealth of eastern forms of decoration, here so lavishly displayed. It is an art unimpressed and uninfluenced by western tradition, inspired perhaps by an older China and Korea, and carried out by Japan, mostly during those centuries when she shut herself away and was a world within a world, desiring nought and asking nought of her neighbours. Those must have been very interesting times, but possibly a little difficult for the people with a Shogun and a Mikado, both set over them in authority. This dual system of government must not always have worked smoothly, but while the Shogun and his house had arms and wealth and a host of feudal retainers to support his authority, the Mikado was equipped with the tradition of divine ancestry (indeed is now often called *Tenshi*, "the Son of Heaven"), and this gave him a hold upon the people that the most powerful Shogun was bound to recognize and respect.

Mediæval Japan came down to the last half of the nineteenth century with her customs unchanged, her temples and shrines still sacred, her beautiful art—pagan

if one wishes to call it that—undamaged. This, one sees to such wonderful advantage in these temples of Shiba Park. The gold of their marvellous lacquer is untarnished, their carvings beautiful in detail, in architecture each a picture and the whole in a setting such as nature in Japan seems prearranged to offer. The Shoguns of the Tokugawa family who rest here had as their crest the three-leaved asarum; this and the lotus blossom—the flower of the Buddhists—one sees frequently repeated in the scheme of decoration. Each Shogun seemed to delight in preparing his last resting-place and in making it conform to the traditions of his religion and at the same time to vie in beauty and richness with those of his venerated ancestors. The gods he worshipped, often with fear and trembling, seemed some of them fearsome enough of form and countenance to us, but not out of place—any more than did the carvings of lions and dragons or the more gentle outlines of birds and flowers.

In visiting these tombs one can understand how an uninitiated historian in Japan is likely to get confused between the name a man bears in his lifetime and the name or names—with added honours—which are so frequently bestowed upon him after death. The possibility of receiving posthumous names and honours is a feature that for some must tend to make death less uninviting in this country than in most other lands.

Gold—gold—seemed to be the colour key-note of each shrine as we wandered from temple to temple. Built when the Buddhist form of religion was predominant, the distinguishing features of the Shinto belief now most in favour, while in evidence, are not prominently displayed, in connection with these shrines or in the decorations of these temples.

Out of doors and in the courts of these tomb-temples are avenues of stone or bronze lanterns—as ornamental

offerings as ever a sacred Buddhist precinct could receive. Somehow these lanterns of Japan have a wonderful way of appealing to the imagination; they are among the few things that would not lose their significance and would bear transplanting, it seemed to us, with romantic interest to the gardens and cemeteries of the western world. We regretted that we were not to be in Japan from the 13th to the 15th of July, to look on at "The Feast of the Lanterns"—a very romantic and touching-in-many-ways ceremony, religiously observed still in many parts of the country. On this date the houses are especially cleansed and garnished, and the spirits of the departed are invited to return to their former haunts for three days; lanterns are lighted in the cemeteries, and friends, dressed in their best apparel, go out with lighted lanterns to escort the spirits back to their homes of old. In the homes a feast is spread and the conversation is supposed to be about the dead, expressing love for them, and extolling their virtues and their various pleasing traits of character. On the evening of the third day the spirits are escorted by their friends, again with lighted lanterns, back to "their lowly beds made fragrant with sweet flowers." The temple bell then rings to announce that the visit of the spirits to their former haunts for that year is ended.

Not far from the Shiba temples is the Buddhist temple of Sengakuji where the Forty-Seven Ronins are buried. These are the heroes of a dramatic tale, too long to be told here, but one which their countrymen do not forget. Here pilgrims come in numbers, leaving their cards as if upon living heroes, the floral offerings are always fresh, and the incense offered at this shrine is never allowed to burn low.

We next visited Ueno Park, as much to see the people, whose favourite haunt it seems to be, as to see the temples

and tombs of more Shoguns, the imperial museum, the zoological gardens and other attractions within this enclosure. The great avenue of cherry trees had mostly lost their splendid halos of pink bloom, but nature had other beautiful resources at her command. The advancing spring was busy replacing one sweet with another, the plum and cherry blossoms by the azalea and wistaria, and all Tokyo—perhaps more by its humbler class—was represented there. If we passed the museum by, and had but a hasty glance at the pleasing architecture, and the beautiful carvings and gilded splendour of more Shogun temple-tombs, it was because the golden beauty of the day and the scenes and pictures outside appealed so strongly. It was living Japan that called, and we onlookers moved on among the people, apparently unnoticed by them—or at least they seemed quite indifferent to the foreigner in their midst—stopping to admire what they admired (their taste for the beauties of nature would seem to be infallible) and to grant admiration to the animated, light-hearted little people themselves. I suppose some of them carried heavy hearts, but it is not good form in Japan to depress others by one's own sorrow or depression. So smiles are the order of the day on the faces of these gentle-nature-worshippers, at least when they are taking their outings.

On leaving Ueno Park, with its varied natural and acquired attractions, we followed many of our unself-conscious hosts on to their famous Asakusa temple, probably the most popularly-frequented temple in Tokyo. The vendors of everything to attract young eastern eyes and pockets of slender means seem to collect in the grounds surrounding and in the street leading up to this temple. As "motley" as the crowd, were the objects offered for its entertainment. The toys, weird to us, doubtless appealed to the children of the East; the

cakes looked interesting if not appetizing; the charms might work if belief in them were sufficient; we could not get very near the praying-wheel it was so surrounded by applicants eager to have a turn of the wheel and be freed from some sin or have some request granted. There were jugglers here and photographers and cinema shows and wild animals, and figures in painted wood that looked fiercer than the live animals! Inside the great hall of the temple itself there was hardly standing-room, so great was the press of the people to whom this temple makes appeal. It was growing too late in the day to see the pictures on the walls, many of them said to be good ones of the Kano school and some by modern artists; but one could not fail to take account of the lanterns hanging from every available bit of wall and ceiling; of the seated image of Binzuru, supposed to be gifted with the power of curing human ailments, parts of his body being almost rubbed away by the ailing public; and of a huge hollow drum or piece of wood, fish-shaped, that the priests of the temple made a mighty clamour upon! These were all gifts to the temple, which, somehow, was not beautiful for all its gilded shrines, symbolic figures, and sacred images. Perhaps it was the people who profaned it, though the faith we saw there displayed ought not to have taken from but rather to have lent the temple an air of sanctity. One long resident in Japan, perhaps so long resident that he spoke for an older generation, told us that even enlightened Japanese clap their hands to get the attention of the god to whom they wish to make petition; or throw little bits of paper, chewed up and made into a pulp, at the face of the god, which, if it sticks, is supposed to be particularly lucky. We have often seen this done in the temples, but not, to be accurate, by Japanese people whom we could by any stretch of the imagi-

nation say we thought belonged to the enlightened class.

The chief image of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, together with images of this goddess in her other "embodiments," are hidden away in the high altar of the chancel. She is said to listen to the prayers of the unhappy, but there is so much clamour, so many distractions as it were of rival images and shrines, so many agitated souls on various quests, that the listening ear of the goddess must be often confused by the multitude of cries. Perhaps we had been influenced by the variety of diversions that assailed the public in the street leading up to the temple and that this made the temple itself seem a sort of merry-go-round place of worship, though pathetic scenes and incidents were not lacking. We find they rarely are lacking in places like these that are frequented by a very general and needy public.

There are many temples made by hand and many more made by nature that one would like to visit in and around Tokyo, not forgetting the excursions to tea-houses along the river's bank 'neath avenues of blossoming trees, or set 'mid flowery dells—in veritable fairy haunts of beauty. (The eastern fairy comes out by day, unafraid, it would seem, if only the ring that surrounds her be fair enough to tempt her forth!) We saw much in passing to delight in as well as much that we could not comprehend. The average traveller to the East must get quickly lost in his efforts to understand the maze of sects and sub-sects of Buddhism and Shintoism that go to make up the religions of Japan. Japan's divinities, too, natural and supernatural are as numerous, it would seem, as the sands of her picture shores.

But there is one cult that amounts to a religion with this people and that can be understood without study and subscribed to without reserve. Happy, if not crystal

clear, river Sumida of old Yedo town!—to be bordered thus by avenues of trees offering light as well as shade, to give hospitality to the iris and the lotus flower, and to flow in and out and beyond the town, encouraging many a journey to fair haunts near and afar up-stream! I confess we two are now both sworn devotees of the cherry-blossom, azalea, wistaria and maple cult—in fact, devotees of the flower and tree and out-of-door beauty generally of Japan.

CHAPTER XIII

NIKKO AND LAKE CHUZENJI

The journey from Tokyo to Nikko—Kite Day, the festival of the fifth of the new moon—The carp as the emblem for youth to emulate—A classic avenue of cryptomerias from Utsunomiya to Nikko—A legend of this avenue of cryptomerias—Our arrival at the village of Hashi-ishi in the evening and in the rain—The view the morning had in store for us—" Who has not seen Nikko cannot say ' beautiful ' "—" Mountains of the sun's brightness "—Azaleas—Temples hidden away amid the green—The sacred red bridge—Saint Shodo Shonin—An avenue of Buddhas by the riverside—Visits to Nikko's temples—The mausoleum of Ieyasu, Japan's greatest Shogun and general, and the mausoleum of the Shogun Iemitsu—The beautiful work of man's hands—Interesting service at these temples—Walks in the town and glimpses of gardens in miniature—An excursion from Nikko to Lake Chuzenji—Waterfalls and the music of hidden waters—Monkeys in carvings and in real life—The last snow drift melting from Chuzenji's shores—A pilgrim haunt, attractive also to the stranger from afar—Down the mountain path to Nikko in the late afternoon.

NIKKO, *May 2nd.*

THE railway journey from Tokyo to Nikko, a distance of something over a hundred miles and the train making very leisurely progress, gives one a delightful opportunity to look out upon Japan's country ways of pleasantness and peace. And we are not forgetting that we are seeing her country and town ways at the very happiest season of the year, for in winter in many parts, the hand of snow, though a light one, may rest very coldly upon her. Even now we have occasional rainy interruptions and dull skies, for an earth that is not a desert and that is expected to blossom like the rose must have its grey

days as well as gold. But this day the May sun was warm and every garden and hillside glowed with gay patches of azaleas, and the trellises of wistaria looked fairly overborne with their wealth and weight of bloom. By the sea level, and before our train began to climb toward the mountains, spring seemed already to have joined hands with luxuriant summer—the freshness and daintiness of the one was there with the added full-leafed opulence of the other. Though many of the flowers and trees were familiar, their setting was new and they showed they were trained by a different hand. They were therefore in keeping with the people who moved among them, man and nature in harmony, perhaps more so than in almost any other part of the world.

Our only real excitement on the journey was in watching the flight of kites that were darting in numbers up into the sky from all the little hamlets and towns along our route. In early May, on " the fifth of the new moon " comes the boys' festival, and the monster kites, in the shape of fish, we saw flying were in celebration of this popular feast day. The carp is the emblem thus taken, to suggest to the youths of Nippon that they strive to emulate its example of leaping barriers and of struggling against the stream in order to reach the desired goal. On this day various ceremonies that are supposed to foster a martial spirit take place in the homes, but the kite-flying ceremony was one that could be observed easily, and with keen interest, from our carriage windows. We wondered if there were a real boy at the end of every pole or cord that floated a paper fish, or if some of the boys of older growth found it impossible to resist the temptation of such a beguiling pastime. The dividing line between old boys and young boys is not always very sharply defined in Japan, in looks at any rate. Eastern kite-flying is certainly prettier to watch than a game of

western football, and I don't suppose any eastern spring would be complete without a sky gay with the flutter of bright bits of paper taking to themselves wings and pretending to be alive and to escape!

As Nikko lies some two thousand feet above sea level, the train has this amount of climbing to do. But it begins this climb very leisurely, following a highway from Utsunomiya onward that is outlined with cryptomeria trees of noble growth and venerable age. Three hundred years old are they and growing still. I do not know that the tree values and possibilities here would hold so good, or so picturesquely, at least, elsewhere. Japan's cryptomerias, her pine tree, her maple tree, are hers to train as she chooses, and she makes them to fit and suit her gardens and her landscape in a wonderful way—in an æsthetic not fantastic way. An American maple or an English oak or pine might resent "special treatment," assuming that they grow naturally as best befits the landscape of these countries.

This old avenue of cryptomerias that bordered our railway line, or rather the highway which our railway line followed for so many miles, is in high degree impressive to the traveller journeying to Nikko; and it must have offered delightful shade as well as sacred leading to the messengers of the Mikado when they journeyed this way with gifts to the shrine or mausoleum of that first great Shogun of the Tokugawa family, Ieyasu, at Nikko.

A legend associated with this avenue of cryptomerias is a pretty one, pretty enough to be true. It is told that the first worshippers to the shrine of Ieyasu brought rich offerings (as they do to this day), the richest they had, votive lanterns and other treasures suitable to the sacred place. But one devout pilgrim, being poor, had no gift save some cryptomeria seeds. These he planted

along the way and up to the gate of the shrine, and his offering, in the end, proved the richest of all!

Long before we reached the mountains, wooded deep and some of them snow-crowned, one sees them and feels that they are not quite like other mountains, any more than Fuji-san (the "Honourable Mr. Fuji") is like the volcanoes, active or sleeping, of other lands. Even the heights that man cannot control, are distinctive it seems, and are to the country born!

Nikko is a district, properly speaking, the mountain woodland that holds famous temples and tombs, and history and legends, and beauty and all that the most exacting and expectant sight-seer has any claim to demand. The two adjoining villages of Hashi-ishi and Irimashi are generally referred to as Nikko, the temples nestling against the hillside and among the trees between the two. "In a nutshell," one might say these tombs are situated—for they are all close together; but there is no suggestion of crowding. The timorous traveller might be tempted even to call the sacred enclosure lonely or a little gloomy—so overspreading are the great trees —if the temples were separated by greater distances.

Our train brought us to the village of Hashi-ishi in the early evening, in the dark and in the rain. Jinrickishas or *kurumas* were in waiting and I was tucked into one of these expeditiously, the queer black cover drawn closely over to keep out the rain. Without waiting to see that my husband was as promptly accommodated, my *kurumaya* trotted off with me up the long, dark, silent village street, into an unknown dark that made me want to try to look over my shoulder and around the close and oppressive cover of my swaying vehicle to see if my companions were in sight or on the way. At the foot of the last steep incline that leads up more or less perpendicularly to the Kanaya Hotel my *kuruma*

was stopped, and after listening to some discussion in excited Japanese (a language that one doesn't understand always seems spoken with great velocity and emphasis) I found that the 'rickisha had to be pushed as well as pulled from this point to the hotel door.

Once arrived, where all was light and apparent cheer, I found my anxieties were not immediately at an end, for I was told that our party was not expected and that there were no rooms available for our use. But at last one by one my husband and our fellow-travellers stepped in out of the darkness (relieved to find me safe and sound before them) and insisted that entertainment should be given. By some Japanese magic, I know not by what other means, rooms were speedily put at our disposal, and very comfortable they were, too. In the morning we found that to this comfort was added a most glorious view, that our windows and balcony overlooked a scene, a picture on a noble scale, that made one instantly understand the meaning of the well-known Japanese proverb: "Do not use the word magnificent till you have seen Nikko." Or, as a native translation renders it: "Who has not seen Nikko cannot say 'beautiful'!" We saw it first through a little curtain of mist, the end of the rain of the evening before, but we seemed to feel and see the beauty that was hidden as well as that which was revealed. It seemed to envelop us, to call to us with the myriad voices that beauty has at her command.

Our first and early morning excursion was up the paths of the steep and beautiful landscape garden behind our hotel. The sun came out and set the rain-drops on the trees and flowers all a-glisten, and the tops of the mountains roundabout—"mountains of the sun's brightness"—seemed to draw near and to sparkle warmly, not chill, with fresh-fallen snow. Here were the Nikko-zan, the mountains with Nantai-zan, their chief, that

had called to us on the plain on our way Nikkoward; the very mountains that the old Japanese painters loved to paint and that have been taken all over the world in picture form. Here we were among them, but below them, as was befitting. We in turn had left the oncoming summer below us in the vale and had come back into spring, not to its promises but in the prime of its fullness; here were the cherry blossoms again and azaleas—oh, azaleas everywhere—beds of them, mounds of them, hillsides of them! Solid surfaces of colour they looked in the distance and all radiating sweetness and charging the morning world with a beauty that is nature's gift alone.

But we were not to see the sacred temples, only their sacred surroundings—the hillsides, the trees, the mountains, from this outlook. Nikko's temples and even the five-storied pagoda are deftly hidden away among the great ever-green cryptomerias—so deftly hidden that, looking almost directly down from a mountain-side many hundred feet above, one can catch only here and there a curve of a temple roof through the protecting wealth of foliage. So closely grow the cryptomerias the wonder is that they can achieve such splendid height, such noble proportions. And all is silent there save at intervals when a deep-toned bronze temple bell is sounded, waking echoes all up and down the charmed ravine; louder it speaks than the roaring stream that rushes down under the sacred red bridge, over which only the Emperor may cross, and under the humbler bridge over which pattened feet and feet shod with prosaic western shoes are allowed to pass.

The legend of this sacred bridge, which floods have twice profanely swept away, dates back to the year 767, when Saint Shodo Shonin built the first Buddhist shrine in Nikko. He was a saint whose birth was announced

by thunder, by the falling of flowers from heaven, and by other marvellous portents, and whose life-story, as related by his followers, is one of great piety, of austere living and self-discipline and miraculous adventure. The legend says that when he was directed to this spot by the rising of four clouds of varying colours and found his way barred by this rushing torrent, a supernatural being came to his aid and flung from his right hand two green and blue snakes which formed a rainbow bridge that vanished when the saint had safely crossed. This red bridge, though built in the seventeenth century, in connection with the temples, is supposed to mark the site where Shodo Shonin, the patron saint as it were of Nikko, passed over. The ruins of a hut said to have been built by this saint for the pursuit of his devotions are reverently pointed out in the grounds of our Kanaya hotel.

After our walk in the hillside garden we decided to go down and cross by the bridge dedicated to the use of ordinary mortals and follow up the windings of the rushing little river, before going to visit those shrines hidden away so mysteriously, and perhaps purposely, among the trees in the vale and against the hillside just opposite.

Following up the pathway we came shortly to a long line of stone Buddhas posed upon tottering pedestals against the bank and overlooking the river, their graven faces, forms and pedestals mossgrown and in many instances broken and defaced, showing that some destroying hand of man as well as the hand of venerable time had left its mark upon them. There were vacancies, too, in this rank of sacred images, caused by floods that have swollen this Daiya river to devastating proportions on several occasions, even in recent times.

But there is an air of impressiveness about this avenue

of Buddhas, broken as is its rank and mutilated and time-worn as is its aspect. And there is a certain beauty and serenity of expression upon the faces of some of the images that must lend eloquence to their stone silence for those who can read the message. We did not attempt to count the number of these statues. According to tradition such an undertaking would have been useless, as they are supposed never to add up twice the same.

On this walk by the riverside we came upon a cemetery, some of the graves marked with that curious monument called the *sotoba*, consisting of a ball, crescent, pyramid, sphere and cube—one carved upon another—and the whole supposed to symbolize the component parts of the universe, such as air, fire and water. Even to look upon such a monument is supposed to bring a blessing upon the beholder, to ensure him forgiveness of sin.

The earliest records speak of a Shinto temple existing at Nikko long before Shodo Shonin's day and the time of the Buddhist teachers who followed him. But the glory of the Nikko of to-day, aside from the glory of its scenery—its mountains, vales, trees, rivers and cascades, is in its temples. Early in the seventeenth century Nikko was chosen as the spot best suited to be the last resting-place of Ieyasu, the first and greatest Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty. In 1616 his mortuary shrine was begun and around this beginning sprang or grew year by year what the travellers' best authority calls "the most perfect assemblage of shrines in the whole land." We are also told by this authority that great fires in the last century destroyed many of the beautiful temples and other buildings, and that what the traveller sees to-day is but a suggestion, so to speak, of Nikko's former glory.

It is reassuring to be told, and one sees the statement

corroborated everywhere with one's own eyes, that what remains of the beautiful work of man's hands is now being carefully and judiciously preserved. These temples were mostly builded and decorated in the golden age of Japanese wood-carving, painting and lacquer work, and fires must have been profane things indeed and must have wrought sorry havoc when once they got started within the temple enclosure, where wood is so largely employed. But whatever may have been their former splendour, one is conscious of no lack, no disfigurement of the beauty of the temples or their surroundings as one visits them to-day. We wandered often up the paved slope, shaded deep by the lofty cryptomerias, that leads into the temple grounds. The mausoleum of Ieyasu, he who was not only Japan's greatest Shogun and general, but was a patron of her arts, her literature and a far-sighted law-maker, came, naturally, first in interest. One ascends more steps to reach this spot, bordered with the trees that seem to stand like solemn sentinels guarding the sacred precinct, then passes under an imposing granite *torii*—an offering to this tomb-temple, before setting about the task of more minute inspection of the treasures here collected. There are many gateways, a charming five-storied pagoda, a bell-tower, a drum-tower, storehouses, shrines, precious relics, priceless gifts from eastern monarchs as well as from the generous people themselves; red-lacquered buildings decorated with flowers, birds, beasts and allegorical figures in the most wonderful and intricate wood-carving and painted with great delicacy of feeling; there are both gentle and fearsome images of man; and there are beasts and dragons of formidable aspect (not fearsome or formidable really), pictures, bronze lanterns and lanterns of stone; within and without each temple is ornate and sumptuous in decoration and colouring, yet

never overstepping that line where brightness leaves off and gaudiness begins.

One must clamber up a number of flights of mossgrown steps to find hidden away on the shadowy hillside above and behind his shrines, the tomb of Ieyasu. It seems fittingly simple, but its simplicity is a little unexpected, coming as it does after the splendour of the decoration that goes to the making of the outer mausoleum. The tomb is in the form of a small pagoda, and before it is a stone table holding a bronze incense-burner and a vase of lotus flowers of brass—symbols of the sleeper's religion. It is surrounded by a wall and is guarded by two huge beasts, one with the mouth open and one with the mouth closed; one wonders what they signify. The great trees on this hillside cast very dense shadows all around even at midday, but little white violets and other dainty spring flowers found it light enough to see to blossom, and the mosses and ferns grew as if they found the shade surrounding this tomb altogether to their liking.

The mausoleum of Iemitsu, the third Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty and grandson of Ieyasu the great, is the second supreme gem in Nikko's temple enclosure. It has a shrine or shrines only a little less magnificent than those set up to the memory of the greater Shogun. It has also a pair of Ni-o—of lesser size to be sure—(two figures of startling appearance and expected to scare away demons) to guard its outer gate, and within are works of art well worth the guarding!

I cannot say that we visited these shrines of the mausoleum of Ieyasu or those of Iemitsu in their order—for of apparent order or consecutive arrangement there seemed to us to be none. There can hardly be unity of arrangement in a collection to which additions continually have been made. That is one of the charms of the place—you just wander on, seem to be discovering

fresh treasures and new beauties for yourself. If you come upon the expected, the unexpected may also confront you at the next turn. On a panel over the entrance to one building we saw a cleverly-arranged cornice decoration of the *Koshin*, three monkeys carved in the favourite Japanese fashion—one with the hands over the lips, another with hands over the eyes and the third with hands over the ears, suggesting that they "speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil." One cannot escape the impression that this conventional, oft-repeated representation of the three monkeys is meant to carry a helpful suggestion to mankind.

The usual services seemed to go on at the various temples without heed to the curiosity of any onlookers. We sat down before the open casements (being requested simply to remove our shoes) and were permitted to look on at a temple service, to see the richly-robed priests enter and sit down in a semicircle and to hear them intone some form of litany—a very monotonous form—to the accompaniment, or rather between musical efforts (music is not a pronounced gift of the East) on some weird instruments of the wooden flute variety, and to the frequent punctuations, as it were, of the beats of a drum. On this occasion we lost count of time and found ourselves lingering long past the luncheon hour. But we had our reward. We came upon the unexpected as we were about to pass hurriedly by a building containing a platform where some dance or performance—presumably a sacred one for this platform was connected with a temple—was being enacted. I use the word enacted, for the dance was a most dramatic one and might have been a survival of the dances of mediæval Japan. Two youths came out in mask and armour and with long swords, and charged about the stage in grotesque attitudes, yet with something of rhythmic movement; they would

also make occasional lunges at each other, but of course without serious result. Young girls also took their turn upon this platform and enacted scenes, perhaps the *No* dance, the meaning of which was somewhat obscure to us. There was no musical accompaniment of any sort to their performance—it was all done in pantomime —and there were no onlookers save ourselves, and we only by chance. No audience evidently was expected, but it was all too studied a performance to be impromptu, and we felt that the hour may have been chosen by the performers for this ceremonial dance or play because the temple precinct would be more likely to be free of the foreign element that does not always sympathize with what it cannot understand.

Before we left Nikko we took many a little walk about the town, or towns one should say, passing down the long village street where curios old and new are displayed, and which made an irresistible appeal to the eye and pocket-book. Then through the little side streets we wandered, where there was nothing to buy but where through the open doors we saw the people going about their customary tasks, and caught glimpses of tiny gardens as unique and tantalizingly beautiful as the greater gardens—still in miniature—that grace the more pretentious homes in Japan. We have seen western folk learning the secret, paying not ungenerous sums for being taught how to make Japanese gardens—landscapes-in-brief—how to keep a maple of venerable age "little"; but there are those who tell us that a flourishing dwarf maple or pine usually manages to "grow up" when it passes out of Japanese hands; that it does not like transplanting and that the secret of arranging and growing Japanese gardens largely loses its effacacy and power when confided to members of another race.

May 4th.

There are charming excursions and yet more charming excursions to be taken from Nikko, but perhaps the most charming excursion of all is the one to storied and semi-sacred Lake Chuzenji, set more than four thousand feet above sea level at the foot of Nantai-zan, and about eight miles from Nikko. Two who have taken this excursion early in May are inclined to think it one of the prettiest and most romantic climbs in the world. And a climb it is, from start almost to finish! The electric tram took us as far as Iwahana, about three miles of the distance, and from there we elected to walk the wild and beautiful rest of the way. One *can* go up that enchanting zigzag path on horseback, and many go in jinrickishas or chairs, to the discomfort of three or more courteous and always-willing bearers. But there are occasions when it pays to walk, or when one would pay to walk rather than be borne by horse or hand. This was one of these occasions. Here the royal highroad is only a path, turning back upon itself—always a little higher up at each turn—so many times one is inclined to lose all sense of direction, being conscious only that the path is pretty steep in places, pretty wild part of the time, and beautiful every step of the way. We thought we had seen azaleas before; but this day seemed to belittle all previous displays! From the beginning of the climb these blossoms surrounded us, ringing the changes in colour from delicate rose or mauve down through the deep reds to royal purple. But we observed, as we began to climb, that the other colours seemed to give way to pink—to soft and spicy-scented rose colour, that the azalea branches grew almost to tree-like proportions, and that so luxuriant was the bloom the leaves had no chance as yet to show their green. We were

always stopping to look somewhere—down into the vale below us from whence we had come, or at the mountain sides opposite, that were as *couleur de rose* with azaleas, as was our own pathway upward.

We began our walk by following up the rushing little river that likes to show its power on occasion by carrying away the small rustic bridges that span it, then we crossed a last bridge and left the gorge below us and began what some traveller called the more "arduous" climb. But it was a climb so interrupted by halts to get views, by halts to let jinrickishas and their passengers pass us going up or down the narrow path, stops at tea-houses set at some special vantage point of mountain scenery, that we had no opportunity or excuse for getting tired. The way that in summer must be shaded deep with green, was all open to the sunshine and to the light from the blossoming azaleas, for the buds of maples, oaks and birches and of the creeping plants were only just putting out a suggestion of green on this early May day in this higher altitude. We saw many birds, some smallish ones of bright yellow plumage, and a bird with a rich blackbird note; he was a particularly kind and "wise thrush," for he sang each song more than twice over:

> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> That first, fine, careless rapture.

We heard in the distance waterfalls that we could not see, and the waterfalls that we saw full well facing us from our tea-house offered an unexpected interest, showed us other than water that went leaping and tumbling from rock to rock! We were prepared to see monkeys in carvings and paintings in Japan, but some way we were not quite prepared to see animate monkeys playing by the side of waterfalls, crossing the

stream and bounding up the banks and disporting themselves generally, and by the dozens, in the landscape. Our host at this tea-house called our attention to them first, telling us to use our field glasses that we might get a better view of these creatures that uncomfortably have something of man's likeness, if not his understanding. But without the aid of glasses we could watch their aimless gambols ; yet not for long. Some dogs, scenting wild game, appeared on the scene and the monkeys took to flight—scattering and disappearing as if by magic—and leaving us free to fix our whole attention on the waterfalls that came dashing and scattering white foam down over the rocks, so that nothing should be lacking in the fair morning mountain picture. It did not need the " magnetic stone " by the way to attract us onward. The day, the scene, the setting was all magnetic. We took none of the " short cuts " that branched off from our path—feeling that the walk at longest was none too long.

One reaches the summit of the height (with a little extra climb to a sightly lookout) and can enjoy a restful walk through a level woodland some minutes before reaching the lakeside proper, where rest for even those who are not tired is desirable. After lunch we had a further walk by the shores of this Lake Chuzenji, some travellers setting out directly in boats across its placid surface that mirrors the outlines of its sacred mountain and the lesser, wooded, heights that hem it in. Legend has done much, and nature has aided and abetted man in making this spot dear and sacred to the people—dear and attractive even to the stranger from afar. The last snowdrift had not wholly melted from Chuzenji's shores, yet we found no chill in the air, but everywhere some of the season's faithful advance messengers and a promise of greater

loveliness to come. Pilgrims and some foreign residents share this retreat in common in lusty summer time—the pilgrim coming in so many thousands that the many native inns and little hostelries can scarcely hold his numbers! There is the whole out of doors for him to worship in, besides the temples by the lakeside and those on the slopes of his beloved and revered Nantai-zan. One feels instinctively that Lake Chuzenji, with its sacred mountain, belongs first to the pilgrim.

Our late afternoon walk down the mountain path leading back to Nikko had about it all the beauty of surroundings of the earlier hour and, though viewed in a soberer light, we had the enjoyment of the morning to add to the pleasure of the expedition homeward and this rounded out one of our happiest days in Japan.

May 7th.

We returned to Yokohama from Nikko last evening. If one has to be a "sadder," before becoming a "wiser man" then I am afraid we two are none the wiser for our journey, for we have returned the happier and the richer by an almost bewildering succession of delightful impressions. Of course impressions can only lead the way to knowledge, and, with all our enjoyment of these days in Japan, what we have seen only tends to show us how much there is to know that we do not know of these people and their land. Though we have seen something of the country, we have seen little of the life of the people, and that little not at all intimately; we have seen them simply as a part of the land, at its shrines, in the streets, and in the places where the beauties of nature have attracted them as well as ourselves. In such a short visit as ours it could not well be otherwise. Yet we feel we know something of their setting—which

is in part what they have made it—and that through this brief yet satisfactory acquaintance with their mountains, their trees, their gardens and their temples we can have sympathy with, and at least some understanding of, the inhabitants. An informal introduction to the people of Japan, one in which their works and surroundings are permitted to speak for them, is perhaps more fair to them and one that they themselves would prefer if the visitor is not to become a sojourner in their midst.

CHAPTER XIV

ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO HONOLULU AND SAN FRANCISCO

Setting forth from Yokohama—Eastward still across the Pacific—No glimpse of Mount Fuji, but a poetic memory of that fair height beloved alike by native and traveller—Simple notes of uneventful sea travel—Gaining a day on our journey—Arrival at the port of Honolulu—Captain Cook's discovery of the Sandwich Islands, now known as the Hawaiian Islands—Foster children of the United States—The flowers that grow and the birds that live here—Landscape pictures everywhere—The heights of Nuuanu Pali—The home of an ex-Queen of Hawaii—Waikiki beach and a national sport of the islanders—The fish of the sea and their shapes and glowing colours—The native Hawaiian—We set forth for further voyaging garlanded with Hawaiian flowers—Brief records of more days at sea—The arrival at the Golden Gate of California—A kind and varied welcome—The mountains roundabout—The ups and downs of San Francisco, its lovely outlook, its undaunted spirit and its renowned hospitality—L'envoi.

May 8th.

THIS afternoon at four o'clock we set sail from Yokohama eastward across the Pacific, eastward to reach the West once more. Our boat, the *Persia* of the Pacific Mail Line, is not so large as we might have desired, not so large as the *Korea*, by which we could have sailed had it seemed best for us to wait two weeks longer. But our cabin is roomy, our Scotch captain inspires confidence, several people whom we met on the *Mongolia* are our fellow-passengers and table-companions, the sea is calm, and altogether the signs for a fine voyage are propitious. The shores of Japan seemed to recede kindly

from us as we sailed away, though through the yellow haze we could catch no glimpse of Mount Fuji, with which travellers sailing out of the bay are sometimes favoured. But perhaps this was as well. The poetic and perfect vision of Fujiyama on that first day was the one intended for us to take away in our memories undimmed and unforgettable.

May 9th.

Our little *Persia* is hurrying on at a good rate of sea speed, although the days being only twenty-three and a half hours long we are not likely to capture any Pacific Ocean records. The captain promises us comfortably smooth seas now that this part of the ocean is "smoothily" inclined. We are adjusting ourselves to sailing conditions, taking note of the ship and the ship's company, some forty in all, among which is a very friendly grey pussy cat—the captain's property—which has to be tied up like a dog while in port that it may not be appropriated by others and taken ashore.

Last evening after dinner the captain called our attention to the wonderful phosphorescence in the water. The little waves made by the prow of the steamer were outlined with glow as bright as if threaded with an electric wire. It lasted only an hour, but it was the most brilliant and striking display we have seen in all our sailing.

May 12th.

We had the excitement of meeting and saluting the *Manchuria*, a large ship of our line, at 9.50 this morning. She was bound Japanward and there was much whistling and dipping of flags and waving of handkerchiefs from ship to ship. It is a rare experience to sight a sail

on these broad waters—perhaps only one more ship and that of this line, shall we meet in all our long voyage of sixteen, no, seventeen days. The sea continues reasonably smooth, and although the skies are a little misty and overcast, they are not gloomy.

First Thursday, the 14th of May.

The canvas swimming-tank was put up forward and inaugurated to-day. The people who disported themselves there looked a bit chill before they went in as well as when they came out. The *Persia* is sailing southeast toward the tropics again, and my husband is waiting for a milder temperature before taking his first swim on deck! Several persevering birds—a kind of albatross we are told—are following in the ship's wake. They are dark in colour, almost black near the tail, have very long and rather narrow, sharp wings and alight on the water clumsily—not with the grace of the ordinary sea bird. But as this is rather a lonely sea it is pleasant to have the companionship of any birds since ships seem to have such rare call for sailing this way.

For two evenings past we have had rather fine sunsets lingering in our wake. This evening the little deck was prettily enclosed and arranged for an impromptu dance, at which many looked on but in which few took part. The waltz seems to have been replaced by the ragtime dances for the moment—we hope for the moment only.

Second Thursday, the 14th of May.

It is a delightful thing to have a chance to live a day over again (if it is a day you like), and it is an opportunity granted only to travellers sailing eastward across the Pacific. Were we sailing westward we should here, on

SURF BOARDS, HONOLULU.

this 180th degree of longitude, lose a day. We are told that these gains and losses even up in the half hours that we gain or lose as the case may be as one travels around the world, but at any rate yesterday was Thursday the 14th and here is to-day—a Thursday the 14th of May, 1914, over again.

May 17th.

The sea still rolly, but not too unstable to prevent the little Sunday service being held this morning in the dining saloon.

We are again in the tropics, and as the temperature is rising we are elated accordingly. Last night we passed "Bird Island," an offshoot isle probably of the Hawaiian group, but no one has told us as yet if it is also the haunt of man.

Now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we are passing an island of some proportions both in height and length, and to-morrow in the early hours of the morn we are due at Honolulu.

HONOLULU, *May 18th.*

The Pacific Ocean, as if to make up for monopolizing so much of the earth's surface with its own great lonely waste of waters, has permitted little groups of land, far away from the greater continents, to emerge from its waves, has endowed them with a delectable climate and has left nature free to work out her own sweet will. In 1778 Captain Cook came across a group of islands, thus favoured, situated in the North Pacific, between latitudes 18 and 22 degrees, and I think it was he who gave them the name of Sandwich Islands, a name by which they were known for many years; Later, when they became a little more grown up in the eyes of the outer world,

they were called the Hawaiian group, a name which was found there and perhaps more naturally belongs to them.

As a twentieth century voyager one arrives in these islands, at the port of Honolulu on the island of Oahu, as comfortably, may I say, as if he were arriving in New York, or London; even more so perhaps, for for he can count upon no discomfort from bad weather and the charm of the islands is not vague, not far to seek, but immediate—all out under the blue sky, healthful and sweet.

Hawaii's so-called modern improvements she owes largely to her foster-mother, the United States, and we were glad on landing to find motor-cars in waiting and thus be enabled to go far afield quickly; to visit many interesting uplands, many out of the way gardens among the lowlands, and to see the pretty little and big homes throughout the city, nearly all hidden away amid bowers of blossoming shrubs and trees. As one star differs from another star in glory so one tropical island differs from another in colour, in feeling and in atmosphere generally. The Hawaiian group has the rich green of the damper and more southern tropical isles, but this green flames and flashes with more colour—the gold mohur tree (ponciana regia) spreads out great surfaces of orange-red to the sunshine, the oleanders filled with pride of flower grow from shrubs into trees and blossom from deepest rose to white with prodigal display. The frangipani's creamy blossoms fling a perfume to the breeze which that breeze seems never quite to lose, no matter how busy it may be with blowing on its way or how much it may be laden with the fragrance of other flowers. Perhaps one misses the birdsongs that ought to go with such surroundings, though the mynah bird, an imported article, has taken kindly wing, if not root, and flourishes almost to embarrassing extent to fruit growers. But

the mynah bird that walks about so freely, who is said to be able to talk if trained, and looks as if he might sing if he would, does not rank among rare songsters; any more than the huge blue-green dragon fly can pose for the humming-bird which in a way, when on the wing, he does closely resemble.

In and out, though never away from charming landscape pictures, our motor-car bore us on and up to the heights of Nuuanu Pali. When nearing this summit we passed a grove of the *hau* trees whose fantastic, snake-like stems were so interwoven as to form an impenetrable jungle of wildest growth. The Pali itself was among the clouds when we arrived, but a bracing wind soon hurried these away and we were then permitted to look down sheer cliffs over which a native army was once driven by an invading foe, and down over green growing plains below that reached out to join the opal-tinted plain of the wider ocean. We continued our delightsome progress for a view over Pearl Harbour; then up again to Pacific Heights, which were not so bare as the heights of Pali, but dedicated to everything pleasant that would grow, and commanding views of the nestling town below (with attractive green shingle roofs) as well as of green fields and glimmering sea afar. A hasty visit we made also to the tombs of some of the native sovereigns who lately ruled these isles, tombs that are tended with care by the present administrators of Hawaii.

Through the town we motored lastly, envying many a cottage owner his fair estate, peeping over blossoming hedges of hibiscus into gardens where fruit and flower grew side by side but never clashed; looking down a palm avenue at the house of an ex-Queen of Hawaii who still lives in what was once the heart of her capital; seeing the prosperity of man and of nature on all sides—seeing indeed more than we could hold in memory. We arrived

at our hotel, the Moana, by the sea, in time for lunch, but not before we had burst a tyre en route, and in the flush of our enthusiasm.

The famous Waikiki beach was so alluring that one of us was tempted to a brief wrestle with the white-crested waves, and while at lunch in the many-windowed dining-room of the hotel which overlooks the sea, we saw one of the national sports of the islands illustrated; natives going out on surf-boards—lying flat upon them in fact, lifted high over the crest of the waves, and going down into deeps beyond where they were for the moment lost to view. Some of the more adventurous would stand upon these surf-boards and dash shoreward again upon a great wave, a feat graceful to behold, but not too easy to perform.

From the luncheon table we set forth to the aquarium, where we saw Hawaiian fishes of all hues—from canary yellow to blue-bird tint, whose irridescent sides seemed to be covered with downy feathers rather than scales, fish as pleasing of outline and of colour as if they were flowers. And fish of all shapes from box shape to shapes round, flat and oval; of all markings from spotted like a guinea fowl to stripes like those of a zebra; in short, fish before whose tanks it was a delight to linger, and fish of the eel family and the devil fish clan that seem to belong more to the realm of nightmare than to a sea of good and regular standing.

We had a hasty look at Honolulu and its surrounding lands, where all that is planted will grow, from delicious pineapples and the yellow-green sugar cane to the rice that man can live upon if he cannot upon bread alone; where there is no winter to interrupt the succession of fruits and the sky is a roof which at all seasons is kindly, not passing on too much of sunshine nor withholding too much rain.

The native Hawaiian—and the pity is that he is decreasing in numbers—is a stalwart, gently-disposed member of society, not too ambitious and one who is gradually being crowded out by the Chinese, and especially by the Japanese, who have discovered the charm of these islands, have come here in force and are profiting by the good things Hawaii has to offer.

And what a dashing sea bird the true son of these islands is! When we returned to our ship to sail eastward again we found the *Persia* surrounded by swimmers, some of them diving for coins, some of them diving into the sea for sheer love of the sport. Some of them even clambered up the ship's side to leap into the deep from the captain's bridge with the grace of a thing of wings, going far down and coming up again tossing the water from their faces with a gay smile as we exclaimed our approval. A few sweet notes of farewell sung by three of the islanders followed us as our boat drew away from the shore, for they love music and have tuneful voices, these Hawaiians.

The traveller who visits these islands now, or one of them, but for a day, forgives the long sea voyage he must take in order to reach them, and sails on again, with garlands of Hawaiian flowers about his neck, a happier and a richer man by a thousand delightful experiences.

May 19*th.*

The north-easterly trade winds blow rather more gently to-day than during the two days previous to our arrival at Honolulu. The sun shines brightly and we drop again easily into voyaging ways.

May 20th.

This morning I can but repeat the record of yesterday ; one's day voyaging is very like another when far from land—a record of sunny or cloudy skies, of smooth or rolling seas and the consequences thereof.

May 23rd.

Quite cold and rather rough—weather we may often expect off this coast—so says our wise, good captain. There is much consultation on board as to duties and what is dutiable.

San Francisco, *May 25th.*

Land-ho ! A pleasant, sunny land—a land flowing with milk and honey, a land born to the magic of noble scenery—California ! The clouds of yesterday are all blown out of the sky, the Golden Gate stands wide open, though some unfit are turned away, and the bay within the Gate seems generous enough to hold the ships of all the world.

At early dawn our good ship demanded admission, we were duly inspected, landing permission was granted, the dreaded custom-house (unnecessarily dreaded) was quickly passed and friends expected and unexpected met us with warm welcomes on shore.

Brave, undaunted San Francisco ! Risen again from her ashes, from her more than ashes, risen again on the very soil tormented so sorely by earthquake but a few short years ago. Before her own hearthstones are as yet all relaid she is getting ready to welcome as much of the world as will come to help her celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915. As we came up the bay we saw the exhibition buildings in the process of erection,

well toward completion in fact, and showing even in the distance the artistic touch of the man who has had much of the supervision of them—M. Jules Guerin.

Some of the higher mountains that surround the bay have a little of the bareness, the atmospheric colouring of the mountains of southern Europe. There are foreign suggestions, too, in the town—touches of oldest Europe, as well as the savour of the Orient one meets in Chinatown. But I think it is the ups and downs of San Francisco, together with its lovely outlook, that give the city its chiefest charm. For one street that is level there are fifty rolling up and down in nice gentle rolls that do not debar the electric and cable cars from taking them with ease. If there are downs to their city there are no "downs" to the spirits of the people of San Francisco—they are outright optimists. They seem to dwell upon an upland of hope and good cheer. Their hospitality is renowned, they offer of their best and of the riches and wonders of the great Golden State behind them.

Here we end our journey so far as the written record of it goes. The stars in their courses have been kind, and the parts of the world we have visited will never seem "foreign" to us again. When we set forth anew, as we expect to do in a few days, we shall still be going toward the East, while looking backward from this Golden Gate is the East, out of which, with so many interesting and delightful memories, we have just come.

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